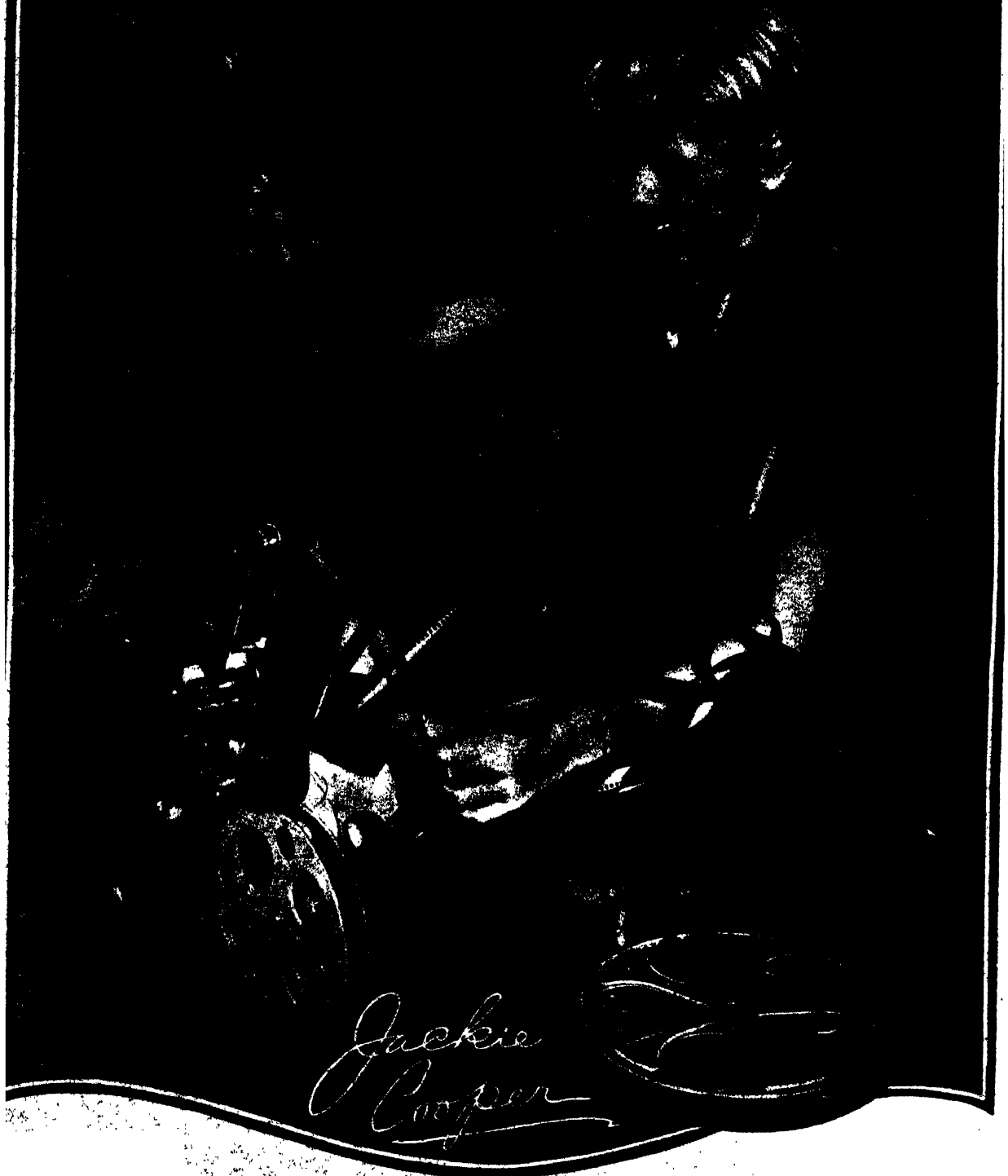


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BOY'S CINEMA

Annual 1937



*Jackie
Cooper*

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Boys' CINEMA Annual

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1937

and adventures of D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis when they strove to save the queen from the treachery of De Rochefort, the Cardinal's agent.



Drink, drink, drink to the Musketeers, the Musketeers—

We're all for one and one for all and all for one! Ride, ride, ride with the Musketeers, the Musketeers—

We're all for one and one for all and all for one!

We're faithful to the King of France—

We're loyal to the Queen.

Fight, fight, fight with the Musketeers, the Musketeers—

We're all for one and one for all and all for one!

Off to Conquer Paris

On the worn stone steps of the Château D'Artagnan in Gascony—a hundred leagues from Paris—a young man bade his father farewell.

"When you get to Paris," cried the Chevalier D'Artagnan, "go to the headquarters of the King's Musketeers. Present this to Captain de Treville. He is my oldest friend and your godfather."

Unaccompanied, for his father was but a poor Chevalier, young D'Artagnan rode away on the first stage of his journey to Paris.

D'Artagnan was a well-built, sturdy youngster. His hair was brown and wavy after the fashion of the seventeenth century, a small moustache adorned the upper lip of a strong but stubborn mouth. The eyes were blue and very fierce, the jaw square—none could dub him handsome, but his smile was a great attraction. He whistled as

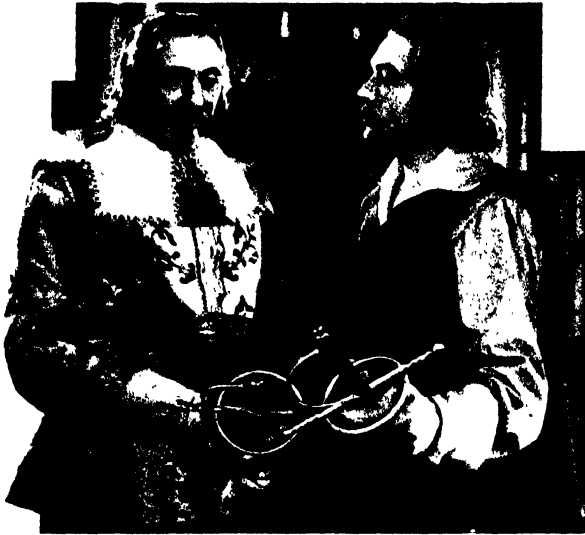
he rode, for now he was setting out on a great adventure.

The day was warm and sunny, and D'Artagnan did not urge the gallant Charlemagne to any great pace—Paris would not fly away. And on the first day D'Artagnan rode straight into a big adventure.

A sound made him turn. A coach, drawn by four superb horses, was rattling along the road to Paris, and, as the road was narrow, the young gallant drew to one side. He had a glimpse of a beautiful woman dressed in the height of fashion. He coughed as the dust tickled his sensitive nostrils, and reined in his horse to let the dust settle.

The road wound out of the forest into a stretch of open country, with green moorland on either side of the white dusty ribbon. D'Artagnan watched the coach through the trees. Suddenly from the forest some way ahead a number of mounted horsemen appeared and galloped furiously towards the coach. D'Artagnan was amazed to hear one rider yell to the coachman to stop, and then the horsemen—a dozen in all—surrounded the coach. One elegantly garbed gentleman—obviously the leader—dismounted and walked towards the coach. The beautiful lady's head had appeared to learn the reason of the delay.

"Highwaymen!" cried D'Artagnan, and instantly his fighting blood was roused. "Come on, Charlemagne!" Furiously and fearlessly he



De Treville compared the two swords.

galloped his charger to help a lady who appeared to be in distress.

The leader had doffed his plumed hat and was bowing to the lady when there came the thunder of hoofs. The surprised horseman saw a young man on an animal that looked like a farm horse and wearing a very worn doublet and hose pounding over the sward. The rider rode through them before they could think to draw their swords. He flung himself from the saddle.

"My sword is at your service, my lady!" cried D'Artagnan.

The elegant gentleman in the coat of purple cloth stared at the fearless youngster with annoyance. D'Artagnan saw a dark, very haughty gentleman, whose eyes flashed not unlike a hawk.

"Thank you." The lady smiled bewitchingly. "But this gentleman is my friend."

"Go away!" cried the gentleman in purple. "I wish to converse with this lady alone."

D'Artagnan's hand half went to his sword, then he thought of the lady, bowed from the waist, and walked towards his horse.

"I must say, Count de Rochefort, it was very polite of the young gentleman," laughed the beautiful woman. "Even I thought I was being attacked."

"Young fool," snapped De Rochefort; then lowered his voice. "Lady de Winter, I have ridden all night to stop you before you reached Paris. You must return at once to England, and present this secret treaty to the Duke of Buckingham." He handed her a sealed scroll.

She took the scroll in some surprise.

"The Duke of Buckingham!" she exclaimed. "He left last week for Paris, to be ambassador to France."

"And France has slapped his face—the King refused to receive him!"

"Buckingham rules England as Richelieu rules France. Does the King want war?"

A twisted smile showed on De Rochefort's sallow countenance.

"I want war! And Buckingham's open love for our Queen is serving my purpose."

The beautiful woman smiled.

"Why do you laugh?" stormed De Rochefort.

"Oh, a woman's reason. Buckingham loved me first."

"All the more reason he'll listen to you. We must ferment this quarrel between France and England—excite Buckingham's anger—stir him to revenge! Then get him to sign his name alongside mine on this treaty, which contains my plan to undermine the throne from within while he attacks from without."

Milady glanced curiously at the man.

"And the King and Cardinal?"

De Rochefort shrugged his shoulders.

"They die as easily as other men."

"What happens to Lady de Winter?"

"She'll have whatever her heart desires." De Rochefort's smile was mocking. "But do not play me false. Hidden away my dear, I have careful and extensive records of your crimes, and I know the brand you carry on your right shoulder." The woman drew back as if she had been struck. "So you won't dare to betray me."

"I believe you're right." Milady soon regained her composure. "After all, fear is a better bond than love. Give orders to the coachman."

De Rochefort replaced his hat and turned.

"Back to Calais!" he shouted.

The driver whistled and called to his horses. The coach turned slowly. D'Artagnan stood back to let the vehicle make the turn. He had not heard a word of what had passed between these two people.

The coach drew level.

"Stop!" cried milady, and out came her head through the window. She smiled at D'Artagnan. "Thank you for your gallantry, but take my advice and don't quarrel with the best swordsman in France." She laughed a little mocking laugh as she called to her coachman: "Go on!"

"Back to Paris!" shouted De Rochefort, and sprang into the saddle.

The coach rumbled down the road, and the troop of horsemen urged their tired animals into a canter. D'Artagnan jumped on to the back of his horse Charlemagne and raced after them.

"You owe me an apology," D'Artagnan had drawn alongside De Rochefort.

The Count reined in his horse and the young horseman did the same.

"You seem determined to find trouble, my friend!"

"And you seem determined to evade it!" shouted D'Artagnan, unaware that the other horsemen were closing in on him.

"I have better employment for my sword than sticking pigs!" De Rochefort cried. "Get this fool out of my way!"

One of the escort had drawn out a dagger with a heavy hilt and, holding the weapon by the blade, hit D'Artagnan a heavy blow on the side of the

head. The youngster swayed in the saddle, his plumed hat came off, and then the man hit him again a second brutal blow. D'Artagnan slid out of the saddle heavily to the ground. De Rochefort and his men without a backward glance galloped away on the road to Paris.

The Three Musketeers

D'ARTAGNAN was picked up some hours later by travellers and carried to a nearby inn, and being young and healthy regained consciousness with nothing very much the matter with him save a great lump on the top of his head. It was four days before he was able to resume his journey to Paris.

On the outskirts of Paris he left his horse with an old farmer. He gave the man a crown and vowed all kinds of dire threats if Charlemagne, a soldier's horse that had served in two wars, did not receive good care. After making inquiries about the headquarters of the musketeers D'Artagnan set out on foot.

The young adventurer took a keen interest in all that he saw, and it was some hours before he reached the heart of the city. At last he reached the street that he sought, and was attracted by the sound of music. By an arch stood a soldier on guard.

"Halt!" cried the guard.

"That music—what's it for?"

"The tournament of the King's Musketeers."

"Musketeers!" cried D'Artagnan gleefully. "Then this is the place I'm looking for." He showed the letter. "I have to deliver this to Captain de Treville."

"He is with his Majesty," the guard answered. "You can wait inside."

D'Artagnan thanked the guard and passed under the archway into a courtyard. From this courtyard he found his way into a larger one, and here he beheld a sight that made his eyes open wide. He had to stand on tip-toe and crane his neck to see the spectacle. Four lines of musketeers were paraded in the courtyard. They had removed their brilliant coats engraved with the fleur-de-lis of France and their plumed hats, and with drawn swords were saluting a raised dais, on which were assembled a number of splendidly garbed figures. D'Artagnan gasped as he saw the rather insignificant figure of King Louis XIII for the first time. He tried to guess at the others, and decided that the broad-shouldered man with the white hair and moustache must be Captain de Treville. The others were officers and Councillors of the King's Court, no doubt.

The grace and poetry of those flashing swords as the musketeers performed their sword drill brought a lump to D'Artagnan's throat. What a perfect body of men! And soon he might be one of them!

Captain de Treville was not enjoying the tournament because the King was in a bad temper. D'Artagnan would have been interested if he could have heard what the King was saying about the musketeers.

The King's face was twisted in a sneer.

"Every one of them would lay down his life for your Majesty," De Treville assured the King.

"Ah, but there's such a thing as carrying loyalty too far," was the King's reply. "Three of



"Anyone who has the audacity to challenge the three of us is either a fool or a champion," said Athos.



She moved the candle backwards and forwards.

these gentlemen are always giving me trouble. There's Athos, Porthos and Aramis. They continually defy the law against duelling, and don't pride yourself that your three heroes are invincible. They're not. Oh, no! The Cardinal told me yesterday they had been routed by his men."

"Routed?" questioned De Treville. "By the Cardinal's guard? Bah! That's only the way De Rochefort would explain a defeat to his Eminence."

"But his Eminence is right." The King spoke angrily. "De Treville, every year hundreds of our best men are killed, fighting duels against each other. I won't have it. Warn your men." He touched his mouth with a lace handkerchief to signify that the matter under discussion was closed.

When the tournament was ended and the King had gone D'Artagnan set about gaining audience with De Treville, and at last, after showing his father's letter to many guards, he was conducted to a great room. There at a desk the man he sought sat writing.

D'Artagnan stood stiffly by the side of the desk and waited. De Treville rang a small bell and a soldier appeared. Athos, Porthos and Aramis were to report to him at once. Without a glance at the nervous young man De Treville continued his writing.

Into the great room came The Three Musketeers. Shoulder to shoulder they marched and each was very erect.

"Athos! Porthos! Aramis!" De Treville spoke their names severely. "You have been fighting again."

D'Artagnan looked at the famous three keenly. He decided that Athos was the best looking, Porthos the jolliest, and that Aramis was a dreamer. Athos was tall, handsome and looked a man of great intelligence, though there was sadness or discontent in the deep-set eyes; Porthos was a huge man with a way of roaring his words and his laughter, a lusty fellow who feared no one;

Aramis was slim, the youngster of the party and hot-headed.

The Three Musketeers eyed their chief in silence.

"It serves no purpose for you to look as innocent as lambs," cried De Treville, and he came round to stand before them. His shrewd eyes looked full at Athos; then he touched the musketeer's shoulder and saw a slight wince. "As I thought. You have been wounded!"

"They started it." Porthos found his voice.

"Who?"

"The Cardinal's guard."

"The Cardinal's guard!" roared De Treville.

"And you let those strutting braggarts beat you?"

"They were four, sir, to our three." Porthos was grinning. "They turned tail, not us."

At once a change came over De Treville. He hated the Cardinal and his men. It was hard for D'Artagnan to keep from laughing to see the worthy captain offering his musketeers wine, and then giving them a bottle to share among their comrades.

"But remember, I'll have no more of this brawling in the streets," De Treville said before he dismissed them. "If you're attacked let it be in some quiet place, such as behind the Luxembourg."

Porthos roared with laughter.

"Don't worry, sir, we will!"

De Treville chuckled as he watched his most trusted officers leave his presence, then he turned to D'Artagnan.

"I had forgotten that you were here. What was it you wanted, young man?"

"If you'd be kind enough to read this letter, sir," answered D'Artagnan, handing over his father's letter.

De Treville scanned it and then looked up sharply.

"D'Artagnan! Of course you're a D'Artagnan. You've grown a lot since I held you at your christening. Tell me, how is your father?"

"We've fenced every day since I could hold a sword," was the modest answer.

"He vowed he'd make his son the best blade in the kingdom."

"Only last week he broke through my guard and I felt his sword." D'Artagnan drew a sword from the sheath. "This one, sir."

De Treville drew his own weapon and compared it.

"The brother to mine! Well, if he gave you that I know what he thinks of you." He eyed the youngster. "So you want to be a musketeer, eh?"

"If you think I'm worthy, sir."

"There is nothing I'd refuse the son of D'Artagnan. Your birth makes you eligible. Every musketeer's a nobleman, though some conceal their real identities under assumed names, such as the three you just saw here. But the King's ruling makes it impossible for any man to become a musketeer without first serving two years as a cadet, or by extraordinary deeds of valour."

De Treville sat down at his desk. "I'll write your commission now as a cadet."

"Thank you, sir."

"I'll only be a moment. Make yourself comfortable." De Treville was busy writing. "Young man, if you want to get along in Paris take my advice—keep your head out of politics, your hand out of duelling, and your heart out of love."

Seeing that De Treville had nothing further to say to him for the moment, D'Artagnan walked to an open window and stared down into the street. As he stood there a tall man appeared, and everyone hastened to get out of his path. Courtiers removed their hats with sweeping bows, but the man did not deign to notice any of them.

"Captain de Treville," called D'Artagnan, "who is this man?"

The excitement in the young man's voice caused the captain to leave his chair and hurry to the window. D'Artagnan pointed a shaking hand at the man who had insulted him on the road to Paris.

"That's Count de Rochefort, the Cardinal's agent," answered De Treville.

"Excuse me, sir," D'Artagnan pushed past his superior officer.

"Where are you going?" thundered De Treville. "Stop!"

"I've a score to settle with him!" shouted D'Artagnan, and jerking open a door was gone.

D'Artagnan flung himself down some stone stairs, sprinted across a courtyard and charged into the street. Unfortunately he charged straight into Athos and sent the musketeer reeling.

"I'm sorry," stammered D'Artagnan.

"Can't you see where you're going? Somebody should teach you manners." Athos barred his path.

"Not you, sir." D'Artagnan's temper was roused.

"Meet me behind the Luxembourg," spoke Athos softly.

"What time?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"I'll be there!" shouted D'Artagnan, and was off down the street like the wind.

No sign anywhere of his quarry. D'Artagnan rushed blindly round a corner and his body crashed into the massive frame of Porthos, whose language and remarks were like a thunderstorm.

"Are you looking for a fight?" cried D'Artagnan, eager to be gone.

"Ha, ha! Where?" bellowed Porthos.

"Behind the Luxembourg—one o'clock!" shouted the youngster, and was gone like the wind.

There seemed a network of streets, and vainly D'Artagnan searched each one for signs of his enemy. At last he gave up the chase, and, as his anger began to abate, he realised the sorry state of his apparel. He beheld an inn.

Now it chanced that Aramis was in the inn and in a bad humour. A lady of the Court with whom he imagined himself violently in love had rejected his suit for her hand, and he thought he would choose the inn as a suitable place to write the lady a sonnet, begging her leniency. He had scattered

the floor with his effusions when D'Artagnan entered.

Seeing a piece of parchment on the floor D'Artagnan picked it up, and seeing Aramis at a table handed it to him.

"You dropped this!"

Aramis was not in a mood to talk to anyone.

"You're mistaken," he spoke curtly. "Go away, and don't annoy me."

"You have the manners of a pig!" shouted the easily roused young adventurer. As a result he left the inn, having arranged to meet Aramis behind the Luxembourg at two o'clock.

Behind the Luxembourg

IN the grounds of the Luxembourg Palace, at a time considerably after twelve o'clock, Athos, stripped of his gaudy coat, paced the green-sward. Several times he bent his naked sword to test its strength.

Panting and blowing, D'Artagnan appeared from behind some thick bushes.

"I had to find my way," he gasped out. "I've been running all over Paris, but I'm ready."

"I'll wait till you catch your breath." Athos lowered his sword point. "I want no advantage."

D'Artagnan peeled off his shabby coat and drew out his sword, then his eyebrows came down over his steely blue eyes and he pointed at the other's shoulder.

"I'm out of breath but you've got a wounded shoulder. I want no advantage." He glanced round. "Where are your seconds?"

"They haven't arrived. Where are yours?"

"I have none."

"That makes it even!" cried Athos. "On guard!"



The Duke of Buckingham.



The Cardinal and the King of France.

As the two swords crossed Porthos and Aramis appeared from behind the bushes.

"Wait, Athos!" they shouted.

The two duellists were forced to lower their sword points.

"Permit me the formality of introducing my seconds," Athos gestured towards his friends.

"Your name?"

"D'Artagnan."

"D'Artagnan—Porthos, Aramis!" Athos cried.

"Why do you look so amazed, my friends?"

"Is this a joke?" Porthos managed to gasp out.

"That is the man I was to fight at one o'clock."

"And so am I!" cried Aramis.

"But not till afterwards," D'Artagnan said, with a laugh.

Athos stared at D'Artagnan.

"Have you challenged every musketeer in Paris?"

"No; only the three most obnoxious."

"Let me have at him!" Porthos roared, and whipped out his blade.

"Five crowns if you let me have at him first!" Aramis cried, and drew his sword.

"Anyone who has the audacity to challenge the three of us is either a fool or a champion." Athos waved his friends away. "I'm going to find out. On guard!"

The swords crossed and clashed. If Porthos and Aramis expected to see Athos penetrate D'Artagnan's guard with ease they were disappointed. They saw a young man fighting with a skill and speed that matched their own; they gasped when the youngster's sword point went close to Athos' ribs; they applauded the skill of both fighters. But they did not know that the sound of the swords clashing had been heard, and that a number of severely garbed soldiers had entered the grounds of the Luxembourg. Porthos chanced to glance round.

"The Cardinal's guard!" came his quick warning.

Athos lowered his sword point and D'Artagnan did the same. They stood there, as Jussac, an unpleasant captain, and five stalwart guards approached.

"Musketeers," said Jussac, "you're under arrest for duelling. You have broken the Cardinal's law against duelling."

Athos laughed tauntingly.

"A law that the Cardinal had passed to protect his guardsmen because they're handier with brooms than they are with swords!"

"Resisting arrest and defaming the Cardinal!" Jussac turned to his men. "We are forced to fight them."

"Six against our three." Porthos spoke with a shade of apprehension.

"Six against four!" cried D'Artagnan, coming to their side.

The Three Musketeers glanced at this strange, impudent, but fearless stranger, then turned to each other. It was Porthos who settled the matter.

"On guard!" he cried, and turned to face the soldiers.

Aramis and Porthos had but a guard each to combat, but the wounded Athos had Jussac and another guard. The other two guards had decided to attack D'Artagnan, whom they thought easy to defeat. A twist of the wrist and D'Artagnan had deprived one man of his weapon before the fight had commenced.

D'Artagnan attacked the remaining guard with a fury and speed that were bewildering. The trusty sword that had served his father so well flashed and twisted. A howl of pain, and Porthos glanced round to see that the amazing young man had run his blade neatly through his opponent's arm.

Athos was having a bad time. His shoulder ached, and Jussac was a skilled swordsman. The soldier contented himself with trying to stab Athos with a treacherous stroke when the musketeer was hard pressed. D'Artagnan sprang into the fight, and next moment that soldier's sword went flying into the bushes.

Jussac's smile of satisfaction gave place to a snarl of fear. He glanced round and saw that his other two guards were being forced back. Jussac saw death in Athos' keen eyes, and his fear was so great that he turned and ran. The other two guards with those already disarmed followed their captain.

Shouting taunts and jeers D'Artagnan and The Three Musketeers chased the Cardinal's men out of the gardens of the Luxembourg.

The Three Musketeers held out their hands to D'Artagnan. No longer was he their enemy, but their friend. It was not wise to remain near the Luxembourg, so they hastened to an inn, and there they learnt that De Treville was his godfather.

"I trust you have a lot of influence with him!" cried Athos, with a laugh. "There will be trouble over this fight."

In the Dead of Night

D'ARTAGNAN, partly unclothed, lay upon a comfortable bed in a large, airy room, and he smiled as he thought of the events of his first day in Paris. Whoever would have dreamed that the close of that day would see him settled in comfortable lodgings?

De Treville had assumed an air of indignation, but the musketeers told their new friend that the captain was secretly delighted that the Cardinal's guards had been routed. The musketeers, learning that D'Artagnan had spent all his money getting to Paris, put their heads together. They had set about securing lodgings and a servant.

D'Artagnan chuckled as he thought of the outrageous manner adopted by the musketeers in securing these lodgings. Athos, Porthos and Aramis lived in a quiet square off the main thoroughfare; they had separate apartments, because if they had lived together there would have been quarrels, but they had to be near each other should an emergency arise. They had decided that D'Artagnan must live in the same square and that old Bernajou, a skinflint landlord, should provide the necessary accommodation free of charge. The musketeers had called on Bernajou, and Porthos had informed him that, owing to the overcrowded condition of Paris, the King had made a new law that no landlord should refuse to rent unoccupied rooms.

The landlord had capitulated, and D'Artagnan got the room for nothing on the understanding that the musketeer did not report the matter. It was Athos who found a poor, seedy, half-starved individual staring moodily in the waters of the Seine—thus did D'Artagnan get Planchet as his servant.

Planchet had agreed to serve his new master for nothing as long as he received food and shelter. As D'Artagnan had only one room and one bed poor Planchet had to sleep under the bed.

Then D'Artagnan frowned because he had

thought of De Rochefort. How was he going to get even with that rascal—the Cardinal's favourite? Little did he know that events were shaping that were drawing the two men nearer and nearer.

That very day a pigeon had alighted on the roof of De Rochefort's house and finally had entered a pigeon cot. On the pigeon's leg was a ring and attached to the ring a message, which was taken to De Rochefort. The Cardinal's agent went straight to Cardinal Richelieu and reported that he had received warning from Lady de Winter that the Duke of Buckingham was on his way to Paris secretly and in disguise.

"There is only one answer—the Queen," De Rochefort had told his master. "Your Eminence, our King has two ears, one for you and one for the Queen. Buckingham strikes at France through a woman. Does he want the Queen, or does he desire to rule France as he does England?"

"Close all gates to Paris," Cardinal Richelieu had answered. "Mount extra guards, sound the curfew. We'll spread a net for my Lord Buckingham!"

The ringing of the curfew bells kept D'Artagnan awake, but his eyes were beginning to close when his door creaked loudly. He listened intently and then the sounds that ensued told him that someone was opening the door of his room. A shadow flitted across the darkened room and he was amazed to hear the rustle of skirts. Very quietly he turned his head and saw the shadow by the glowing embers of the fire. The shadow was taking a candle and bending over the fire. The candle sputtered and then flamed up.

From beneath the bed peered the white face of Planchet.

D'Artagnan's eyes bulged to see that the shadow was a young girl. The richness of her apparel puzzled him. Who was she and what was she doing here? Then he remembered what the landlord had said about his ward, Constance, sometimes requiring this room.



Constance handed to D'Artagnan the letter from the Queen.

D'Artagnan.



The girl went to the window and drew back the curtain. Very slowly she moved the candle backwards and forwards in front of the window. D'Artagnan slid quietly off the bed and tip-toed towards her. The girl was so intent that she did not hear, but when her signalling was finished to her satisfaction she turned and saw him standing there.

"Oh!" she gasped and nearly dropped the candle.

"Don't be frightened," said D'Artagnan with a bow. "May I ask what you are doing here?" Quickly the girl recovered her wits and she flashed him a scornful glance.

"What are *you* doing here, in my room?"

"Oh, then you're Constance, lady-in-waiting to her Majesty." He bowed. "Permit me to introduce myself—D'Artagnan in his Majesty's service."

"Does the landlord know you're here?"

"Naturally. I've rented this room. We thought you would be away."

She glared at him suspiciously and was about to say something when she saw the inquisitive face of Planchet peering from beneath the bed. She gave a cry of fright.

"It's only my servant. He is quite harmless," D'Artagnan spoke softly as he wished to allay the girl's fears. "Planchet and I will go downstairs while you keep your assignation."

"You presume, sir." Constance placed the candle on the table. "Since you have rented this room, I'm sure you don't wish to be disturbed. Neither do I." She hurried to the door. "Good-night!"

D'Artagnan moved to follow her, but hesitated, his hand on the latch of the door. The girl was one of the important people attached to the Court. Perhaps she would come again to the lodgings of her guardian? Moodily he crossed to the window and stared down into the street. His moodiness vanished at the sight of a figure. Even in the dim light one could not fail to see that it was a musketeer.

"It looks like Aramis." He spoke his thoughts aloud. "He will advise me."

From a chair he picked up his doublet and quickly donned it, buckled on his belt and sword, took up his old plumed hat and hurried down the stairs. It puzzled him that there was no sign of Aramis. He had heard the closing of the outer door, so he was sure that Aramis, or whoever the musketeer must be, was in the house. His quick ears heard the low murmur of voices, and his sharp eyes saw a light under a shut door.

So D'Artagnan squared his shoulders and opened the door of the parlour. The young adventurer had a shock. Constance was there and a strange,

Porthos.



handsome musketeer, whom D'Artagnan had never seen. The musketeer whipped out his sword whilst D'Artagnan stood staring.

"Who is this man?" demanded the musketeer.

"I don't know," answered Constance. "I found him in my room a few minutes ago."

"In my room, if you please." D'Artagnan laid a hand on his sword hilt.

"This is some trick of the Cardinal's," cried the musketeer. "I know how to deal with a spy."

D'Artagnan would have drawn his sword but Constance rushed across the room to stand between the two men, who were glaring at each other.

"No, no!" cried the girl.

"I can and will," shouted D'Artagnan. "The insolent musketeer, he dared to call me a spy! I'll kill him. Stand back, dear lady, and let me at him."

"But you can't—you can't." Constance clung to D'Artagnan's arm. "He is not a musketeer; he's the Duke of Buckingham."

"Buckingham." D'Artagnan spoke the name slowly, then looked at the girl. "Is this true?" He knew it was true by the girl's expression. Smiling, D'Artagnan firmly pushed the girl away. "Buckingham, the enemy of France and

disguised as a musketeer, makes you my enemy as well. On guard."

"Fool!" cried Buckingham as the swords crossed.

The door of the parlour opened and a tall, gracious woman, with hooded cloak thrown back, stood there and stared in consternation at the two fighters.

"The Queen!" gasped Constance.

D'Artagnan wondered if this were some nightmare. He beheld Buckingham go on his knees and kiss the Queen's hand. He wanted to shrivel up when the Queen stared at him.

"Who is this man?"

"D'Artagnan, your Majesty; my sword is at your service," he stammered.

"Then sheath it," ordered the Queen. "Constance, I wish to be alone with my lord Buckingham."

It was an order, and when Constance opened the parlour door D'Artagnan bowed to the Queen and followed the lady-in-waiting out into the darkened corridor. But her Majesty was not alone with the Duke of Buckingham. In the large clothes closet in the parlour Bernajou lay hidden, and his head was against the woodwork, striving to hear all the Queen might say to the man she loved better than the King.



Athos.

When the Queen summoned Constance and D'Artagnan the Duke had gone

"D'Artagnan, with what you have just seen you can ruin us all"

"Your Majesty!" D'Artagnan knelt at her feet.

"Please trust him, your Majesty," begged Constance. "I do, now."

"So do I," the Queen answered graciously. "Constance, we must get back to the palace."

It was D'Artagnan who escorted the Queen and Constance through the streets, sheltered them in dark corners till the guards had passed, and brought them to the side door of the palace.

For his services he was permitted to kiss the Queen's hand, whilst Constance gave him a trusting smile. D'Artagnan returned to his lodgings, walking on air.

Through Bernajou, the spy, the news of Buckingham's secret visit to Paris and his meeting with the Queen reached the ears of the Cardinal through De Rochefort. Guards and soldiers were sent to arrest Buckingham, but the Duke was well served.

At daybreak the Cardinal summoned De Rochefort to his presence.

"Buckingham has slipped your fingers, boarded his ship this morning, and has sailed for England," Richelieu spoke with quiet fury. "Peylerand, our innkeeper at Calais, knows more than you do."

De Rochefort was nonplussed only for a moment.

"Does he know that his lordship carried back with him a gift of diamonds—a gift of the people of France? Her Majesty's diamonds, given by our loyal Queen to start a war between two kingdoms—a war aimed at Richelieu and our King?"

"A pledge of peace according to the spy." The smile of the Cardinal was cruel. "But your version, De Rochefort, if handled in the right manner, would make it extremely awkward for her Majesty. It would mean her downfall, I would attain supreme power, England—" He broke off. "How can we prove this?"

"Let her Majesty prove it, your Eminence," whispered De Rochefort. "At the Anniversary Ball the King could command that his Queen wear the diamonds, and when she fails it will be the moment to seize the supreme power."

To Calais

D'ARTAGNAN was delighted when he received a note from Constance: "I must see you at once," and was foolish enough to imagine the lady-in-waiting was anxious to see her latest admirer. But it was a far from friendly Constance



Aramis.

De
Rochefort.



who came to his room, flung back her cloak, and with flaming eyes glowered at him and said one word:

"Traitor!"

"I do not understand you."

"You betrayed our Queen," Constance accused.

D'Artagnan denied it furiously and indignantly.

"You're the only one that knew," Constance was now a little uncertain. "You told the King, the Cardinal, someone—that the Queen was here; that she gave away her diamonds. Now the King commands her to wear them publicly at his anniversary. Her Majesty has collapsed. They'll find a way to kill her if they can. Oh, why am I telling you?"

"Because in your heart you know I would not betray her Majesty!" retorted D'Artagnan fiercely.

"When is the King's anniversary?"

"Eight days from now."

"And this is Monday," D'Artagnan pondered before making his decision. "Get back to the palace, get me a letter from the Queen, telling Buckingham to turn the diamonds over to me, and meet me here in an hour." Seeing her uncertainty he gripped her shoulders. "Look at me. Do I look as if I were lying?"

"No. I want to trust you—believe in you."

"Then do as I say," ordered D'Artagnan. "I have a strong idea that the person who has betrayed you is Bernajou, but that we can find out later. You must be here in an hour, Constance."

Captain de Treville was amazed when D'Artagnan asked to be excused duty for a while. Knowing that his father's friend was to be trusted, D'Artagnan explained the terrible predicament that faced the Queen on account of her diamonds being in Buckingham's hands.

"My boy, alone you could never reach the coast alive," decided De Treville when the story was ended. "I know three men who will jump at the chance of helping their new friend, especially

if it involves danger. Athos, Porthos and Aramis will be at your place in half an hour." From a drawer he produced a bag. "You'll need money."

"Captain, how can I——"

De Treville raised his hand to silence him.

"You're wasting time. Go on—and good luck."

Within the hour Constance was back at Bernajou's house. The Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan were waiting for her. Constance handed to the young cadet the letter from the Queen.

"I'll carry it," he cried. "And if anything happens to me, one of you take it, and ride on."

"Where shall I wait for you?" asked Constance. "It would be dangerous here in Paris."

D'Artagnan had no answer to this problem, and it was Athos who settled the question.

"Do you know the Château de la Fere?"

"Just outside—on the Calais Road?"

"Yes. There's been nobody there for years but an old caretaker." Athos took a ring from his finger. "Show him this and you'll be safe there."

"When shall I go?" Constance turned now to D'Artagnan.

"On the eighth day," he answered. "If we're not there by nightfall you must return to her Majesty. Come, gentlemen, Planchet has got our horses ready."

With his ear against the panelling in the room next to D'Artagnan's the spy Bernajou had heard every word, and scuttled out of the house to take the news to De Rochefort. The Cardinal's agent shouted for the captain of the guards.

"Send warning to the gates," De Rochefort ordered. "Maybe you will yet be in time to stop them escaping. If they do escape, warn every agent between here and Calais by courier and pigeon post. They must be stopped!"

D'Artagnan and his three friends rode smartly towards the gates of Paris. In case they were separated their meeting-place on the road was the King and Peasant Inn. They were close to the West Gate when Aramis shouted a warning—they were passing through a square and cantering in from another direction were a strong body of the Cardinal's guard.

"They're heading for the gate," cried Aramis. "Come on."

They spurred their horses to a mad gallop. The Cardinal's guard had seen them and were trying to head them off. The West Gate came in sight. The musketeers had gained, but the Cardinal's men were very close.

"Lower the gates," the captain roared at the top of his voice, and the turnkeys at the gate hastened to obey.

"They're closing the gates," yelled Porthos. "I'll go for the men—get my horse through."

With much creaking the gate fringed with spear points was being lowered as The Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan raced for the opening. But for Porthos they would have failed. The musketeer flung himself from his horse and, bellowing oaths, rushed at the two turnkeys. They had to cease from turning the wooden winch that controlled

the gate to protect themselves from the cutting slashes of his sword.

Porthos saw his friends pass under the spear points before thinking of his own safety. At once the turnkeys turned to their winch. Porthos was just in time to scramble through as the spear points grazed his shoulders. To his dismay he found his horse had bolted.

"Ride on," shouted Porthos to D'Artagnan. "My horse didn't get through." He waved his hand mockingly as the guards slid from their saddles and rushed towards the gate. "My regards to the Cardinal," shouted Porthos, and took to his heels.

It was at a wooden bridge over a river that soldiers sprang out of hiding when the three were in the centre of the bridge.

"Athos, D'Artagnan!" shouted Aramis. "Ride on. I'll handle this."

Athos and D'Artagnan spurred their horses as a number of men on foot tried to bar their way. Furiously they cut and slashed with their swords, whilst Aramis fought a rearguard action to help his friends escape. So furious was the fighting of Athos and D'Artagnan that the Cardinal's underlings fell back.

That night they reached an inn. If they could have got a change of horses they would have ridden on, but that was impossible. They ordered the horses to be groomed and a supper prepared. The horses must have at least an hour's rest.

"Porthos and Aramis can take care of

themselves," Athos said as he finished his mug of ale. "We'll meet them at the King and Peasant Inn on the way back. Stop worrying."

"That isn't what I'm worried about," D'Artagnan answered. "What is this mysterious Château de la Fere? It sounds so mysterious, and I am affected for Constance's safety."

"The Count de la Fere was a friend of mine." There was a twisted grin on Athos' face. "It was his ring I gave your Constance." He laughed harshly. "Strange that his ring should be trusted to a woman. He was destroyed by a woman."

"Does he hate women like you do, Athos?"

Athos shook a warning finger.

"Now there's an unwritten law among the musketeers, D'Artagnan. They never ask each other questions. Come, let's get to horse."

Scarce had the words left his mouth when they heard scurrying, heavy footfalls and they sensed that danger was nigh. The door burst open and four of the Cardinal's guards rushed in, but if they hoped to get these two completely by surprise they were mistaken.

Swords clashed, and by superior skill the two managed to ward off the attack of the four, but Athos knew they could not keep this up, and other guards might be on the way. He began to back towards the stairs and he shouted to D'Artagnan to keep close to him. The guards thought they had their men when Athos and D'Artagnan began to retreat up the stairs.



The ambush at the bridge. The emissaries of the Queen cut and slashed with their swords.

"Go on, D'Artagnan," hissed Athos. "Out through a window, and take a fresh horse."

D'Artagnan would never have deserted a friend, but the Queen's need must come first. He raced up the stairs, went out through a window to a balcony, and then leapt down into the saddle of a horse belonging to the Cardinal's guard. A guard in charge of the horses rushed forward and fell moaning with a sword thrust through his arm. D'Artagnan rode alone towards Calais.

The Prisoner of Milady

A THREE-MASTED schooner had berthed against a dark and gloomy wharf. Though the night was warm it was misty near the water's edge. Sailors placed planking from the ship to the wharf and down this the captain guided the steps of a very beautiful, fashionably dressed lady. From out of the gloom appeared a portly man and two menials. The latter at once went aboard to collect the lady's baggage.

"Your coach is ready at the tavern, milady," said the landlord, who was the Cardinal's spy. "You wish to leave for Paris to-night?"

"I don't know, Peylerand, until I read the messages from Paris. Escort me to the tavern."

When they had gone D'Artagnan slunk into view from behind some merchandise.

"Are you sailing back to England to-night, captain?"

"On the next tide. But I'm forbidden to carry passengers."

"Didn't I see a lady just get off?" asked D'Artagnan.

"You did, sir, but that lady has passports, both from England and France. If you had passports, sir, I could take you, but without them it is impossible."

"They're with my luggage at the tavern." D'Artagnan had a daring idea. "I'll be back before you sail." He hastened down the wharf, and his heart gave a bound at sight of the lady and her escort some way ahead. He followed them at a distance.

On arrival at the inn milady found a letter waiting for her from De Rochefort. It was a warning to beware of D'Artagnan. She shrugged her shapely shoulders—she could master any man with her wit and her charm. She smiled triumphantly as she thought of the events of the hours since she had received De Rochefort's instructions to go to London and entice the diamonds away from the Duke of Buckingham. Buckingham had not been easy, but she had not failed in her mission. Not only had she obtained Buckingham's signature, but in the corsage of her dress she had gems worth many thousands. Suddenly she clutched nervously at her dress as loud sounds came from beneath her window.

"What are you doing at that window?" shouted a male voice. "Come down from there, varlet." More noise. "On guard." The sounds of crossed swords—actually it was a sword crossed on a dagger.

Milady ran to the open window and looked

down. Clearly D'Artagnan was illumined by the moonlight.

"He ran away."

"Who?" demanded milady.

"A man I saw on your balcony," lied D'Artagnan. "He was peering in at your window."

"But how did he get up here?"

D'Artagnan sheathed his sword.

"I was looking after my horse, and as I came from the stable I saw a figure climbing up by the vine. See, I will show you."

Boldly the cavalier climbed up to milady's balcony, and she smiled at his daring, for she was an admirer of a bold man. He smiled at her over the edge of the balcony.

"It looked suspicious. I called to him, and when he jumped down and drew his sword we fought and he ran away."

"Oh, thank you." Milady made play with her bold eyes.

"Excuse me for staring at you, but I've seen you before," stammered D'Artagnan.

"Oh, yes, on the road to Paris." Milady laughed.

"You were riding a rather ancient horse."

"And you gave me some excellent advice about not fighting your friend, which I didn't take. One of his lackeys broke my head, that's why I remember your face so well. It was all I dreamed of for two delirious days."

"My noble cavalier!" Milady waved her hand graciously. "May I reward you with a glass of wine?"

D'Artagnan did not hesitate to clamber on to the balcony.

"Tell me, what brings you to Calais?" Milady asked the question carelessly as she poured him a glass of wine.

"I'm on leave from my regiment, and I thought I'd like to see London, but I find I can't embark without a passport." He sipped the wine. "It seems a pity after I have journeyed so far."

"Well, I think that might be arranged for you," smiled the woman. "I might even lend you mine. It's made out to bearer and signed by Cardinal Richelieu, and to make sure that you get safely back I have another, signed by Buckingham."

"I don't know how I can ever repay you," murmured D'Artagnan as he took the passport.

"By calling to see me as soon as you return to Paris. Whom shall I expect?"

The question had been unexpected, and for a moment he hesitated.

"Darleville." He bowed. "And whom shall I be calling upon?"

"Lady de Winter."

D'Artagnan had never heard the name.

"I shall be charmed." He turned his head. "I think I hear the harbour bell."

"How I envy you!" sighed milady, laying a hand on his arm. "Going to London, whilst I have to travel where I am told. My life is always in danger, and on this trip to Paris I shall have no cavalier to protect me. Can you not guess from those passports that I am an agent of Cardinal Richelieu?"

"And Buckingham?"

"Yes."

"Does not the Cardinal send guards to escort you to Paris?"

"Even guards might covet this," Milady drew the diamond brooch from the bosom of her dress.

D'Artagnan recognised it at once and had hard work to control his amazement. He knew that De Rochefort had many agents. This woman had just arrived from England and she had somehow got this brooch from Buckingham.

"My sword is at your service, Lady de Winter." D'Artagnan decided swiftly on his action. "I shall not go to London. I shall escort you to Paris. I know no one in London, and it is not right for a beautiful woman to travel the lonely high roads without guards."

Milady smiled, and that smile was baffling.

"I thank you, gallant sir. I welcome your escort. My coach awaits. One last drink, and then let us be upon our way."

D'Artagnan escorted Lady de Winter down the stairs to the waiting coach. He did not observe the slight movement of milady's head as Peylerand held wide the main door of the tavern. It was as D'Artagnan was opening the door of the coach that three men sprang on his back and dragged him to the ground. He was trussed, arms tied behind him, gagged, and then flung into the coach.

"To Paris," cried milady, and with a clatter of hoofs the coach rattled away over the cobbles.

Milady laughed softly as she gazed at the writhing, squirming figure on the seat opposite her. On the outskirts of Calais she released the cruel gag.

"By the way, whom were you fighting outside my window?"

"A fool by the name of Darleville."

Milady laughed again.

"Well, if I hadn't been warned to expect you I might have been the fool. Tell me, how was it arranged for you to take the diamonds from Buckingham?"

"How did you get them?" he retorted.

"By the same method as you'd use now to take them from me, if you had the chance," she answered.

"So the Cardinal employs a thief?"

"I've never met the Cardinal," she explained. "I'm the agent of the Count de Rochefort."

"And he'll turn the brooch over to the Cardinal?"

"His Eminence will be satisfied with that letter you have from her Majesty to the Duke." Milady reached forward and undid his doublet. "As I thought—next to your heart." She slipped the letter into her dress. "What a pity. If I had had this Buckingham's valet might still be alive."

"Do you plan to kill me?" His eyes glowed with chagrin and hatred.

"Naturally, if you try to escape." Milady lay back against cushions. "I should like Constance to see you now," she smiled. "You thought I didn't know about Constance. De Rochefort does everything thoroughly. I might let you see her at the Château de la Fere. You see, I know everything about you, D'Artagnan."

A Wild Ride

FOR miles and miles the coach thundered at its fastest pace towards Paris. Every now and again there would be a halt for fresh horses, and as D'Artagnan had been gagged again he could not even shout for help.

"We're approaching the King and Peasant Inn, milady," called out the coachman.

"While you get fresh horses, Villand, I wish to send a message," came her order.

Milady was escorted by the landlord to a private room where pens and paper were set before her. On the landing she passed a simple fellow, who



"I am an agent of Cardinal Richelieu," said Lady de Winter.



De Rochefort reeled back before D'Artagnan's attack.

goggled at her. Little did she know that it was D'Artagnan's servant Planchet.

"Milady is sending only one message?" asked the landlord, who was another of De Rochefort's men.

"Yes."

"Good, I've only one Paris pigeon left." The landlord bowed. "I will return in a few moments, milady."

"I have D'Artagnan prisoner," she wrote. "Will stop at Château de la Fere as ordered. Will reach palace at appointed time.—Lady de Winter."

The door opened, and she thought it was the landlord. She started violently when a harsh voice said behind her: "Why don't you sign your real name?"

Milady jumped to her feet. Her face drained of all colour as she saw Athos. "You!"

"It was fortunate for me that I chanced to be at the window," Athos said, without a smile. "This meeting is a most pleasant surprise." He turned and moved to the door, which he closed.

Desperately milady glanced round, and her eyes saw an unlighted heavy brass candlestick. She backed against the table with the candlestick behind her. Slowly Athos walked towards her with hands at his side. When he was two yards from her she crashed the candlestick into his face, and with a groan Athos dropped to the floor.

Milady fled down the stairs, and a moment later the coach was rattling away from the King and Peasant Inn.

It was the inquisitive Planchet who found the unconscious figure on the floor of the small room, and his cries brought Porthos and Aramis. They dashed water in his face and almost immediately Athos opened his eyes.

"What happened?" cried Aramis.

"That woman"—Athos struggled to rise—"where is she?"

"The woman in the coach has gone, master," cried Planchet.

"She's got D'Artagnan a prisoner." Athos got to his feet. "I chanced upon her writing a note—

I read it over her shoulder. Then she struck me down with that candlestick. We must stop that coach."

Without wasting further time The Three Musketeers tumbled down the stairs. Luckily their horses were hobbled out in the yard in case of any emergency. With Planchet well in the rear the musketeers tore along the road for Paris.

It was a mad, reckless drive in the early hours of the morning. Milady, realising her danger, urged Villand to drive the coach as if the devil were at his heels. Time and again she would look back, and she gave a cry when the dawn light showed three figures outlined on the crest of a hill. Slowly but surely the musketeers gained.

It was Athos who turned his horse from the road and dashed into the forest. He knew of a short cut over a hill, and when they dashed down the other side they saw the coach approaching. Villand whipped up his horses, but the musketeers were not to be stayed. Before the blades of the musketeers the coachman hesitated, and when Porthos rode alongside with naked blade tickling his ribs the wretched Villand screamed in fear and dropped the reins. Aramis grabbed the heads of the leaders and the coach was brought to a stop. Two grooms riding behind tried to show fight, but before the swords of Athos and Porthos they fled shrieking into the woods.

Athos doffed his hat to milady, who faced him with defiant, angry gaze.

"It was unfortunate that you failed to kill me, my dear," said Athos.

Swiftly they undid the bonds that held D'Artagnan and took out the gag. It was some while before the young soldier could speak.

"Constance, at the Château de la Fere," he rasped out. "She may be in danger. De Rochefort knows everything."

"To the Château de la Fere," ordered Athos.

With Porthos in the driver's seat, Aramis riding ahead to look out for danger, and Planchet doing his best to follow with three led horses, the journey to the château was resumed. But now the coach contained three passengers—milady, Athos and D'Artagnan.

A Murderess

THE coach bowled along at a good pace. D'Artagnan looked inquiringly at Athos, who was staring in most baleful fashion at Lady de Winter.

"Do you know whom you're riding with, D'Artagnan?" he said at last.

"A thief," answered D'Artagnan.

"A murderess—the Countess de la Fere—my wife."

"It's a lie!" cried the woman. "I'm Lady de Winter. I've never seen you before in my life."

"You murdered my brother. You wear the brand of a criminal upon your shoulder—on your right shoulder."

"I can prove you're wrong." The woman opened her cloak and bared a beautiful white shoulder. "Look!"

Athos was nonplussed for a moment. Then he leaned forward and touched her shoulder. He laughed harshly and produced a lace handkerchief. Milady struggled vainly as he rubbed her shoulder, and D'Artagnan was amazed to see on the white shoulder the brand of the fleur-de-lis of France.

D'Artagnan touched Athos on the arm.

"In her corsage she has the Queen's diamonds."

Athos held out his hand with a significant gesture. The light in his eyes was so sinister that, with a cry of fear, milady produced them and gave them to her one-time husband. On the coach seat by her side was a portfolio, and D'Artagnan decided that it might contain letters of importance, and he was sure of it when she tried to prevent him from opening it, but she desisted when Athos gripped her shoulders.

"Athos!" D'Artagnan spoke sharply.

"What is it?"

"Treason, signed by De Rochefort," D'Artagnan passed a scroll to the musketeer. "It bears also the signature of Buckingham."

"If we can but get to Paris in time the Queen will be saved and De Rochefort crushed," Athos muttered, and raised his voice. "Porthos, hurry—hurry!"

The coach thundered along the road and soon Athos shouted to Porthos to take the fork to the right. They came in sight of iron gates, a stone bridge over a deep gorge and beyond a large château built on the lines of a castle.

"The Château de la Fère, the scene of your first crime," said Athos. "And your last."

The coach pulled up and D'Artagnan gave a glad cry as he saw Constance and an old man hastening towards them. The young man leaped from the coach and ran to meet her. Athos got out after him and turned to speak to Porthos.

Milady was alone and unwatched. The coach door was open and she stepped swiftly on to the bridge railing. Below swirled a fast-flowing river full of jagged rocks. Better to die this way than at the hands of the man she had wronged.

A cry from Porthos warned Athos, but he was too late to catch milady. Staring down they saw the most beautiful spy in France crash on to the rocks and be swept off into the turbulent waters.

Time was passing swiftly and they could not delay a moment. The journey to Paris was resumed.

"The Cardinal's guards may prevent us getting past the gates," D'Artagnan said to Constance and Athos. "We must not fail the Queen now." He pointed to the cloak that Lady de Winter had left. "Constance must pose as Lady de Winter. They are expecting her. I will pass through as her prisoner."

The coach reached the West Gate and sure enough the Cardinal's guards challenged them. But the guards saw only a beautiful woman, a man gagged and bound, and a coachman whose face was hidden. Athos and Aramis stood at the back of the coach and were dressed as grooms, with Porthos they had obtained the necessary clothing at an inn.

"I'm Lady de Winter," stated Constance. "This is my prisoner."

"Pass on!" cried the officer of the guard.

Porthos flicked the horses with his long whip and the coach passed through the gateway on to the cobble of Paris. Though the streets were ill-lit and full of holes the Musketeer kept the horses at a brisk canter. Constance knew of a private entrance to the palace by one of the towers.



"The Count de Rochefort is a traitor to France," cried the Queen.

The King's Anniversary

IN the great hall of the palace every person of note was present. At the end of the hall was a dais or stage, which was curtained off. At a given signal the curtains would be pulled back and the King would present himself to his people.

"Her Majesty will not have her diamonds," whispered De Rochefort in an aside to the Cardinal.

Richelieu rubbed his thin hands together.

"The Queen shall be exiled. Stay close to her. See that she communicates with no one. I shall be with his Majesty."

But Constance knew of a secret way to the chamber of her Majesty and was even at that moment in the presence of the Queen.

Four trumpeters blared forth sounds that made the vast gathering stiffen. A herald appeared.

"His Majesty the King of France."

The curtains rolled back, and down some steps at the back of the dais appeared the King of France. A moment later another fanfare of trumpets and the herald announced the Queen.

The King glanced at Richelieu because the Queen was wearing his diamond brooch. The Cardinal shook with rage. De Rochefort had failed. The curtains rolled back and the King and Queen, arm in arm, went down the dais into the main body of the banqueting hall.

The musketeers and Cardinal's guards stood stiffly to attention. A hidden band played soft music, whilst the ladies and courtiers bowed to their gracious Majesties.

Suddenly through the sound of the music came the clash of swords and everyone turned. The curtains of the dais swung back and everyone gasped.

A dishevelled soldier was attacking De Rochefort, and though the latter was reputed the greatest swordsman in France he was being driven back. They saw D'Artagnan's blade flash like gleaming fire and De Rochefort reel back before the attack.

"Seize that man!" shouted the King, pointing at D'Artagnan.

At the very moment D'Artagnan neatly ran his sword through De Rochefort's shoulder, and with a scream of terror the other's sword clattered to the floor. Athos, Porthos and Aramis suddenly appeared and they faced the vast gathering with determined air. Let any cursed Cardinal's guard try to seize their beloved D'Artagnan and there would be a fight worth seeing. Suddenly a woman's voice rang out above the turmoil.

"Wait!"

It was the Queen. They made way for her as she walked back to the dais. The King, bewildered, glanced again at his Cardinal.

"The Count de Rochefort is a traitor to France," the Queen's voice rang through the hall. "Here is proof of his treason." She unrolled the scroll. "A secret treaty bearing his signature, which offers half of France in return for supporting his

plan to assassinate both our King and Cardinal and seize the throne."

The King looked at the scroll, then handed it to Cardinal Richelieu. The pallid De Rochefort sank on his knees.

"Your Majesty—your Eminence!" he cried.

"You signed your own death warrant!" rasped the King, then turned to his Queen. "And how has this come into your Majesty's hands?"

"Through the bravery and loyalty of four men, who risked their lives to save us all from disaster."

"Three of my musketeers, Cardinal," the King said, with a sly smirk at the Cardinal. "And who is the fourth?"

Captain de Treville stepped forward.

"Cadet D'Artagnan, sir."

"Cadet!" indignantly cried the King. "A full-fledged musketeer." He gestured with his hand. "Rise, gentlemen! 'Tis I who should be kneeling." He turned to his people. "Long live the Musketeers!"

"Long live the Musketeers!" And the shout shook the rafters.

"Gentlemen, you are my guard of honour." The King proffered his arm to the Queen.

Her Majesty smiled at him happily, then turned to the girl who had played so big a part in this drama. "Constance, you will be my first lady-in-waiting."

"D'Artagnan," rapped out the King, "take your place behind me!"

The King and Queen passed through the cheering lines of courtiers, soldiers and people. Arm in arm behind them came Constance and D'Artagnan, and behind them the Three Musketeers.

(By permission of Radio Pictures, starring Walter Abel as D'Artagnan.)



Bernajou, the spy.



Robert Donat



Jean Parker



William Powell



BORN at the beautiful Yorkshire resort of Scarborough in 1899; educated at Stonyhurst College, twelve miles from Blackburn; intended for the same career as his father, that of catering for the needs of well-to-do holiday-makers.

Can you imagine anyone less likely to become one of the world's foremost screen stars?

Yet this is just what happened to Charles Laughton, whose sole ambition at the age of twenty-four seemed to be to keep his weight down and to become the proprietor of a luxury hotel just as his brothers were doing.

Then some Gynkish spirit of adventure must have taken possession of him, for he found that the hotel business no longer held out alluring prospects for him. In fact, rumour has it that Charles perpetrated several pranks hardly calculated to inspire that confidence a guest likes to place in "mine host." There was a little matter of playfully setting all the bells in the establishment ringing at once, for instance.

So, throwing his hand in, Charles, like a modern Dick Whittington, came to London to seek fame and fortune.

First he joined the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and within a year this precocious pupil had carried off a gold medal—most coveted honour of the Academy.

His stage career officially started at the little Barnes Theatre ten years ago, the play in which he appeared being "The Government Inspector." So successful was it that it was transferred to the West End, where Charles repeated his performance,

and soon the highbrows began to talk about this unusual and clever young man.

Numerous rôles in the works of Tchekhov, Arnold Bennett and other great playwrights followed, and the critics grew warm in their praise of the unknown Yorkshireman, but it was not until he appeared as Tony Perelli in Edgar Wallace's famous thriller "On the Spot" in 1930 that the name of Charles Laughton became really well known to the general play-going public.

Amongst those who had watched the young actor's work with interest was James Agate, the celebrated dramatic critic, who one day whiled away a tedious train journey by reading a book called "Payment Deferred."

So impressed was he with this clever tale that he urged the author to turn it into a play. Mr. Agate also saw that the leading rôle would suit Charles Laughton down to the ground, so he had no hesitation in suggesting him for the part.

His faith was fully justified, and this wonderful study of a murderer set the seal on Charles' reputation; and at the end of the play's long run he went to America to repeat his success on the New York stage.

It was then he was invited to Hollywood to make a screen version of the play. This was his first appearance of importance in films, although he had played a small part in a British film called "Piccadilly" some time before.

"Payment Deferred" was followed by other popular films, including "Devil and the Deep"; "The Old Dark House"; "Island of Lost Souls";

"If I Had a Million" and "The Sign of the Cross."

Tempting contracts were offered him to make still more pictures in Hollywood, but Charles had long before promised to act for Miss Lilian Baylis, who manages the famous Old Vic and Sadler's Wells theatres in London, and Charles, like the elephant, never forgets.

So in the spring of 1934 back he came, his Hollywood triumphs thick upon him, to take up leading parts at the Old Vic at an absurdly low salary compared with what he might have been receiving in America.

Perhaps the sacrifice was worth while, however, for Shakespeare was the order of the day, and it is well known that the plays of the immortal Bard are the finest possible training for an actor. So sudden had been Charles' rise to fame in modern dramas that he'd never before had a chance to appear in any Shakespearean productions, although he'd wanted to for years.

His season with the happy band of players in the Waterloo Road proved a very successful one, although his voice is not considered powerful enough for the great characters of Shakespeare.

During this visit to England he made the now world-famous "Private Life of Henry VIII"—a highly diverting film if not to be taken too seriously from an historical point of view.

Such a stickler for realism is Charles, that he waited for nature to supply the necessary hirsute growth rather than resort to a false beard for the part of the much-married monarch.

His promise to Miss Baylis fulfilled, he returned to Hollywood and his masterly portrayal of stony-hearted Papa Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." He confesses that he based this characterisation on a family friend whom he remembered from childhood's days.

The whimsical gentleman's gentleman, "Ruggles of Red Gap," came next just to show that Charles is quite at home in a comedy rôle, and this performance was voted by Hollywood one of the

Top: A dramatic scene in "The Patriot." Centre: With Melvyn Douglas in "The Old Dark House." Bottom right: With Elsa Lanchester in "Private Life of Henry VIII." Bottom left: With Gary Cooper in "Peril of the Deep."



three best for 1935. Javert in "Les Miserables" followed.

Then came "Mutiny on the Bounty" with Clark Gable and Franchot Tone. They had a grand time filming this, for the unit spent weeks at sea in a sailing ship built especially for the film.

True they all got soaked to the skin many times and more than one accident occurred, whilst Charles himself had a narrow escape from drowning when he was thrown into the water by the lurching of the ship in a terrific sea and was only saved by a platform rigged on her side for the cameramen. But what's a little thing like that in the cause of realism?

Charles gave a lot of thought to his part of the bullying skipper, for he wanted to show just what manner of man this ruffian must have been, and in the end his characterisation was so blood-curdlingly realistic that it was feared it would not pass the British censor. However, all was well and the film has proved to be one of the biggest successes of the past year.

And now a word about Charles Laughton the man as apart from Charles Laughton the actor.

Is your idea of an actor someone who lives a go-as-you-please, Bohemian existence in private life, wearing somewhat shabby clothes in leisure hours and saying and doing odd and unexpected things? If so, Charles fulfils your expectations, for he is and does all these things.

His manner of speaking is as unconventional as the rest of him as he switches abruptly from one subject to another in that precise voice of his, whilst all the time a half-smile plays about his lips as though at some secret joke.

Even his home is not like other people's, for—believe it or not—when in England he literally lives amongst the tree-tops, his house being built in some Surrey woods on stilts, after the manner of native huts in tiger-infested jungles.

His wife, clever Elsa Lanchester, who started off by running cabaret shows, was already a well-

known comedy actress when she married Charles.

She played the part of Anne of Cleves in the "Private Life of Henry VIII" and acted in all the Shakespearean productions at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells with friend husband, scoring a great personal triumph as Ariel in "The Tempest."

In Hollywood she appeared in the horror-film "Bride of Frankenstein" and since her last return to England has acted in "The Ghost Goes West" and several other films.

At the same time Charles has made "Cyrano de Bergerac," a film centring on the romantic figure whose greatest claim to fame was the duels he fought on account of real or imagined insults to his "most tremendous nose."

Again he scorned the make-up man's aid and, in addition to a natty moustache, allowed his hair to grow into curls at the back of his neck for the part of the seventeenth-century cavalier, much to the amusement of his friends. What a pity he couldn't do anything about that nose!

At the time of going to press we hear that his next film will be "I, Claudius," a story of the Roman Empire which will be followed by "Randlords," a film based on the story by Paul Emdens.

It looks as if Charles Laughton is to be kept very busy working in his native country for quite a long time to come, but he is almost sure to return to America some time. He likes the people over there too much to stay away for good, and since they like him too, why should he?



Top: Charles Laughton and Claudette Colbert in the spectacular "Sign of the Cross." Left: As he appeared as the whimsical gentleman's man in "Ruggles of Red Gap," with Charlie Ruggles.



Revolt on the High Seas, in the days when brutality and injustice crushed men's loyalty to the Flag. An unforgettable drama of the Royal Navy, starring Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone



The Spirit of Rebellion

IT was in the month of December, 1787, that Captain William Bligh stepped aboard H.M.S. Bounty as she lay at her moorings off Spithead.

The Bounty was a man-o'-war, and at that time one of the bravest ships in the Royal Navy, a craft which had echoed and re-echoed to the thunder of cannon and the tumult of battle, a craft which had sailed through the thick of enemy grapeshot, and bellowed destruction from the iron throats of her twelve-pounders in defence of King and Country.

True, in that month of December during the year 1787 the Bounty had not been rigged for any warlike mission, but was under orders to sail for far Tahiti, in the heart of the Pacific Ocean—for the peaceful and somewhat curious purpose of securing plants of the breadfruit tree and

conveying them to the West Indies, where it was hoped that they would flourish.

Yet, uneventful as the long voyage promised to be, the Bounty and her crew were to meet with unlooked-for difficulties; ay, and such a crop of adventures as few of Britain's sea-dogs had ever before experienced.

Little did the men of the Bounty know it, but they were to run the gauntlet of misery, despair and revolt ere their wanderings were over. Thankfully enough, the future was a closed book to them, and none of them had the gift of second sight.

The one who perhaps came nearest to holding any doubts regarding the future was a young officer known as Fletcher Christian, a handsome and stalwart lieutenant who had seen plenty of service despite his tender years.

He was among a group of officers to receive Bligh when the latter came aboard, and found that



"Lay on with a will, bo'sun," were Bligh's first words, addressed to the sailor whose duty it was to inflict punishment on the offender. "Such rascals must be taught their place."

his arrival had coincided with a flogging that was afoot, a punishment all too common in the Navy of those days. This particular flogging, however, was a case out of the ordinary, for it concerned a luckless wretch of a seaman who had committed a pretty severe breach of discipline, and who had been condemned to receive twenty-four strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails at the gangway of every King's ship lying at Spithead.

Bligh had stepped on to the deck of the *Bounty* with an individual named Samuel, who was to act as supercargo and ship's clerk, and Christian was standing near them as they watched the whipping that was in progress.

"Lay on with a will, bo'sun," were Bligh's first words, addressed to the sailor whose duty it was to inflict punishment on the offender. "Such rascals must be taught their place."

Directing a sidelong glance at the captain, Fletcher Christian noticed that the man's face was distorted by an expression of sheer cruelty, and realised that Bligh was like too many of the commanders in the Fleet—an officer who believed in treating his subordinates like dogs.

He also noticed that Samuel, a shifty-looking customer, was whispering slyly in the captain's ear, and he gained the impression that the clerk had suggested that the bo'sun was not putting enough vigour into his task.

There were men on that deck who found it hard to watch the sufferings of the creature who was being flogged at the gangway, but Bligh and Samuel were not of that compassionate breed, and did not seem satisfied until the victim was hanging with the flesh of his back in ribbons.

That evening Fletcher Christian confided his opinion of Bligh to Roger Byam, a young midshipman to whom he had taken a strong liking.

"I've heard that Bligh has a reputation as a

bully and a slave-driver," he said, "but this is no ordinary voyage on which we're setting out. We shall not see England again for two whole years, Byam, and harsh treatment for so long a time might prove dangerous. Men can only stand so much—ay, even these rough sailor lads of the Royal Navy."

Byam paid little heed. He was a clean-cut youth with a gay spirit and a carefree manner. Besides, he was new to the Service, and thrilled at the prospect of his first trip to sea—and there was no room in his mind for solemn misgivings.

But by the end of December, a week after the *Bounty* had left Spithead with fat, billowing sails, Roger Byam had reason to dwell more soberly upon Christian's prophetic words. For in that single week Bligh had made it clear to every man on board ship that they had a tyrant for a commander, a captain who seldom if ever gave praise or encouragement, but who found fault viciously and often, applying the only remedy that he knew—the lash!

To the officers and the ship's doctor he was curt and aloof in manner, sometimes insulting. To the midshipmen he was unfailingly contemptuous and bitingly sarcastic. To the humble seamen he was a fiend—a devil in a cocked hat, stalking the deck in the familiar nankeen breeches that fitted his short, strong legs so tightly—his hands clasped behind the skirts of his blue coat—his narrow eyes on the look-out for something to criticise.

Thus the long days and nights wore on, and the months passed by like the eternal sea that flowed against the vessel's sides, months that saw the *Bounty* riding on the trade winds, or lying becalmed in the doldrums, or pitting her strength against heavy storms.

There were floggings on one pretext or another; there was one instance of a miscreant who was

keel-hauled, dragged under water by ropes from the bow of the vessel to the stern, and brought up dead ; and there was a general air of gloom aboard the *Bounty* when she rounded Cape Horn in the Summer of 1788 and saluted the blue vastness of the Pacific.

It was then that another incident occurred which was destined to try the patience of the crew.

Samuel the clerk had been taking stock of the ship's stores, and had reported a shortage in a barrel of cheeses. He knew well enough, and so did Bligh, that there was actually no shortage. It was the custom, prior to a voyage, for the captain to receive a sum of money from the Government and expend it on provisions, giving a full account of his purchases. Under this system, a commander could pocket some of the cash if his clerk were in league with him, and this was what had happened in the case of Bligh and Samuel.

According to the books, they had bought a certain quantity of foodstuffs before leaving Spithead. But the books lied, for in reality they had not bought anything like the amount stated. In case of any investigation later on, however, some good reason for a deficiency in stores had to be invented—or Bligh and Samuel might face charges of corruption.

That was why the captain came hurrying on to the sun-baked deck when he learned that a number of cheeses were apparently missing.

"A shortage, eh, Mr. Samuel?" he rasped, after he had exchanged a significant glance with his clerk. "H'm, it's plain to see that pilfering has been going on, and this isn't the first hint I've had of it."

He glanced at Christian, who was present, and addressed him tersely.

"Perhaps you have some idea as to who the culprit or culprits might be," he suggested.

Fletcher Christian looked him straight in the face. Since that day in Spithead he had come to know Bligh's character pretty well, and, a man of justice and fairness himself, he had been unable to hide his dislike for the captain, although rank had prevented him from speaking too strongly.

And now he had reason to suspect the truth concerning these supposedly missing cheeses.

"I don't think the men have been guilty of pilfering, sir," he said quietly.

Bligh gave him an ugly glance, reading what was in his mind. He did not like Christian any more than Christian liked him; had borne him a grudge ever since the younger man had tried to remonstrate with him one day over his treatment of the crew.

"You don't suspect any of the men, eh?" Bligh snapped. "Then perhaps we might consider the officers. You're rather partial to cheese yourself, Mr. Christian—aren't you?"

It was a direct reflection on Fletcher Christian's honesty, and the big fellow coloured furiously under the affront. Only with difficulty did he manage to hold his peace, and he was biting his lip in silent wrath when Samuel spoke to Bligh in his thin, cunning voice.

"There's a man here, captain," he observed, "who claims that this particular barrel was half empty at the beginning of the voyage."

He indicated a sailor who was standing with the lid of the cask in his hands, and Bligh whipped round on the fellow.

"That's right, sir," the sailor announced. "I remember helpin' to bring this barrel aboard. We had an accident with it, sir. We dropped it,



'Are you accusing me of stealing the cheeses?' Captain Bligh demanded thickly.



The situation was ugly, but to give him his due the Captain was a man of courage.

an' the lid came off—an' I noticed then that it weren't by no means full."

The ship's commander stared at him, his eyes glittering like diamonds.

"Are you accusing me of stealing the cheeses?" Captain Bligh demanded thickly. "Are you suggesting, in other words, that I never purchased the amount which is stated in the book?"

"Why, no sir, I'm only pointin' out that there ain't been no pilferin' among your crew——"

"Silence, you dog!" the captain barked.

"There's been pilfering all right, and I intend to put a stop to it!"

"But Mr. Bligh——"

Bligh did not wait to hear further protests and denials. Turning, he summoned the bo'sun, who was hovering nearby.

"Lash this rogue to one of the guns and give him a round dozen with the cat!" he blazed. "I'll have no insubordination aboard my ship, and no man shall call my character in question."

Sentence was duly carried out when all hands had been assembled on the fore-deck to watch it, but Bligh had come very near to kindling the spark of mutiny among his crew, and, as the flogged victim was lifted from the gun and carried below to have his weals treated with brine, there was a good deal of muttering among the men.

Several of them even laid hold of belaying-pins and marine-spikes, as if they had a mind to start trouble and beat down this tyrant who was making their existence a misery, for they had almost reached the end of their endurance.

The situation was ugly, but to give him his due the captain was a man of courage. Quick to see the rising spirit of discontent, he moved amongst the seamen with stern countenance, and his eyes darted from one to another, challenging them and finally quelling them.

Sullenly they drifted away, returning to their

duties, or to the gloom of the fo'c'sle. As for the officers, they had watched the scene with tension, but there were few among them who did not feel some sympathy for the men—and Fletcher Christian, for one, was telling himself that he would not have raised a hand to defend Bligh if matters had reached a climax.

Christian Takes Command

THE month of October, in the year 1788, saw the *Bounty* drop anchor off Tahiti, and for the next few months her crew's activities were divided between shipboard duties and work on the island.

Discipline was relaxed to some extent, and the men began to enjoy life once again, especially as the island itself was a tropical paradise and the inhabitants of it a friendly and hospitable people.

They were a magnificent race, the islanders, handsome and light-skinned, and the girls singularly beautiful, with a charm that captivated the visiting seamen. But none were more lovely than Maimiti and Tehani, who were the daughters of important chieftains, and who became closely acquainted with Fletcher Christian and Roger Byam.

The friendship between Maimiti and Fletcher Christian in particular was something that developed into a deep understanding and affection, ripening during the time that the *Bounty* lay at her anchorage. So far as Christian and Maimiti were concerned, the months passed all too swiftly, and when April came round and the man-o'-war was ready to set sail with her cargo of breadfruit plants, the stalwart young officer was loath to bid farewell to his island sweetheart.

Indeed, he lingered so long that he let the last ship's boat return to the *Bounty* without him, and was faced with the prospect of swimming out to the vessel.

Stripped to the waist, with his shirt, tunic, waistcoat and hat tied in a bundle on his back, he



"Some day I will return, Maimiti," Christian told her.

took his leave of the chief's daughter on the golden foreshore.

"Some day I will return, Maimiti," he told her, speaking in the native tongue, which he had contrived to master. "Some day—somehow—I will come back to you."

Fifteen minutes later he was aboard the *Bounty*, but the ship did not weigh anchor yet awhile, for it had been discovered that two or three of the crew were missing, and Bligh wasted no time in sending a party to search for them.

The missing men were not located until an hour afterwards. They explained that they had been on the other side of the island when they had learned that the vessel was due to sail, and, true enough, they had been making for the *Bounty's* haven when the search-party had picked them up. But Bligh swore that they had attempted to desert, and promptly clapped them in irons.

The following day the *Bounty* was far on her course, running before a stiff breeze, and, with the exception of the men who had been accused of desertion, the majority of the crew might have been in good enough spirits if Bligh had not already shown that harshness was to be the rule again, now that Tahiti had been left behind.

That morning he had brought up the subject of pilfering once more, and had reduced the rations. Then, shortly after noon, he summoned the ship's company on deck to witness a flogging that had been promised those unfortunates who had delayed the vessel's sailing.

He even insisted upon the presence of the ship's doctor at this scene, though the surgeon was suffering from a bout of fever that he had contracted and had to be helped from his bunk.

The doctor, in fact, was a dying man, and immediately after he had witnessed the flogging he collapsed in a heap, passing away within a few minutes. It was then that Christian almost



EYES BLAZING WITH RAGE, CHRISTIAN STOOD OVER THE COWERING FIGURE OF THE SHIP'S CLERK

lost his self-control completely, and in no uncertain voice told Bligh that he was responsible for the medical man's end.

Bligh glowered at him, but made no answer and switched his attention to the crew, who were grumbling audibly. What with reduced rations, vicious floggings and the death of the surgeon, who had always been popular with them, they had had about as much as they could stand.

As on a previous occasion, however, Bligh managed to cow them for the time being. It was not until the next morning, when Samuel went below to take a look at the wretches who had been whipped, that angry feelings found an outlet in open mutiny.

Bligh's satellite had gone below only to amuse himself by taunting the so-called deserters, and his first method of tormenting them was by drawing off a mug of water from a keg that was beyond the prisoners' reach.

In full view of them he began to sip the water slowly, and as one of them pleaded for a drink the supercargo pitched the contents of the mug in his face. Instantly the distracted seaman shouted a curse at him, and at that Samuel pounced on him like a fury.

Shackled as he was, the captive could do nothing, and with a savage gesture Samuel snatched an iron gag that was attached to the wall behind the fellow's head. Next second the bit was thrust violently into the prisoner's mouth.

But in that same moment there was a patter of feet on the companionway. Through an open hatch above, Christian had witnessed the whole occurrence, and suddenly he was upon Samuel, swinging him round by the shoulder and landing him a blow that hurled him to the floor.

Eyes blazing with rage, Christian stood over the cowering figure of the ship's clerk, and when he spoke his voice was that of a man who had reached a grim decision.



Bligh and those who had remained faithful to him were cast adrift in an open boat.



"I'll find the rest of your party yet," Bligh ground out, "and every man-jack of you will swing from the yard-arm!"

"I've had enough of this," he ground out. "Between you, you and Bligh have gone too far! I'm taking the ship, and to the devil with the consequences!"

There was a chorus of approving shouts behind him, and, turning his head, Christian saw that some of the crew were gathered in the hatchway.

"We're with ye, sir!" they shouted. "We're with ye!"

Down they came, blundering to his side and eagerly awaiting his orders. This was what they had long needed—someone to lead them in a crusade against tyranny—a guiding spirit to command them—and Fletcher Christian was the man.

Christian looked at them in silence for a space, and then he squared his shoulders.

"Muster all men who think as we do!" he ordered tersely. "Arm yourselves, but remember—no needless bloodshed! Wait; first we must release our shipmates here, and also make certain that Samuel does not give the alarm too soon!"

His instructions were promptly carried out, and ere long the sounds of strife were echoing over the *Bounty's* decks, for if most of the men were only too ready for revolt there were others who chose to remain loyal to Bligh, not because of any like for him, but because they dreaded the prospect of being hanged as mutineers.

Yet the odds were overwhelmingly in favour of Christian's followers, and the few who tried to make a stand against them were soon overpowered.

Meanwhile, Bligh and the other officers of the ship had been seized and rendered helpless in their cabins, and one group of rebellious seamen had made a dash for the midshipmen's quarters.

Roger Byam was alone there, and had been

resting in his bunk when he had heard the uproar on the deck. Now he cried out in an anxious tone as the mutineers came swarming in.

"What's wrong?" he demanded. "What's happening?"

"We're takin' the ship," he was told gruffly. "Mr. Christian's with us. Are you?"

Roger Byam looked at the intruders in a shocked fashion, and for a moment he seemed dumbfounded. Then he thrust out his jaw and steeled himself for resistance.

He hated and despised Bligh, and sympathised with Christian and the men up to a point. But he had taken an oath of allegiance to the Service, and it was this that caused him to reach for his pistol—only to be struck senseless by a blow from a musket before he could show fight.

He was left lying in a crumpled attitude on the floor of his quarters, and the band of mutineers returned to the deck, where all conflict had now ceased, and where Bligh and his supporters had been assembled under escort.

There were many among Christian's partisans who pressed for sentence of death to be passed on the captain, but the new commander of the *Bounty* would hear of no killing. His plan was to put a ship's boat at the disposal of Bligh and such of the crew as chose to go with him—a boat stocked with food and water, so that they would at least have a chance of surviving.

Christian had his way. Bligh and those who had remained faithful to him were cast adrift in an open boat, and an hour later, when Roger Byam staggered on deck with a clot of dry blood on his temple, the small craft that contained his captain's party was no longer in sight.

From Christian's own lips Byam learned what had taken place while he had lain unconscious

in the midshipmen's mess-room, and he listened to the story in a tight-lipped silence.

"I'm afraid you were overlooked, Roger," Fletcher Christian remarked finally, "but, in any event, there would have been no room in that boat for you. It was filled to the gunwales."

Roger clenched his hands.

"Christian," he said, "you and I have been friends, and I still value your friendship. But I am here under protest! Remember that—and remember always that I shall never see eye to eye with you in what you have done."

"I understand, Roger," the older man answered slowly. "Each man has a code by which he lives, and I appreciate yours, though I shall never regret the course I have taken. And, speaking of courses, it may interest you to know that we are returning to Tahiti."

So Fletcher Christian was re-united with Maimiti sooner than he had anticipated when he had said good-bye to her, and in the course of time his island sweetheart became his island bride.

It was not the only wedding that was celebrated among the Bounty's crew of mutineers during the year that followed—a year that passed pleasantly enough, although a good many of the men felt that sooner or later a King's ship was likely to call at the island for the purpose of making inquiries about them.

Christian himself was keenly alive to that possibility, and at last he elected to seek a new retreat with the other seamen who had become married, and who were eager to accompany him. Thus, on the morning of a Summer's day, the

Bounty set sail for an unknown destination, manned by a small company of sea-dogs—late of the Royal Navy but exiles now, and anxious to find a haven in which they could safely settle with their wives.

They left behind them a number of shipmates who had resolved to stay on the island of Tahiti, most of them because they believed that the fears expressed by Christian and his companions had been groundless.

There was one, however, who lingered on Tahiti in the hope that a ship would call—not necessarily a King's ship, but some vessel that would carry him to his native land and his own kith and kin. That one was Roger Byam.

Sentenced

No doubt when they harked back to that momentous day when they had seized the ship, the mutineers of the Bounty never failed to wonder what had become of Bligh and his party.

They could not know that the castaways in the open boat had reached civilisation after a terrific journey that had been a tribute to Bligh's courage and seamanship. Nor did they know that Bligh, swearing revenge and obtaining permission to track down the miscreants, had set out from England aboard the frigate Pandora by the middle of the year 1790.

His destination was Tahiti, where he had shrewd expectations of obtaining information in regard to the mutineers, and it was on a certain morning in 1791 that the Pandora arrived there.



With suspense in their hearts Byam and his shipmates listened to the evidence against them.

She had scarcely dropped anchor when a canoe was seen putting out from the shore. The occupants were the men who had remained on Tahiti after the *Bounty's* departure, and, even though most of them had reasons to fear an enquiry, the yearning to see their homeland again had tempted them to risk a parley with the *Pandora's* captain.

Roger Byam was among them and was the only one who felt he could board the frigate with an easy mind. But he learned he was mistaken—when he came face to face with Captain Bligh and was treated like his shipmates as a mutineer.

It was in vain that Roger protested his innocence; it was in vain that he claimed to have been struck senseless in his cabin on the morning of the mutiny. Bligh scoffed at the tale, mindful of the fact that the midshipman had always been on friendly terms with Christian, and Roger Byam was clapped in irons with the rest of the prisoners.

And now Bligh proceeded to make the lives of his captives a burden that was well-nigh unbearable. He wanted Christian—*above all*, he wanted Christian—and, believing that the men whom he had secured could tell him whither Christian had fled, he made every effort to force them to speak.

For days he starved them and gave them no water. For days he bullied them and maltreated them. Then, when these tactics produced no result, he tried to make a reluctant bargain with them.

"Tell me where Christian and the others went to," he said, "and it may be that ye'll be pardoned."

The prisoners remained silent. They were ignorant of Christian's whereabouts, but would not have spoken if they had known. Roger Byam himself would not have uttered a word of betrayal, despite the fact that he had never been a party to the mutiny.

Bligh turned from them disgustedly, and then a hard and sinister expression dawned on his ugly features.

"I'll find the rest of your party yet," he ground out, "and every man-jack of you will swing from the yard-arm!"

He did not find Christian and the others, though he cruised among the neighbouring islands for weeks and despatched search-parties to comb every foot of land; and at last he was compelled to set his course for England and home—at last, after dire privations, the handful of men whom he had managed to capture were brought to trial before a court-martial at Spithead.

Rigged out in new uniforms that had been served to them, and guarded by marines, Roger Byam and his shipmates faced the admirals who were their judges and the successive witnesses who were their accusers. With suspense in their hearts they listened to the evidence against them, and when they were called upon to speak in defence of themselves there seemed little to say.

Roger alone was in a position to declare his innocence with any truth, but would he be believed? None of the witnesses who were present could bear him out in his story.

He gave his version of what had happened in sincere and simple tones, and then he and his comrades were removed in custody pending the decision of the court. One hour later each of them heard that decision from the lips of the presiding officer, and each laggard prisoner was led from the room with the death sentence ringing in his ears.

Standing in the background, Captain Bligh watched them as they entered and departed one after another, and he permitted a smile to flicker across his countenance when Roger Byam was condemned. Altogether Bligh felt fairly satisfied, though he wished dearly that Fletcher Christian had been there.

Bligh's satisfaction was short-lived, however. He had succeeded in obtaining convictions, but in the course of the evidence his own conduct had been criticised from the point of view of ruthless tyranny, to say nothing of suspected fraud in the matter of ship's stores. And before the case was declared closed, he was told pretty plainly that the record of his behaviour did not meet with the approval of his superiors.

Any satisfaction that Bligh might have felt was further diminished when he learned some days later that one or two of the prisoners had been reprieved and pardoned—among them Roger Byam.

Roger, moreover, was restored to his former rank as a midshipman, and in due course reported for duty in a frigate bound for the Mediterranean—departing on active service this time, for war had been declared between England and the French.

As he stood on the deck of that gallant ship, with topsails and royals and every shred of canvas spread out above him to catch the breeze, he could not help thinking that he was in the service of a navy that had been made fit for the brave men who enlisted in it; a navy with a glorious history, true—but with a future even more splendid.

For the investigation into the mutiny on the *Bounty* had thrown light on the practices of such men as Bligh, and had brought about important and long-needed regulations that would henceforth curb the power of bullies and scoundrels.

These were not the only thoughts of Roger Byam as he watched the receding shores of his native land. He was thinking, too, of Christian and the sailors who had joined him, wondering where they were and how they were faring.

Far away in the Pacific, far to the south of Tahiti and beyond the scope of the search that Bligh had made for them, Fletcher Christian and his comrades were living in peace on an island paradise known as Pitcairn.

There they were to remain contentedly for the rest of their days; never again to suffer misery, insult and brutality; never to know that indirectly they had inspired a new and better understanding between the officers and men of the Fleet they had served.

(By permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer, Ltd., starring Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone.)



MILLIONS of years ago—so scientists believe—the Sun, whirling about in space, gave off loose masses of gaseous lumps which became planetary bodies revolving round itself.

So the Earth on which we live was born.

It took millions of years to cool its outer crust, but when it became solid, life of sorts immediately appeared.

Fishes began to swim in the seas which had been formed of the steam, during cooling, in the hollows of the earth.

Animals appeared on the Earth, four-legged creatures.

Reptiles were evolved. A few big ones grew "gliders." Pterodactyls, we call these monsters; skeletons of which have been found in China.

Next came the birds. Birds are perfect flying machines and have been the envy of man ever since his creation.

In old cuneiform characters, on an ancient cylinder of clay, we read of man's first coming. And we have the Bible story, with all its beautiful imagery.

There is a story that one Simon, a magician, jumped from the walls of the Forum, to prove to Nero that flying was possible. Simon was taken up dead.

We are told that, four thousand years ago, the Emperor Shun, in order to escape from a fire,

leapt off the high tower of a flaming building and floated to earth under the shade of an enormous straw hat!

It is written that the King of Persia, who built the Tower of Babel, flew from the top of it on a flying throne.

Solomon gave the lovely Queen of Sheba a "flying chariot."

Coming much nearer to the present day, current English history relates that King Bladud "fashioned himself wings of feathers" and attempted to fly from the Temple of Apollo in Trinovantum (the old name for London) and "broke his neck because he soared too high!"

Oliver, monk of Malmesbury, made himself wings—but he didn't fly far.

Roger Bacon was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for daring to write that men should be able to fly. John Damien hurled himself to death from the battlements of Stirling Castle in an attempt to fly.

Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter of the "Last Supper," was the first man to prepare plans for a flying apparatus. He conceived the idea of an "aerial screw."

Cyrano de Bergerac, the braggart with the biggest nose in the world, had seven different ways of flying, all of them most amusing and quite useless!

The Balloon

SUDDENLY, in 1781, an English chemist named Cavallo discovered that soap bubbles contained hydrogen, and, for this reason, floated upward and about in the air. Two brothers named Montgolfier thereupon conceived the idea of a balloon—"a cloud of gas in a bag."

They made their bag and fastened a basket to it, filled the bag with hot air and put a lamb in the basket. All Europe gathered to see the fun! The balloon went up, amidst salvos of applause, and duly came down, the poor sheep almost frightened to death!

The Marquis d'Arlandes and his friend De Rozier decided to follow the sheep in a balloon of their own. They went up and—came down with a considerable bump. In 1783 Professor Charles actually made a hydrogen-filled balloon, which, when completed, so alarmed the peasants of his country that they promptly attacked it with pitchforks and sticks. They imagined the balloon as an instrument of evil, and in a few minutes destroyed the patient labour of months.

In 1784 Lunardi and Biggin made an ascent at Collier's Hill, in Hertfordshire. England went almost wild with excitement. Balloons were the eighth wonder of the world! Lunardi's balloon was exhibited for some time at the Pantheon in Oxford Street, London, where this enterprising gentleman made a rather extravagant charge for an ascent of a few hundred feet. The balloon was quite safely held by ropes, and many ladies of fashion "took the air" under Lunardi's gallant direction. Blanchard and Jeffries made a big balloon—and were blown across the Channel to Boulogne!

De Rozier, the Frenchman, decided to fly the reverse way and land in England. His balloon rose towards the skies; then the wind took it the wrong way. The hydrogen gas exploded—De Rozier came smashing down to the earth and was picked up stone dead.

The balloon became a thing of stunts, circuses, and exhibitions.

Dick Vernon as Simon the Magician jumping from the walls of the Forum in Rome in the presence of Nero.

Simon the Magician lying dead at the feet of Nero after his jump from the Forum in the year A.D. 57.

Denville Bond as Oliver, the Monk of Malmesbury, who jumped from the Monastery walls in an attempt to fly.

The wings that Oliver, the Monk of Malmesbury used in his attempt in the year 1100.

William Samuel Henson, an Englishman, built in 1842, a new flying machine. It was driven by a motor which had a spring within a cylinder—just like the main spring inside a clock.

Sir George Cayley fell in love with the idea and made his coachman straddle the machine and risk his neck. The contraption was called "The Whirling Arm"—it was heavier than air and positively carried the protesting coachman a few hundred yards just above the ground.

"I was hired to drive—not to fly, Sir George. I beg leave to give notice at once!" said this historic coachman, the first man to positively fly.

The brothers Lilienthal, boys of 13 and 14, dreamed of flying—and they *did* succeed in gliding. Their discoveries in aeronautics pointed the way for the well-remembered Wright brothers, who catapulted their aeroplane into the air, years and years later. Otto Lilienthal glided at a height of one hundred feet on the last occasion in his life. The machine crashed after he had gone a quite considerable distance and the poor fellow was picked up dead.

But it was the internal combustion engine which made flying possible. The pioneers were Santos Dumont—who flew round the Eiffel Tower on an "airship" fitted with a $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. gasoline motor in 1898—and another youngster, in Germany, the Herr Graf von Zeppelin.

In Dayton, Ohio, the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, were the first to show the world a practical proposition.

In July, 1909, Hubert Latham tried to fly from Sangatte (near Calais) to Dover. His plane flew up and dived down, after going beautifully for a few hundred yards. They rowed out—to find Latham sitting astride the machine, smoking a cigarette.

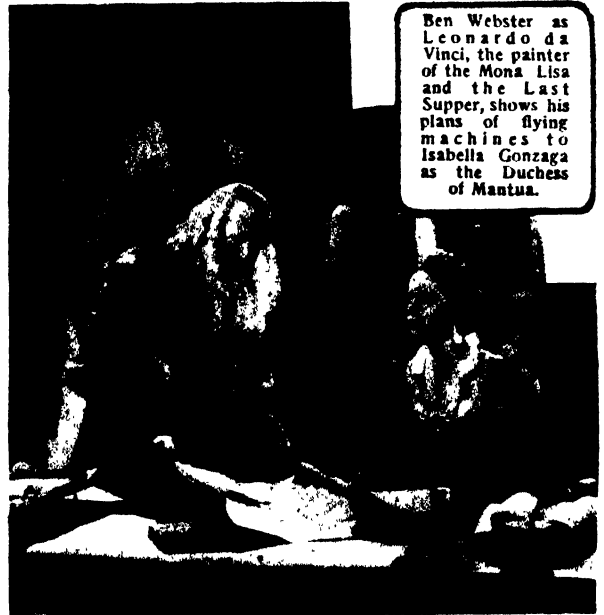
"Call me at three o'clock to-morrow morning," he said. "And I'll try again!"

The next morning was stormy, and they didn't call him. And Blériot, his rival, took off from Les Barraques and, very much to his own surprise, landed safe and sound in a field beyond the Dover cliffs!

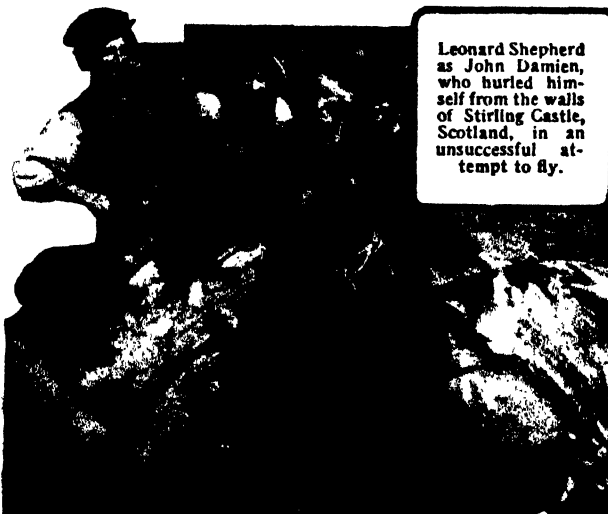
Fred Gully as Roger Bacon, who was sentenced to ten years in his cell for his scientific writings.



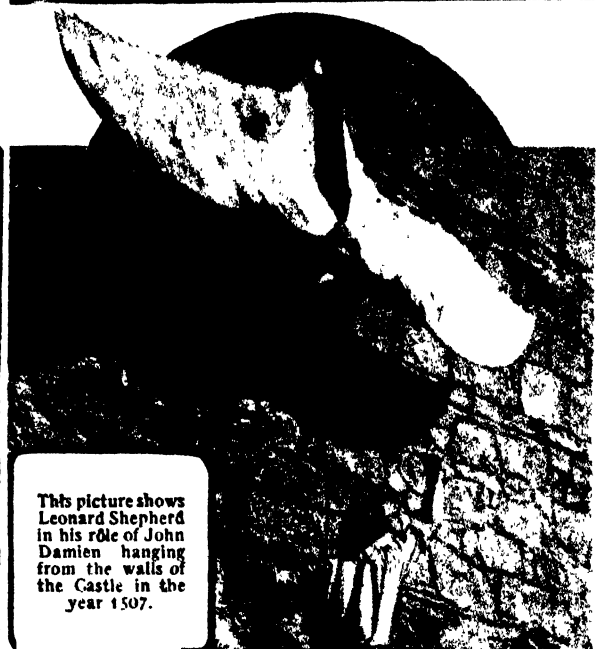
Ben Webster as Leonardo da Vinci, the painter of the Mona Lisa and the Last Supper, shows his plans of flying machines to Isabella Gonzaga as the Duchess of Mantua.



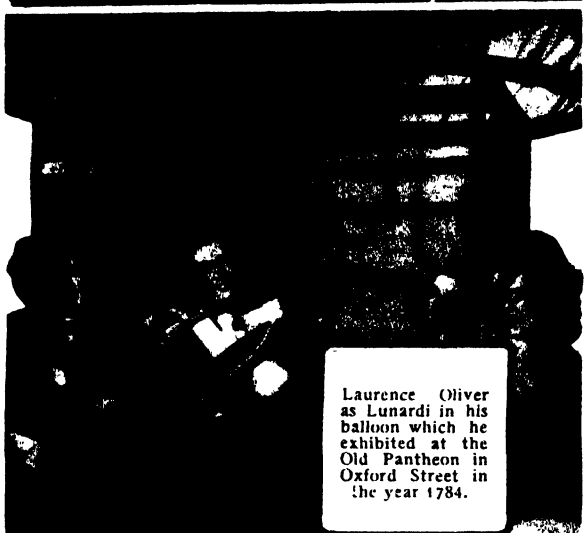
Leonard Shepherd as John Damien, who hurled himself from the walls of Stirling Castle, Scotland, in an unsuccessful attempt to fly.



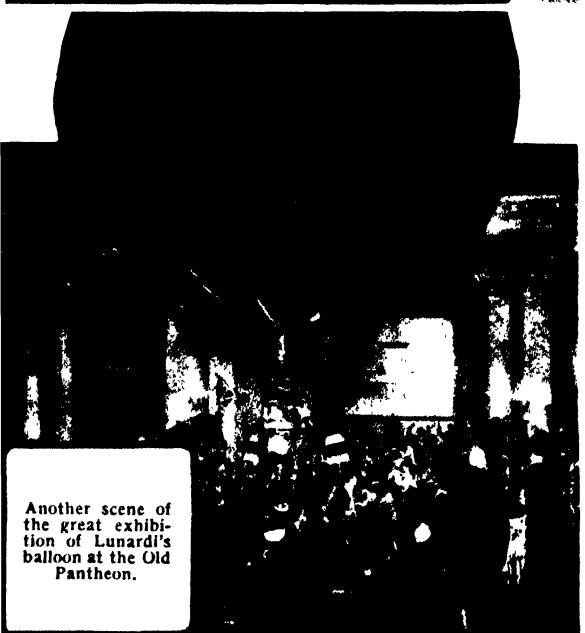
This picture shows Leonard Shepherd in his rôle of John Damien hanging from the walls of the Castle in the year 1507.



Peasants attacking Professor Charles' first hydrogen balloon in the year 1783.



Laurence Oliver as Lunardi in his balloon which he exhibited at the Old Pantheon in Oxford Street in the year 1784.



Another scene of the great exhibition of Lunardi's balloon at the Old Pantheon.

Soldiers from the Dover Citadel rushed to him, followed by crowds of madly cheering people. Blériot stood up, rather dazed :

" I—I hope you won't arrest me for smuggling petrol into your country ! " he cried.

It was in the Great War that aviation achieved success. Aeroplanes *had* to be built that were practicable. They were used as an observation arm only, at first ; but soon they became fighting machines, terrible in their power.

And they have become still more terrible—bombs, poison gases, and deadly germs can be dropped from them as they fly over cities out of reach of anti-aircraft guns. In the war they fought singly in the beginning ; then they formed up in vast squadrons, each plane armed with a machine gun.

In the wake of the War a new kind of airman was evolved—crusaders who were ready to challenge the oceans. Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown prepared themselves to fly the Atlantic from Harbour Grace, Newfoundland. And in June, 1919, they reached Clifton in Ireland in sixteen hours !

Three American seaplanes flew the Atlantic from the south. They reached Plymouth, via Lisbon, without mishap. Then two brothers took up the challenge, Ross Smith and Keith Smith. They blazed the trail half across the world. D'Orsy and Vesin flew from Paris to Japan. Alan Cobham flew from England to the Cape. Admiral Byrd flew to—the North Pole !

Then came the historic solo flight of a young Swedish-American from New York to Europe on a monoplane, on May 20th, 1927. He made a perfect journey—arriving at Le Bourget Aerodrome, near Paris, in thirty-three hours and fifty minutes. This was young Lindbergh—America made him a colonel and a national hero !

Three years later, Amy Johnson, British airwoman, twenty-five years old—beat Lindbergh's achievement by flying solo from Croydon



An early attempt to fly by a "bird-man." Exact date unknown.

aerodrome on a "D.H. Moth," on May 5th, 1930. She reached Port Darwin, North Australia, on May 24th, establishing a record by reaching Karachi, India, in six days! She married Jim Mollison, the airman, in 1932.

One of the newest figures on the stage of aviation is Juan de la Cierva, the inventor of the Autogyro, an aeroplane which rises straight up from off the ground.

Antoin Herman Fokker—the "Flying Dutchman," as he is called—the creator of the dreaded "Fokkers" who flew over us in the latter part of the Great War, is still hard at work.

Captain de Havilland is the pioneer of streamlined aeroplanes—so that the air stream can be gone through and used as a means of propulsion as the machine cuts its way along.

Dr. Hugo Eckener, of Germany, still puts his faith in dirigible balloons.

Already this world is encircled by a network of air lines.

Experiments are being made with machines that will fly still higher in the air and so escape those deadly enemies of human flight—treacherous winds, storms, fog, and ice forming on the wings. In the stratosphere, flyers will find no wind resistance, and may soon be able to skim round the world *at five hundred miles an hour!*

Professor Picard wants to ascend to the limit of our atmosphere, whatever that may be. He wants to find out everything about the cosmic rays—which are a thousand times more powerful than X-rays and capable of smashing up the Earth itself. They can penetrate eighteen feet of solid lead and are the unknown force which, one day, will blow us all to smithereens, so scientists declare. Thank goodness, scientists aren't always right!

Donald Douglas is working on the idea of a pilotless plane controlled entirely from the ground—a new "altitude ship" for transporting goods.

Blanchard and Jeffries' balloon being inflated at Dover before their successful flight across the Channel in 1785.

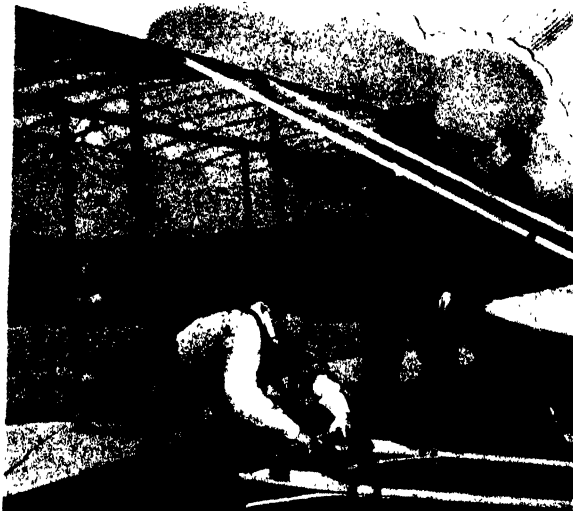


Hillary Pritchard as Sir George Cayley's coachman, who glided 300 yards in this strange machine and then crashed in a river.

Henry Victor as Otto Lilienthal experimenting on one of his early gliders in the year 1868.

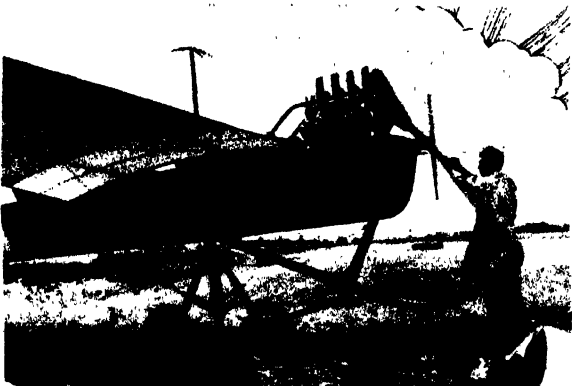


The death of Otto Lilienthal after he had glided to a height of 100 feet.



Percy Marmont as Wilbur Wright and Charles Hickman as Orville Wright building one of their first planes.

Charles Lefeaux as Louis Bleriot waves good-bye as he starts off on his successful cross-Channel flight in 1909.



Hubert Latham in his monoplane, "Antoinette," starting from Calais on his attempted Channel flight. He crashed into the sea soon after ascending.

One of the latest Avro Cadet aeroplanes about to take off on a flight.



Step by step, the conquest of the air has been won by man—by dogged endeavour, tireless patience, and supreme confidence in his ability to understand all natural laws and to apply them to his own ends. Within the next year England will become the greatest air-minded country in the world, equipped with fighting planes for defence, commercial planes for trade, fast planes for the carrying of mails—and "blimps," as they call those queer sausage-shaped dirigible balloons, for observation purposes. Aircraft carriers will become an ever increasing part of the Royal Navy.

Cranwell is already the "Sandhurst" of the Royal Air Force. Thousands of pilots and aircraftmen will be required, and boys of good education will be eligible for adventures of the most exciting description.

Highly skilled labour and specialist inspectors will be required. Aerodromes will be erected all over the Empire—huge airports which must be staffed by fully qualified pilots, mechanics, observers and wireless operators all of whom must be young, courageous and able to take a sporting chance. Most young people are eager to fly and obtain a pilot's qualification. Flying will become cheaper and then there will be thousands applying for instruction.

Great credit must be given to London Film Productions for the making of this amazing film—Conquest of the Air. Where the originals could not be obtained and copied, old pictures had to be traced up and machines built again of old models—while the actors had to take practically all the risks which the pioneers of flying had had to face in olden days. Indeed, so many were the accidents—broken ribs and limbs and terrible bruising—that, in the later sequences of the film, those taking part had to be protected by unseen nets and invisible wires. And, even so, the actors had to be men of iron nerve as well as great histrionic ability.

It isn't all fun being a film "star" and "shining" in the air!

Every boy should make it his business to see this film when released. It is one of the finest of tonics—absorbingly interesting from the beginning to the end—where England's huge air fleet is shown flying in mass formation.



ROBERT DONAT

The Stage and Screen Star

THERE are many reasons for pinning the adjective "lucky" on Robert Donat's forty-inch chest. He is being "paged" by every studio in the world and by every producer in Hollywood. And at the same time London managers are bidding for his services on the legitimate stage.

Consider the young but thrilling career of the screen's newest international idol. He has made exactly seven pictures to date, four of which have been considered important enough for foreign releases. Yet so quickly has he reached the top that he is already privileged to reject a story or a characterisation as unsuited to his talents.

So far he hasn't played the same type of part twice. In "The Private Life of Henry VIII"—his first sizable rôle—he was the ill-fated Culpepper, a tragic but romantic figure. In "The Count of Monte Cristo," the picture which catapulted him to world fame, his characterisation was hailed as a masterpiece of dramatic acting. In "The Thirty Nine Steps" he proved himself equally adept at light comedy.

His second important film for Alexander Korda, "The Ghost Goes West" gave him another opportunity to display his versatility, for in this romantic melodrama he played his first dual rôle—that of a young Scottish Highlander—and the ghost of his ancestor. Neither one of these assignments is similar to anything he has ever done before on the screen.

In fact, Donat's luck in drawing rôles that demonstrate his versatility runs as far back as his apprenticeship days in the theatre. Like George Arliss, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton

and other celebrated English stars, he was a member of Sir Frank Benson's stock company which toured Great Britain and Australia for many years.

His first professional experience was as Lucius in a production of "Julius Caesar" in Birmingham.

"About four lines and a cough!" he says, describing the part.

He was next chosen for a modern comedy in which he enacted the rôle of a crotchety old doctor, and his third part was that of a young man with alcoholic tendencies.

The actor, who comes of a Polish father and an English mother, was born in Manchester on March 18th, 1905. At sixteen, while he was still at school he would give dramatic recitations before church societies, clubs and community organisations. It was at one of these functions that he met James Bernard, a seasoned actor, who took him under his wing and gave him valuable training in voice and diction.

At seventeen, through Bernard's influence, Donat became a member of the Benson troupe and toured all over the North of England.

London, however, the goal of every British actor, was still far off. Donat's next eight years were a period of hardship, of playing innumerable rôles in stock and touring companies, circling but never getting nearer the Big City.

Finally, he crashed through in Edwin Justus Mayer's play, "Knave and Queen," in which he played the part of Cartwright. Critical notices established him on the London stage; nevertheless he was unprepared for the telegram that came from Alexander Korda. Donat was then on vacation, following a seven months' run in London, and he was rather annoyed at the message, which asked him to return to London at once.

He knew Korda and had been given a small part in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Nevertheless, he was hardly prepared for what followed. The producer came to the point with hardly a preliminary greeting.

"There is a part for you in Hollywood," he said.

Donat was disappointed when he heard the



These two pictures show Robert Donat in different scenes from his American film, "The Count of Monte Cristo." Note the marvellous make-up in the right-hand picture.

picture was "The Count of Monte Cristo"—surely a one-man picture. He envisioned the minor rôles, and they were decidedly minor.

"What would my part be?" he inquired.

"The title rôle!" Korda answered quietly.

Unheralded and unknown, Donat arrived in Hollywood, worked harder on the picture than he would have thought possible, made a few friends in his unassuming manner, and then returned to England as quietly as he had arrived. En route, with the release of the picture, he became world-wide famous.

Donat, by descent, is a true internationalist, a mixture of Italian, French, German, Polish and English. Originally, the family name was Donatello. His forebears moved to France and became the Donats—pronounced Don-ah; to Germany, where the name became Von Donat; to Poland without change; and then to England, where Donat remained Donat, and was pronounced as it is spelt. To add to the international flavour, his parents now live in Connecticut, U.S.A.

A first impression of this versatile young actor is one of casual cheerfulness, and it is this vein of cheerfulness which seems to predominate even in the decorations of his comfortable home in Hampstead, some three miles from the Embassy Theatre where he first made his name.

"The Gables" is the name of his house, and that architectural feature dominates the building. Inside the Donat abode, however, it is two other things that do the dominating; one is red-haired blue-eyed John, the other is the shy and pretty Joanna, his two little children. Donat has many hobbies, but the one he likes best is that of playing with his two children, and under the iron hand of six-year-old Joanna he has now mastered the terrible intricacies of putting her dolly and Gollywog to bed, and John has taught him how to be

Top. Robert Donat as the ill-fated Culpepper in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" with Charles Laughton. Centre. Another scene from the same film. Right. Donat as the Count of Monte Cristo.



polite to the various furry and wooden animals that adorn the Donat nursery.

Music means much to Robert when he is at home, and his collection of records is a huge one covering classical, light works and dance music. This great collection had its beginning when he was at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre and allowed himself to buy one record a week. In his warm lounge with its rich cream walls, deep settees and easy chairs, Donat has his prize possession which is an elaborate radiogram in plain wood.

Flush against a corner of the lounge is a gigantic loudspeaker over seven feet high, which almost looks part of the wall until from the silk covered aperture there comes such a rich volume of music that one would almost imagine a genuine symphony orchestra hidden behind it. Donat has ensured such perfect reproduction from his loudspeaker because he has had the reproductive cone made of mahogany. Two turntables are on the radiogram, and Donat will quietly startle one by surreptitiously fading out on a record of a symphony and suddenly bringing out of the speaker the strains of the latest dance tune. Or he will turn a switch and equally as quickly one is presented with the radio programme from London.

Donat believes in space, and great double doors open from his lounge to the dining-room and also to the nursery of his two children. Soft carpets deaden sound and great windows look out on to the beautiful scenery of Hampstead. Plain, warm and cheerful colours predominate, and his passion for neatness reveals itself in the spotlessness of his bedroom.

Donat uses his bedroom as a retreat for study. There are few actors who pay such meticulous care to the script of a play or film, and Donat loves nothing better than to spend an evening in that bedroom, with its soft bedside light, rosy glow from the fire, and complete stillness, and learn his lines from a script.

Centre. Robert Donat with his wife and two children, John and Joanna. *Bottom Left.* Another scene from "The 39 Steps." *Bottom Right.* Robert Donat and Rene Claire, the famous director of "The Ghost Goes West," discussing the script.



Robert Donat makes a daring escape—a scene from "The 39 Steps."





Here then lives Robert Donat, Britain's latest gift to stardom. But there is absolutely nothing in the manner or mien of Donat to suggest his elevation to the higher ranks. His is a charm which defies description, and his unassumed naturalness and ability to put anyone at ease is perfect and sincere.

Donat has now added another achievement to his career—he has turned actor manager. With his own money he put a show on in a West-End theatre early this year called "Red Night," but unfortunately the play was not a success, and after a run of five weeks Donat had to take it off.

But he is not dismayed at the failure of his first venture as a manager and at some other time he is determined to try again. At the time of going to press, his plans are to make a picture for Alexander Korda with Marlene Dietrich as his leading lady.

He has also to make a film in Hollywood for the Reliance Film Company (the people who made "The Count of Monte Cristo").

"Mr. Harry Goetz, of Reliance, has been over here and we have had a talk," he said recently. "Mr Goetz has extended my time for the start of this new picture until next January, so I shall not have to leave for Hollywood until the end of the year."

Donat's brief experience with the Hollywood colony left him enthusiastic, and he is quite ready to return there to make pictures on short visits. While he was over before he was vividly impressed with the American technique of building up a star.

"It was an exhilarating experience," he said on his return, "to find a tremendous organisation, with amazing technical resources and large experience, devoting its full energies toward presenting you before the public under the most favourable auspices.

"You are given the best make-up, lighting, costuming and camera angles. Your voice is perfectly registered, your possibilities are exploited to the utmost. You are, almost literally, groomed like a racehorse for your public appearance.

"In some amazing fashion, writers, make-up experts, sound technicians, electrical experts, study you almost clinically, and bring out your most minute characterisations. It is almost embarrassing.

"The other startling fact is that no one envies you. The entire organisation, from script girl to electrician is pulling for you—not only for the picture, but for you personally.

"Of course, the same things happen in the British studios, but I was a perfect stranger to the other side, and yet they treated me as though I was one of them. It was really wonderful!"

That, briefly, is the biography of Robert Donat. And at the sign of the "The Gables" in Hampstead may be found a young man who, by dint of hard work, has found success and happiness.

These three pictures are all taken from "The Ghost Goes West." The top one shows Donat as Donald Glourie talking to himself as the Glourie Ghost. Centre. A scene from the early part of the film, and bottom, shows the camera crew at work with Donat on horseback.



DANGEROUS HAZARDS

"O H, he's being killed!"
 "Help him somebody, quick!"

These and other cries of alarm mingled with the stern command, "Tarzan, Tarzan, come here at once!" rang out across one of the Universal sets where the filming of "Java Seas" was in progress.

They were not part of the dialogue. For Tarzan, the big lion of filmland, who was appearing in a scene with Charles Bickford, had bitten him on the neck as the star lay on the ground. With the blood spurting from him in a stream, and the weight of the great beast on top of him, Bickford was unable to rise. Besides, any struggle on his part would have proved fatal.

Instantly there was confusion among those watching the scene. Only three men remained calm, Director Milford, Charles Murphy, the trainer of Tarzan, and the cameraman, who kept on shooting and obtained some remarkable pictures. The assistant trainer started to rush forward with a pitchfork, but the director stopped him. Had the lion been stung with the pitchfork or even with a whip, he would certainly have killed Bickford and then turned on his assailants.

Meanwhile, Trainer Murphy went forward repeating his command, "Tarzan, come here at once!" As Tarzan heard his name he looked up, and, after a momentary hesitation, went to Murphy who "roped" him with a stout cable which is always kept handy during animal acts. Then without any show of resistance, the great beast was led to his cage, where he lay down quietly.

When Bickford was examined by the studio doctor, it was found that the lion in biting him had missed the jugular vein by a fraction of an inch! He was hurried to hospital and it was not till some weeks later that he was able to return to the studio.

Strangely enough the star had a premonition that he would be attacked in this scene. It all

happened so quickly, however, that he was powerless to do anything. Yet during rehearsals everything had gone smoothly. As Bickford lay on the "jungle" ground, Tarzan, who has acted tamely in pictures for years, obediently did as required—and that was merely to lick the star's face.

But there can be no trusting even the best of trained lions! Nor is this the only instance where real risks have been taken for the sake of giving picturegoers a thrill.

It was in the same film that a scene called for the launching of a lifeboat at night following a shipwreck of human beings and animals off the coast of a jungle island. An old three-masted schooner was reconstructed, and on a large lake in California, the ship's deck was loaded with crates of lions, leopards and other wild beasts.

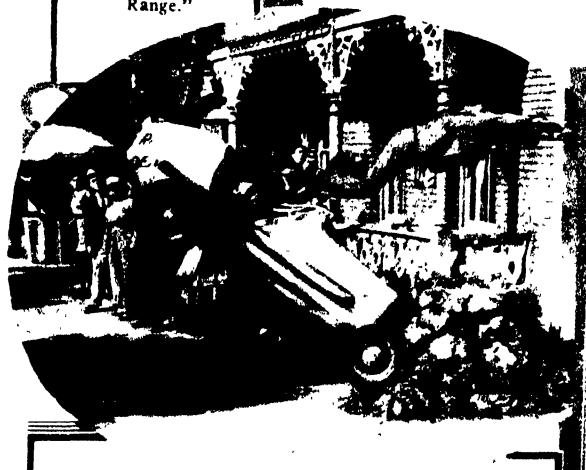
After an artificial storm had been set up with wind machines and other apparatus, the ship was driven on to a reef. The animals were now released and at the same time passengers and crew rushed to get off the vessel. All this was according to plan, but the thrill which followed



Tarzan, the 400-pound lion that attacked Charles Bickford during the filming of "Java Seas," here shown with Elizabeth Young and Frank Albertson who also played in the film.

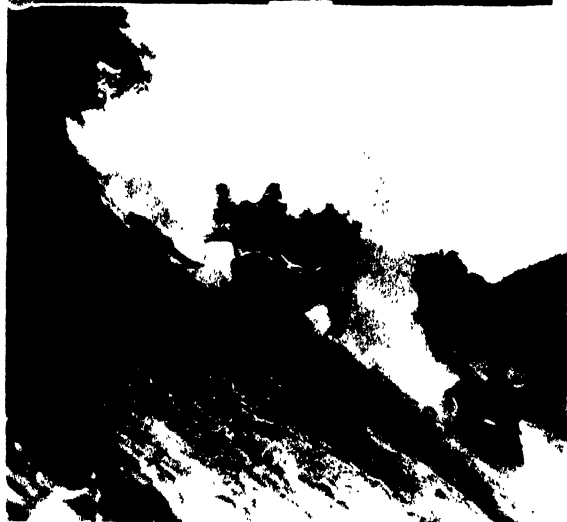


Ken Maynard making a daring leap in "Honour of the Range."



Above: Eddie Cantor's double being thrown out of a car in "Strike Me Pink!"

Below: A dangerous stunt in the Universal picture, "Stormy."



was greater than expected. Let one of the stunt men who worked in the scene continue with the story:

"We were fighting toward our boat when a leopard jumped into it. We chased the animal out of the lifeboat and piled in ourselves. The boat was supposed to tip over and shoot us out while being lowered, but at first this would not happen. On the second try the boat tipped all right and we were flung like stones into the dark, icy waters with wild animals tumbling in after us. It would be silly to pretend we were not frightened, though I daresay the animals were just as scared."

"As I swam back to the lifeboat, I grabbed another man who was half conscious. It was only after he and I had been lugged into the boat that it was found his jaw had in some way been fractured. He was all right, however, after being attended to in hospital. I can tell you I was glad when filming for the night was over. Believe me, it's not all honey working in films."

While on the subject of wild animals, do you remember that ripping circus picture, "The Big Cage"? Clyde Beatty, the hero, had to face forty-three lions and tigers. Lions only and tigers only have often appeared in the sawdust ring, but Beatty is the first circus artiste who has made these jungle enemies perform together.

When, previous to his film debut, he first suggested this act experienced circus people thought he was mad. They pointed out the fearful risks he would be running, but Beatty was willing to take them. He started with ten lions and ten tigers in a huge cage, and before many minutes had passed a battle royal was in progress. Beatty, who has nerves of steel, went into the melee, and such is his remarkable power over wild beasts that he soon had the combatants obeying his commands.

It was not always, however, as easy as that. Time after time he felt the effect of the terrible teeth and claws of one or other of the beasts, and the scars he still has bear evidence to his many narrow escapes from death.

On one occasion a six-hundred pound lion leaped on him and knocked him unconscious. Circus attendants, who were standing by with long iron bars in case of accident, rushed forward. But the lion had already fastened his huge claws into Beatty's right hip, and after shaking him as though he were just a stuffed doll and throwing him several feet across the interior of the cage, the animal jumped back on to his pedestal.

Thinking it was all part of the act, the audience cheered wildly. The attendants, however, dragged Beatty to the safety cage and after a few minutes he managed to stand up and make a bow before collapsing. Five weeks later he went back to work with a crushed arm, smashed ribs and torn muscles nearly healed.

In his first film, "The Big Cage," from which there is a scene on page 45, Clyde Beatty again ran tremendous risks. The unfamiliar studio atmosphere and the bright glare of the arc lights seemed to irritate the tigers and lions. One of the

latter animals turned angrily on the trainer, and it was only his cool courage and presence of mind that saved him adding yet another scar to his collection !

It was while rehearsing his circus animal act for his second picture, "The Last Continent," that there came another of those real thrills that picturegoers do not always see on the screen. Beatty was surrounded as before by lions and tigers when one of the lions suddenly attacked a lioness.

While these two fought a battle-to-the-death, the other wild beasts raged and roared. Beatty, armed with a pistol loaded with only blank cartridges, a whip and a light chair, endeavoured to separate the combatants. Circus employees pleaded with him to get out of the cage, but he ignored them. In vain he cracked his whip and fired his pistol.

The two writhing, snarling beasts took no notice of him, and the fight ended only when the lioness had been killed. Then with an angry snarl the lion rushed at Beatty. As the latter side-stepped out of the way he slipped. There was a cry of horror from one of the circus hands, but ere the attack could be renewed, Beatty had regained his balance and driven the lion back to his place on the pedestal.

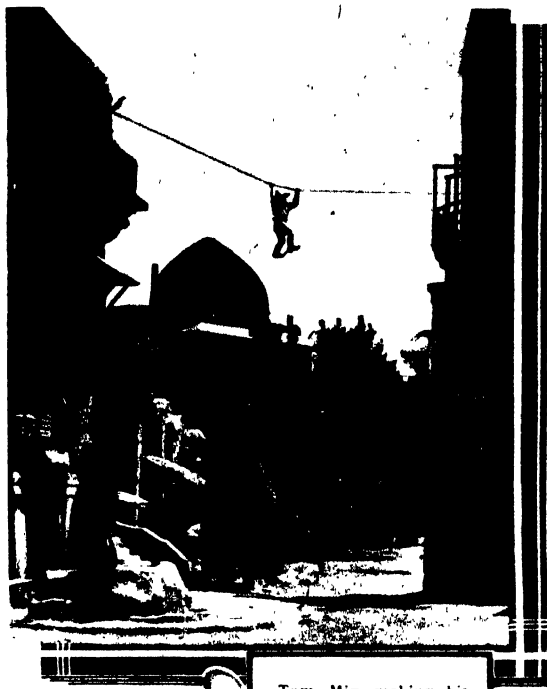
Noah Beery, Jr., also got more than one real thrill out of his acting in "Stormy." To secure many of the outdoor scenes, the film company spent weeks in the wild, desolate country round Arizona where the temperature rises to 131 degrees. In this blazing heat, from which there was little or no cover, with blinding sandstorms and sudden cloudbursts, the physical discomforts were many.

One of Beery's stunts was to climb down a rope against rocks where the drop was 300 feet. Before he was even half-way down, a strong gust of wind sent him swaying dangerously from side to side like the pendulum of a clock. For a few minutes he could find no suitable foothold. Added to the risk of his being dashed against the rocky side of the cliff, there was also the danger of the rope fraying to weakening point over some of the sharp edges. No one was more relieved than Noah Beery, Jr., when he finally set his feet on the ground.

In another scene of the same picture, Fred Kohler, the villain, had to lead a stampede of 1,500 wild horses. To provide a thrill they had purposely been frightened. This actor, who is supposed to be overwhelmed by the stampede, will long remember, however, the thunderous sound of the hoofs and the unearthly screams of the horde of fear-crazed animals as he urged his own steed forward to keep a safe distance from them.

Does mention of a stunt on horseback remind you of Tom Mix ? This Annual could be filled with yarns of his innumerable thrills and experiences, but let two stories suffice.

It was in a silent picture, "Eyes of the Forest," that this popular cowboy star was required to ride on Tony through a pass in the Santa Cruz Mountains that the villain had mined. It had been arranged for the dynamite expert to explode the charge the



Tom Mix making his escape from crooks in one of his early Western pictures.



Above : Clyde Beatty with one of his big lions in "The Big Cage."

Below : A spectacular car crash in the Pathé film, "The Mystery of Diamond Island."



moment after Tom Mix had passed the spot. But a miscalculation was made in the timing, and poor Tony had to have twenty stitches in his side. Tom Mix himself had the hair burned off one side of his head, and his back was almost broken by pieces of rock that struck him in the explosion.

On another occasion for a different film he and Tony were put in a cage which was to be hauled across a waterfall by means of a cable. Everything had been carefully tested, but when the scene was being shot, the unexpected happened. One of the pulley hooks snapped, with the result that the cage stopped right on the brink of the swirling whirlpool far below! Tony had his fore-feet resting on the front of his carriage, but luckily most of his weight was held by a safety rope fastened from the pommel of his saddle to the other pulley overhead.

"I can tell you they were tense moments for me," said Tom Mix afterwards, when recounting the incident. "Tony himself seemed to realise that something was wrong, but except for a nervous whimper he remained perfectly still. Well, I climbed on to the cable, and, going very carefully hand over hand to the brink of the gorge, helped the other fellows to pull Tony to safety. One slip on my part and I shouldn't have been alive to-day!"

Ken Maynard, too, equally famous for his stunts in films, has had many a real thrill. The picture on page 44, showing him dropping from a building astride on to his horse as it runs past may look easy. But it had to be carefully timed to prevent his hitting the ground very badly.

Consider also those thrilling motor-car crashes you often see on the screen. Haven't you many a time wondered how those who perform these stunts escape with their lives or have no broken bones? There are, however, tricks in this trade as in every other. Let Cliff Bergere, who has crashed dozens of cars for the benefit of picture-goers, tell how it's done.

"The most important thing," he says, "is to have the inside of the car well padded. Then the driving seat is removed so that the driver may sit more safely on the floor. Next, to give him more space in which to lie when the car turns over, it is put in second gear and the gear-lever and brake handle sawn off. To prevent the body of the car from being smashed up, a strip of angle-iron about an inch thick is fastened round the outside of the car. Also, only half a gallon of petrol is left in the tank. Then when the cameramen are ready, the driver climbs in, fastens on a safety belt, speeds the car up to 40 or 50 miles an hour and—trusts to luck!"

Now look at the picture showing a scene from Eddie Cantor's film, "Strike Me Pink." Eddie is supposed to be flung out of the car as it crashes into the front of a theatre. But Eddie, being an actor and not a stunt merchant, could not be expected to risk his life in this way. So Billie Jones, a professional double, took his place.

Jones is always willing to risk breaking his neck for varying sums of money according to the stunt required. Thus, for crashing a car into a wall, he charges £30 and for driving a car over a cliff, and

jumping out in the nick of time, he asks £70.

Boris Karloff, who in his grotesque make-ups, has more than once appeared in terrifying rôles, was once badly scared himself. Here is the incident as related when making his first broadcast from London.

He was in the water during a film scene when another actor dealt him a blow as required by the script. The blow, however, was harder than expected and Boris Karloff went under. Watchers on the shore anxiously tried to locate him and then saw him floating some distance away obviously too weak from the effects of the punch to save himself from drowning. A boat was hastily put out and the star rescued just in time.

Being a film star is a more or less hazardous undertaking. Cary Grant and Claude Rains both came to this conclusion while making the Paramount picture "The Last Outpost." The story tells of two brother-officers who come face to face with death as each tries to prove his right to the girl they both love.

The location scenes at the time of the incident showed the heat-ridden sands and jungles of Arabia with a background of rocky cliffs beneath which the actors were working. The situation is particularly dangerous during the summer months because contractions and expansions of the rock due to the extremes of temperature cause large pieces to break off and fall.

Cary Grant and Claude Rains were engrossed in their parts when there came an ominous sound of cracking from above followed almost at once by a shout of warning. The actors looked up to see a boulder, weighing several hundreds of pounds, break away from a rocky escarpment and come hurtling down. They had barely leapt back when the boulder crashed on to the spot where they had been standing, almost blinding them with the shower of dust which was thrown up.

Now meet Reg. Kavanagh, the Australian dare-devil and dirt track rider, who gambles with death to provide a thrill in British films. As a leader of a film crash squad comprising eight members and twenty reserves, he has for some months been crashing planes, cars and motor-bikes before the film camera.

In one of his pictures, "Bulldog Jack," he had to drive a high-powered Bentley and smash into a big saloon coming rapidly from the opposite direction. The scene was filmed one night on a quiet road near Guildford, and as Kavanagh sat tense at the wheel, with the speedometer needle quivering round the dial past 60-70-80, he watched the saloon tearing towards him.

Nearer and nearer drew the cars, and then suddenly Kavanagh swerved. There was a thunderous crash as the giant Bentley caught the saloon and flung it like a stone into a nearby hedge. The Bentley itself reared up and for a moment rocked threateningly in the air. Then it came crashing down on its side. A minute later Kavanagh crawled out of the wreckage. He was shaken, but unhurt!

Yes, it's a great life working for the films if one is willing to take the risks involved!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN



MODERN TIMES

IN a squalid attic room in South-East London forty-seven years ago an Irish lass in her early twenties—the wife of an obscure music-hall performer—gave birth to a male infant who was destined to become filmdom's greatest figure.

Lowly as was his birth the whole first quarter of a century of Charles Spencer Chaplin's life was an unending struggle for existence. While he and his elder brother were still tiny tots the Authorities (and to this day Charlie speaks of them in an awed tone that warrants the use of the capital initial letter) took them away from their destitute mother and placed them in an institution.

Charlie's eyes always fill with tears when he recounts that heart-breaking experience. For he loved his mother with a great love—a love that in later years accounted for his bringing her from London to far-off California, where he built a home for her and lavished luxuries upon her until her death.

Inured to hunger and privation, the boy speedily developed a philosophy—its corner-stone an irrepressible cheeriness—which is the very essence of the character of the little tramp of the screen. Nothing could daunt him. Nothing could dim the blazing light of genius which for ever flamed in his dark blue eyes.

By the time he had entered his 'teens he had set out on his own to become an actor. Oddly enough it was an American star, the then great William Gillette, who gave Charlie his first chance on the stage—as the page boy in Gillette's own dramatisation of "Sherlock Holmes." This first engagement was followed by various others—

unimportant rôles in third-rate troupes touring the provinces.

Finally, Charlie succeeded in inducing Fred Karno to take him into his music-hall company of comedians. Naturally, because of his youth and lack of experience, he was the poorest-paid member of the little aggregation, his weekly salary so tiny as to make one wonder that he was able to exist on it.

Not only did he manage to live—in some amazing fashion he saved enough shillings each week to buy prodigious quantities of greasepaint and crêpe hair. With this make-up material, and at the cost of many hours of patient work in his dressing-room, he transformed his face into striking likenesses of all the great stage stars of the time. The other members of the Karno troupe ragged the boy unmercifully for this waste of time, but Charlie took the chaffing in good part.

And even the most heartless of those elder comedians had to admit that his impersonation of, say, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree as *Shylock* was remarkably brilliant.

In point of fact Chaplin's flair for imitating celebrities, outstanding figures of history as well as famous personages of the stage, sends his audiences into paroxysms of laughter when—with the aid of a scarf and, perhaps, a flower pot—he enacts an impromptu drama as the one and only Garbo!

On the two occasions that the Karno troupe visited the United States, Charlie was an anonymous and unimportant member of the company, his weekly wage still infinitesimal. Although



Scenes from some of Charlie's former successes—"Shoulder Arms," "The Gold Rush," and "City Lights."

the company's repertoire included a dozen or more hilarious, slap-stick comedies—the one that presently took precedence over all the others, so far as the two American tours were concerned, was "A Night in a London Music Hall."

In this skit Charlie played the part of a young man-about-town in comic evening dress—more than a little inebriated. His pantomimic performance in that rôle, quite the most gorgeously funny high spot of the act, was directly responsible for his joining the then looked-down-upon "movies."

An executive of the old Keystone film company, in Philadelphia on business, saw the Karno troupe one evening—and promptly made Chaplin an offer to quit the stage in favour of a film career. Much against his better judgment—and only after Alf Reeves, business manager of the Karno troupe, had told the lad that he'd be a fool to refuse the offer—Charlie signed on the dotted line.

To this day he chuckles when he explains his reason for disliking intensely the idea of going to work for Keystone. The fact that the salary offered was £60 a week convinced him that the Keystone executives must be a group of madmen! Nobody in his senses would dream of paying any actor one half that amount of money!

To-day that hunger-pinched boy of London is hailed in every quarter of the civilised world as the screen's one great genius. Any new film of his is inevitably an Event with a capital "E."

In the case of "Modern Times" it is not an exaggeration to say that for two reasons it is one of the most important films ever screened.

Of these two reasons the first is a positive fact; the second is as nearly that as anything *prophetic* can be where film stars and film makers are concerned.

Because Charlie Chaplin has been the only insurgent in filmdom flatly to refuse to clamber aboard the talkie band wagon, his films, since 1927, have been the only ones to command a world market. Thus "Modern Times"—as truly a "silent" as any of his others, for all that there is introduced actual dialogue now and again—is as free from language limitations as every other film produced in 1935 is confined to markets where the language employed is understood.

Even more important, viewed from a historical standpoint, "Modern Times" will probably prove to be the last starring vehicle for Charlie Chaplin in the rôle of the beloved vagabond. I have his own word for this. Also he has made a public announcement to this effect.

Whether the little tramp has really said his farewell to the screen—or, as frequently happened in the past, if Charlie decides to change his mind and keep alive the most famous of all film characters—"Modern Times" is a fitting enough epitaph to the several score comedies which comprise the Chaplin repertoire.

It is the first picture the star has made since "City Lights," which he completed in 1931, and

the third Chaplin in more than seven years. As always, Charlie is the whole thing—author of the story, writer of the scenario, composer of the musical score that forms an almost continuous background to the action, and of the one song which he sings (in unintelligible lingo)—as well as being on the screen almost continuously from first to last

He is a "hand" in a great factory—his menial task the screwing of nuts on plates that go speeding past him on an endless belt. When a fly lights on his nose and he brushes it off, the belt gets ahead of him. He dives on to it and disappears into the maw of a gigantic machine, which has to be reversed to bring him back to his place.

An inventor appears with a feeding machine, and Charlie is chosen to test the automatic feeder. It throws soup in his face, jams a rapidly revolving corn-cob against his teeth, and wipes his mouth with a blotter. Poor Chaplin—when finally he is released from the contraption—runs amok. He goes tearing about the vast factory, pulling every switch in sight. Then he runs out on to the pavement and frightens a buxom matron by waving his wrenches at her because two huge buttons on her dress remind him of the nuts on the endless belt.

Of course, it is gaol for Charlie. By a typical Chaplinesque twist—a gorgeously funny satire—life in an American prison is shown to be infinitely preferable to life in an American factory. The little tramp is perfectly content to spend the remainder of his days in this (relatively) comfortable and pleasant environment.

Alas! Unwittingly the little fellow quells an attempted gaol-break, and wins a pardon. His wistful plea to be allowed to remain in this home from home is one of the high spots of the comedy. One senses the terror he feels is awaiting him in the outside world.

And, inevitably, the worst happens speedily. Equipped with a letter of recommendation from the prison warden, he has no difficulty in getting a job in a shipyard. The foreman orders him to find a wedge-shaped piece of wood. Charlie knocks one out of a cradle—and so launches an unfinished ship! That's the end of that job!

Back he goes to the factory. But there a strike has just been declared. So he seeks work elsewhere. It is while he is so engaged he comes across a gamin (Paulette Goddard), whose father has been killed in a battle between the strikers and the police. Bound together by their mutual helplessness, they wander about hand in hand.

Finally, Charlie gets a job as night watchman in a big department store—smuggling Paulette into the emporium after everyone has left. Together they explore the place, Paulette covering her tatters with an exquisite ermine wrap in which she promenades with all the airs of a great lady.

In the toy department they both put on roller skates—Charlie executing amazing feats of skill, and missing death by inches when (having blindfolded himself) he performs intricate figure eights on the very edge of a yawning abyss, a section of



Scenes from "Modern Times." The top picture shows Charlie as a waiter in a night club, the second picture is when he has a nervous breakdown at a great factory, whilst above we see Charlie helping to get the machinery going after a strike.



Charlie gets involved with strikers and goes to prison. In a gaol-break he becomes the hero of the hour.

railing having been removed from the side of a rotunda!

After making Paulette go to bed—a gorgeous thing with coverlets of ostrich feathers—Charlie does his rounds. In the basement he comes upon three burglars. They turn out to be three of his fellow workers from the factory. Together with them he raids the wine department—and they all become hilarious.

The next morning he is found asleep on a counter under a mass of lingerie. Back he goes to prison!

When again he is free he finds Paulette waiting for him. During his incarceration she has patched up a shack on the water front—a crazy thing, apparently held together with string! Charlie calls it Paradise—and then, as he shuts the door, half the roof falls on him!

To meet the requirements of the censor Charlie is seen to sleep in a piano box at one side of the shack. When he arises in the morning, attired in a bathing costume, he goes for a dip in an inviting-looking pool. He dives from a considerable height—into a bare foot of water! Of course, the audience howls with glee!

Meanwhile Paulette, dancing in the street to the accompaniment of a barrel organ, attracts the notice of a cabaret proprietor, who gives her a job as a dancer. She, in turn, persuades him to engage Charlie as a singing waiter.

Following his efforts to reach a customer with a tray heaped high with food and wine—when he is caught in the middle of the dance floor by a solid mass of dancers—he is ordered to go out on to the empty floor and sing his song.

The trouble, as he points out to Paulette in the dressing-room, is that he cannot remember the words. She writes them on his cuff—and out he goes. Unhappily, during the playing of the song's introduction, he indulges in eccentric gestures. When he flings his arms wide apart, the unattached cuffs go flying into the crowd! He is helpless! But the show must go on!

So he sings the song in gibberish—and is a riot.

But now there is more trouble. Officers of the law arrive, bent on arresting Paulette as a runaway from a Juvenile Home. In a typical Chaplin chase scene, Charlie manages to outwit the Law, saving Paulette from her would-be captors.

Then the usual Chaplin final fade-out—showing the gamin and Charlie walking away from the camera along the desolate and endless highway that leads to—what? It is the same sad note on which almost all of Charlie's films have ended.

"Modern Times" is epoch-marking in more than one respect. For one thing, Charlie completed it in 148 shooting days. It took him more than two years to make "City Lights." There were two reasons for this (for him) record-breaking speed. One was that Paulette Goddard inspired him as did none of his earlier leading women. The other was that for the first time in his career as a producer he used a scenario.

That script was far less complete than those used by other producers; it merely sketched the

action of the various sequences. It was, none the less, a great departure from Chaplin's former methods. In all his other films he has never had one word on paper—until *after* each day's shooting was completed. The earlier Chaplin scenarios were thus written, piecemeal, after the star had hit on the day's work!

Of course, as always, Charlie planned all the sets, acted every principal part for the benefit of the players concerned, did his own film editing, and worked with a skilled musician who took down the original composition which the star played on the tiny piano in his dressing-room.

Music is a dominating passion in Chaplin's case. He is a superb violinist. Also he plays better than well such varied instruments as the organ, banjo, harp, concertina, and several kinds of brass horns. But he cannot read a note of music.

He not only produced the musical score of "Modern Times"; he conducted the symphony orchestra which recorded it.

The Chaplin studio is unlike any other in—or out of—Hollywood. Its Elizabethan-cottage front conceals from the passing motorists the last stronghold of the silent era. Here Charlie has made no effort whatever to keep abreast of new developments in the industry whose one outstanding figure he is acknowledged by all to be.

Ever fearful that he may be influenced—as a producer—by the methods of others, Charlie seldom enters a cinema. It can be taken for granted, therefore, that when he directs Paulette in a talkie (which, at the moment, he means to make his next production), his technique will be quite different from anything now known. That is the Chaplin way.

Although he casts his own films, he never personally interviews job hunters. Instead, he appoints a subordinate to do this, himself peeping through a curtain while the interview is going on. At its conclusion he signals whether the applicant should be hired or not. This is due to his intense sensitiveness; he cannot bear the thought of turning down anyone.

Many world notabilities have lionised him. He is especially proud to have the friendship of Albert Einstein and H. G. Wells.

Always, when he is entertaining a celebrity, Chaplin discourses on his guest's speciality. With Wells he becomes an authority on the future of the world. With Einstein he talks mathematics with all the flair of a university professor. It is said he once spent an hour telling a great Wall Street financier how to run his bank!

His position in the film industry, as well as his newly acquired social standing, had much to do with the fact that when he took under his wing Paulette Goddard, whose most noteworthy film work had been up to then as a chorus girl in "The Kid from Spain," he made her internationally famous long before "Modern Times" went into production. Paulette Goddard's influence upon the star has become infinitely greater than that of anyone else with whom he has ever been associated.

For years, for instance, Charlie insisted on



Charlie is quite annoyed at being released with a pardon. After many adventures he gets a job through Paulette Goddard (the gamin) as a singing waiter.

driving about Hollywood in an ancient Cadillac motor-car, which was assessed on the Los Angeles tax rolls at the dollar equivalent of £20! Now, when Charlie and Paulette fare forth together, they go in her Rolls-Royce!

Of great significance—Paulette has actually succeeded in inducing Chaplin to discard his customary day attire of tennis shoes, white duck trousers, open collar, and sports coat for more formal garments.

The Chaplin mansion in Beverly Hills has been altered beyond recognition. Before Paulette came on the scene, the house contained twenty years' accumulation of gramophone records, out-of-repair dictaphones, and a hundred and one other useless and undecorative kinds of junk. These have now all disappeared. Paulette has completely redecorated the house according to her own ideas.

Now Charlie hates parting with such rubbish quite as much as it pains him to part with money. In that connection it may be amusing to chronicle the well-known (in Hollywood) fact that Charlie seldom has a penny in his pockets. Wherever he goes—to cafés or night clubs—he has what he wants without paying for it. Later an employee from the studio makes the rounds and settles the star's accounts!

Obviously his jaunt to the Orient with Paulette and her mother could not be conducted in this fashion. For all his fame and despite his popularity in the Far East, hotel bills had to be paid. It is only another tribute to Paulette's influence that the star footed the bills uncomplainingly.

From the start of his career as an independent producer he has managed to get more production value for a lesser cash outlay than any other film maker in Hollywood. True, he shoots hundreds of thousands of feet of film—in order to get a finished product of 7,000 feet. He takes years where other studios takes weeks to complete a film.

Even so, the most ambitious of his comedies have been made for an amazingly small sum. This is because Chaplin flatly refuses to pay anyone connected with him—whether studio worker or actor—anything more than a nominal

salary. He honestly believes that the kudos attaching to association with him is quite enough in itself—that to pay a salary in addition is just so much Quixotic generosity!

In point of fact, his own tastes are the simplest; his personal expenditures infinitesimal. He never smokes. He sips an occasional glass of champagne, but is frank to admit that he prefers water. Such parties as he gives are few and far between, and are always informal.

He likes to swim and to play tennis—and that is the end of his interest in outdoor sports.

As a guest he is always in tremendous demand. And when he is in the mood he can entertain his host and fellow guests for hours on end with brilliant impersonations of President Roosevelt, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, and others.

What the future holds for him Charlie himself hasn't the foggiest notion. It is a fact that he considers himself the most misunderstood man in the whole world. But he rather enjoys it. It would grieve him if he were understood.

He will tell you that two other great figures of past history were also misunderstood—one of them real and one a fictional character. They were Napoleon and Hamlet. It is the height of his ambition to present each of these characters on the screen.

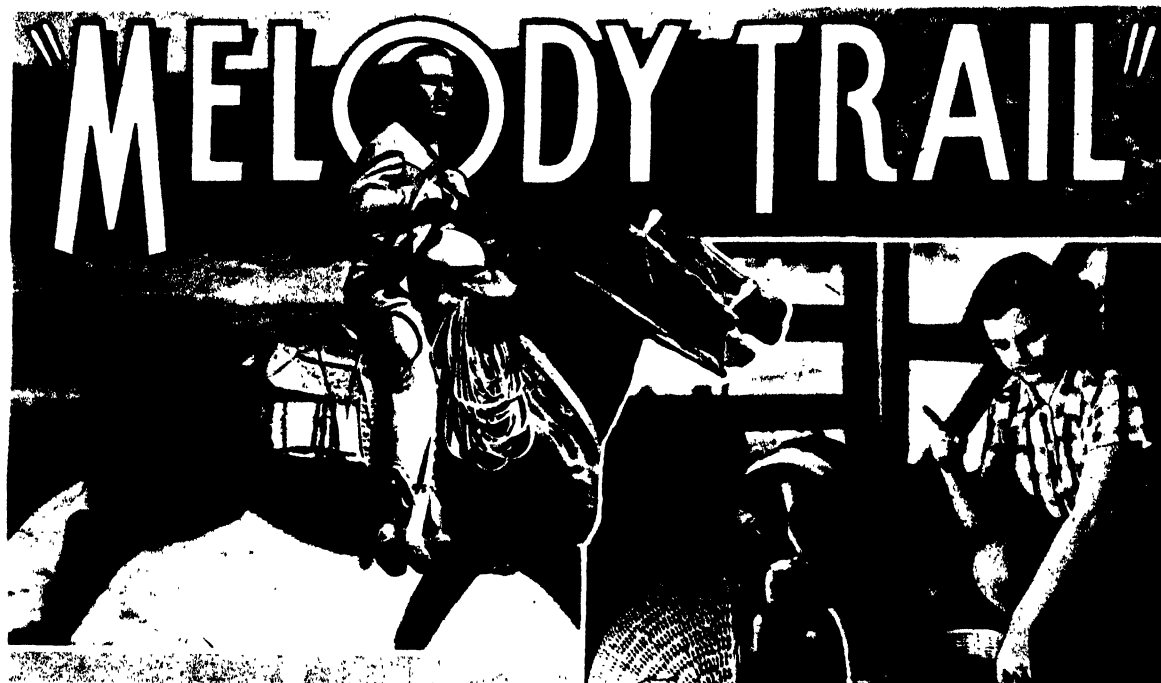
It is as nearly certain as anything can be in which he figures that one day he will play the rôle of Napoleon before the camera. For years he has had a costume and accessories with which he does an impromptu impersonation of the great Corsican—for the delectation of his friends. These latter declare that when he really buries the little tramp with the baggy trousers, he will startle the film world by creating a screen Napoleon of tremendous force.

And it is more than probable that the disappearance of the tragi-comic tramp will be followed by a new Chaplin—director and player in the up-to-now ignored new talkie medium. Indeed, who will say that another quarter of a century of screen pre-eminence does not lie ahead for the little fellow?





Spencer Tracy



*A war between Cowboys and Cowgirls!
Gene Autry in a gripping drama of
the open ranges.*

At The Rodeo

EXCITEMENT ran high at the Memphis City Rodeo when Numbers 27 and 14 turned out for the final event—one thousand dollars for the rider who could keep a seat longest on his buck-jumping mount. Number 27 was Matt Kirby, a swarthy fellow, lately foreman at the Thomas Ranch, up country, strong-handed, heavily built and not too well liked.

But folks looked to him to easily beat Number 14, "Arizona" the "Singing Cowboy"—a stranger who had dared to challenge him.

A young girl in the front row of the two-dollar enclosure turned to her escort sitting gloomily beside her.

"Kirby won't win, Pop," she stated.

"You and your dog always know everything, Millicent," mumbled her father, old Timothy Thomas. "Kirby's done me a mean trick—taking himself and all the men off the ranch just when I'm busiest. But that boy isn't going to beat Matt—no, ma'am!"

"You'll see," prophesied Miss Millicent, with all the confidence of youth. "And my old dog's a wow at spotting winners, aren't you, Souvenir?"

The shaggy St. Bernard sitting at her left turned soulful brown eyes towards her as he gave vent to a short, deep-chested bark.

Number 27 was out of the pen and sitting his gee with a tight hold of the reins, his legs gripping the horse's rump like a pair of nutcrackers. He

cantered into the ring and took the first sudden kick up without losing an inch of his hold on the cunning animal.

Twice round the ring he went, disregarding the antics of the comic clown who ran about the place pretending to be terribly frightened and falling over at any and every opportunity. The horse seemed to have tried out all his tricks and it looked as if Kirby would complete the course without a fault when, suddenly, the animal swerved, kicked up its hind legs, lowered its head and most beautifully shot the ranchman clean off its back into the tufted grass of the arena!

A roar went up from the crowd when it was seen that Kirby's left foot was caught in the stirrup. The clown, forgetting his tomfool's part, scooted across to rescue the man who was being dragged anyhow along the ground, but the stripling Number 14 was quicker than he to run in and snatch a hold of the horse's loosely hanging reins. With a sharp jerk he forced the animal to stop dead and stand quivering still.

Kirby shook his feet out of the stirrups and rolled over. He got up.

"That's only one fault," he muttered.

"Sure!" agreed Number 14. "My turn now."

He led the whinnying horse to the pen and handed it over. Then he went into the slips where his grey was waiting for him.

Millicent Thomas told her father again: "You'll see!"

Pa shrugged his shoulders.

"A singing cowboy," he gruffed contemptuously. "Kirby's got that thousand right in his pocket! One fall's nothing in three rounds." He studied his programme. "This fellow calls himself Arizona, the singing cowboy. Can't give his name straight. Where's he from, eh?"

"I like him," said Millicent. "I liked his song 'Melody Trail' when he came in. I like the way he jumped in to save Kirby."

"You like a lot of things that I don't," old Thomas declared. "You put all those dumb cow-girls on the ranch. Crazy! Girls can't herd cattle."

"The boys had walked out on you, hadn't they? And something had to be done. Sit still, Souvenir, and watch the winner," she told the great dog next her. "There's nothing to be stolen here!"

"Woof—woof!" Souvenir barked, as he bounded into the ring, just when Number 14 came curvetting out of the pen on his buck-jumping broncho.

Almost at once the horse commenced its tricks, head down, hind legs upflung. The youngster swayed over on a slipping saddle and the crowd got ready to hiss. Then, suddenly, Number 14 was in his place again, raising his hat with one hand in ironical salute of the groans! The horse raced off with a snort, stopped short and sharp, kicking up its back legs and arching its back—but the young rider just bounced up in his seat, to come down with his hold on the frisky beast even more secure than before.

Time after time the horse tried to throw him.

These were wasted efforts, the "singing cowboy" could ride even better than he sang. The broncho was mastered and ridden in at the end of the third canter as tame a looking animal as one could wish to see.

Matt Kirby glared at his rival when he came back to the pen, to pause there a moment to again salute the fickle crowd, cheering wildly now.

Later on the young winner crossed the ring on foot with the St. Bernard amiably "woofing" at his heels. Millicent called to her dog:

"Souvenir, come here!"

Arizona singled her out from the crowd and advanced, white sombrero in hand.

"Meaning me?" he asked.

She grinned in answer.

"The dog," she told him.

The clown came ambling up.

"They're calling you, Arizona! They want to know—ain't you going to claim them dollars?"

Arizona swept on his hat and moved away with:

"Coming, Frog!"

Millicent Thomas stared after the odd pair as long as they were in sight, her dark eyes thoughtful.

A Gipsy's Warning

IN the field behind the small hotel where Arizona and his friend Frog Millhouse were staying, a gipsy encampment had been pitched for the night. The two chums joined the gaping crowds about the gaily painted caravans and amused themselves listening to the barbaric singing and



Kirby glared at his rival saluting the crowd.

watching the wild dancing. Frog presently went along to try his luck at a shooting booth, where-upon a dark-eyed gipsy girl came wheedling around Arizona. She had a little baby in her arms.

"You give-a the little one something for luck, my handsome gentleman," she coaxed. "The little one saw you in the rodeo, and made a charm for you to beat the dark man."

Arizona drew out his wallet stuffed with the dollar bills he had won as prize money. The gipsy's eyes were shining.

"Perdita knows," she whispered. "Your name is Autry—Gene Autry. You sing when you ride."

"I'm Arizona," came the crisp interruption. "Here's a dollar—forget everything else."

"It is difficult to forget," Perdita smiled cunningly.

"Here's another dollar," Arizona gave it into her quickly grasping fingers. "I want to live down this 'singing cowboy' business. I'm just Arizona, see?"

"Luck is always with you, my splendid gentleman! Cross my hand and I will tell your fortune. First, you must be careful—listen to a gipsy's warning! You will lose and find money—you will meet a beautiful lady——"

"I've met her, thanks."

Arizona strolled away.

The gipsy girl began to follow him. A good-looking young gipsy stepped out of a nearby caravan and came running to her.

"You make-a the sheep's eyes to him, Perdita!" he cried. "I will notta permit! You are my wife—give me the bambino Ricca—lest he see your bad ways!"

The gipsy girl only laughed.

"He has much money, Frantz. Do not be a fool. It is all in a little big purse which he keep in his breast."

Frantz smiled beamingly.

"I get it! To-night when he is asleep."

Perdita gently rocked the baby, crooning to it.

"If you get it now, Frantz, with all these peoples—how shall he know?"

"It will be better when he is asleep," Frantz decided. "I know where they go, these two. He is verree strong fella, that one."

"I would get it now, Frantz."

"Always you talk-a too much, Perdita!"

A Box of Eggs

To the "Domestic Agency" in Main Street old Thomas drove up in his open car next morning. He got out, telling Millicent:

"Stay here with that dog of yours. Last week he cost me all of three dollars making good the things he wolfed outer the shops while I wasn't looking!"

"You can't choose a cook without me," the girl objected. "Souvenir will stay put, if I tell him."

The St. Bernard, sitting at the back of the car, gave her a look. His big brown eyes said quite plainly:

"You know me—my middle name is Angel!"

Father and daughter went into the Agency. Souvenir watched them go; then half closed his eyes. He wouldn't even glance at temptation!

But after ten weary minutes he began to feel that he was being forgotten. So he bounded lightly out of the car and went to the Agency door. He put fore-paws up to the glass of the door and peered inside the big busy place. Vaguely he could distinguish his little mistress amongst the crowd.

Old Thomas was at the tobacco counter. Souvenir decided to do a little shopping on his own account, so went along to the grocery store. He studied the various goods on the outside shelves and came to the conclusion that a few eggs might be useful in the kitchen—not that he cared about eggs a lot.

There were half dozens done up in nice little cardboard compartmented boxes. Souvenir lifted out a box very carefully with his big mouthful of teeth and proudly carried it to the car. He laid the box on the wheel seat.

"When Master sees those eggs he'll be sorry he spoke that way about me," he decided. "Reckon he'll know I'm *always* a good dog and gimme a kind word!"

Arizona came along with his chum the clown, now neatly dressed and without his carrotty side whiskers and paint. They watched Souvenir climb into the back of the open car and settle down on the floor.

"That's her dog," said Arizona, staring about the street.

"The gal's not far off, I reckon," said his chum, also staring around.

"Gone into the Agency, maybe?" Arizona hazarded.

"Likely she's after a job," opined his friend. "Pity you lost them thousand dollars last night. You might have given 'em to her."

"I didn't lose them. Somebody stole them while you were sleeping like a pig!"

"You were sleeping, too," argued Frog. "And it was *you* who would have the winders open all night!"

"It was one of that gipsy gang," Arizona guessed. "I didn't much care for their being allowed to camp in the field back of the hotel. One of 'em—a dark girl—tried to tell my fortune. Said I'd meet my fate around here. You *ought* to have been on guard, Frog."

"I was on guard. Twice I jumped out of bed and grabbed my gun. And each time there wasn't anybody!" spoke Frog aggrievedly.

Arizona dismissed the subject.

"The wallet's gone and we haven't too much money. So we'd better go in here and get work."

"Work," said Frog, "is what I love best in the whole world!"

They entered the Agency and marched up to the men's counter. Millicent and her father passed behind their backs, old Thomas growling:

"A fine place! Hadn't any men—and so we



"Say!" called their leader. "What d'you mean by rustling our cows?"

had to have cowgirls! And *now* they haven't any girls!"

Arizona heard him and sharply nudged Frog with his elbow.

"I got an idea!" he whispered.

"And I got a rib broke!" gasped Frog. "You don't know how strong you are, Gene!"

"Shut up! My name's Arizona."

Old Thomas was still declaiming when he got back to the car.

"And now the dashed dog's gone! What did I tell you!"

"Souvenir!" called Millicent. "Where are you?"

The old dog got up from the floor of the car and peeped over at them: "Here I am! Been asleep all the hours you been away," he seemed to answer.

Millicent cried: "Oh *there* you are! Good old boy!" She got into her place in the car. Old Thomas strode round to the wheel and jerking open the door plumped himself down into his seat. A sharp crackling noise followed.

"Gee whilikins, what *have* I sat on?" the old fellow yelled, standing up and feeling round behind him. "Eggs! It's that blamed dog! Lemme get at him!"

Souvenir took a flying leap out of the car and was promptly lost in the crowd.

"Can't do anything right," he told himself. "It's just too bad!"

The old dog followed the car on its homeward

journey at a respectful distance, for about a mile. Then he grew tired and thirsty and thought he would have a drink. While he was lapping at a wayside stream he heard raucous sounds of music and dancing. This required to be looked into. There might be a dancing dog who'd put up a fight.

But when he crept close to a small glade in the wood it was only a company of gipsies jumping about and bowing and scraping to each other to the scratchings of a fiddle! Souvenir was very disgusted; not a dog to be seen or smelt—and nothing worth pinching, not even a bone!

He hung about for a few minutes, sniffing the air disdainfully, then went prowling round their caravans. Dirty and deserted—save for a little wicker basket with a convenient handle which was lying by the steps of the least untidy caravan.

Souvenir peered into the basket and beheld a small gipsy baby fast asleep in it, tucked up in a bright shawl.

"Just what my mistress wants!" he told himself. "I've seen her making herself silly over kids. And that shawl will be fine for me to sleep on."

He lifted up the basket by the convenient handle and gingerly stole out of the camp. He brought the baby and basket to his kennel at the Thomas Ranch; then went carefully prospecting round to see what kind of a temper old man Thomas might be in.

Reading a paper on the porch and smoking his

pipe—good! Souvenir came nuzzling up to Millicent, who was sitting near her dad.

"Come and see what I've got!" Souvenir's large eyes coaxed. But Millicent was day-dreaming, and merely put down a hand to stroke him.

Pa Thomas glanced up, and Souvenir sidled behind Milly's chair.

"That dog of yours ought to be shot!" growled pa. "Spoiling my pants!"

Millicent promised: "One of the girls will wash them."

"That's another thing," pa grumbled on. "Cow-girls! Ninnies who'll lose half my cattle and frighten the rest into fits! Ranching isn't a girl's job."

"I am a girl," said Millicent, smiling up at him.

"You're different," said pa. "You've been trained by me."

Sudden blaring squeals shattered the peace.

"What the—who the—what's that?"

Souvenir slid out of sight. The baby in the basket had awakened and was telling the world he was hungry!

"It sounds like a child!" Millicent sprang from her chair and ran to the kennel whence the squeals were loudly proceeding. She knelt beside the little baby boy and shook an admonitory finger at the old dog, who had crept close. "Whose baby is this, you old thief?"

Souvenir had both ears tight down and a very drooping tail. He regarded his mistress with sideways eyes.

"Well, now!" he seemed to say. "Ain't this astonishin'? A kid in a cradle. I wonder however they got here!"

Pa Thomas was yelling: "What is it, Milly? Stop it, whatever it is!"

Millicent came to him with the baby in her arms.

"Isn't he cute? Just what we wanted to cheer up the ranch!"

"Take it away!" roared pa above the din of the baby's squeals and the old dog's growls. "Poleaxe it—or something!"

"I'll give him some milk out of one of the lamb's bottles," Millicent answered.

She hurried into the house, and peace again brooded over the Thomas Ranch.

Souvenir slid into his kennel and peeped out, eyes half closed. He dismally surveyed the scattered treasures around his kennel that he had collected—old bones, old boots, bits of half-chewed sticks, a battered tin can of meat he hadn't been able to get open, a gnawed felt hat.

"And she's took that shawl," he told himself bitterly. "Took it without a word! That's wimmen all over!"

Frog Gets into Trouble

RIDING along the track came Arizona and his pal Frog Millhouse, the clown. The sun was shining and everything was good to behold. Green trees and open fields and birds flying high and cattle lowing softly in the distance.

A solitary bull calf, wide-eyed, was standing

stock still nearby the track, wondering which way his mother had gone. He didn't hear the approaching horsemen.

"Gene," said Frog, fingering the coil of rope lying across his saddle. "I could lasso that feller so's he didn't know a word about it."

"You can't do that," his chum warned him. "This is all private ground and he belongs to the ranch."

"I reckon he's lost." Frog loosened the coil. "I guess you'd make a hit with that gel if you took him in."

Gene rode on ahead.

"Don't meddle with him," he called back.

But Frog's fingers were itching. He tugged at his bridle and turned his mount off the track. He stalked the unsuspecting young bull to the windward, and presently flung the rope. It swished through the warm air and settled itself over the bull's horns—to be instantly jerked tight around them.

Next thing the bull was galloping for dear life, with Frog wildly and vainly clutching at his saddle. Then Frog was at the end of the lasso on the bumpy ground, being hauled along at what seemed a hundred miles an hour. At last he had the sense to let go his end of the rope.

Pistol shots rang out from somewhere—high pitched cries and shrill calls. When Frog was able to collect his wits and stand up, he found himself surrounded by a party of girls on little wiry ponies.

"Say!" called their leader, covering Frog with her gun. "What's the large idea? What d'you mean by rustling our cows?"

"I wasn't," gulped Frog, eyes on the long shiny barrel of her pistol. "I was jest having a kinder wager with my friend"—he stared round him—"that feller over there."

There was no sign of Arizona anywhere.

"Oh, yes!" sneered the leader. "You were having a wager with your friend who isn't here! And you betted you could get away with one of our cows! So you tried to strangle her with a lasso! You tell all this to Mr. Thomas and Miss Milly—quick march, hands up!"

"Lady," said Frog, suddenly aware that a fair, fluffy haired girl was regarding him with a hint of kindness in her blue eyes. "Lemme go and I won't do it no more."

"Let him go, Nell," urged the fair girl. "He's got an honest face."

"It's about all you can say for it, Cuddles," grumbled the leader. "It's certain sure no oil painting. Okay, you can go," she told Frog. "But don't let me catch you around here any more." She snapped her gun at him as he took to his heels. "Come on, girls, we got to round up the cattle."

The party rode off like a whirlwind. Frog halted to stare after them, especially singling out the fair girl. He hoped he'd meet her again some time—so as to thank her for saving him from that thin-lipped, hard-featured, pistolling Nell.

The young bull had gone with his rope. His horse had disappeared. So had his chum.

A long, low note of "Coo-ee!" gave heart to Frog. He recognised the call and went scuttling towards it. After a longish cross-country run he came upon Arizona in a thicket, mounted on one horse and holding the other by the bridle.

"Did you get a reward?" he asked Frog drily.

"Kinder reward," said Frog. "A gel smiled at me."

"The one with the gun?" questioned his chum.

"A gel with pretty hair and a good heart. No sister of yours, I guess."

A little later they came in sight of the ranch-house to which they were journeying. They cantered forward to meet a bareheaded old fellow with his coat off who was stonily regarding them from the open gate of a compound. Arizona rode forward and dismounted, hat in hand.

"Mr Timothy Thomas?" he asked.

"That's me," came the crisp answer. "What's your business?"

"I'm from Memphis. From the Service Agency," Arizona announced. "They said you needed a cook. So we came along."

Old Thomas studied them in turn.

"Seems to me I've seen you somewhere," he told Arizona.

"We only came to Memphis yesterday," the young man answered. "Looking for a job. Give us a trial, sir—we'll do our best to please. Here are the Agency chits—showing we're quite respectable."

Millicent had come up. She gave them a glance; then turned inquiringly to her father, who told her:

"They say the Agency sent 'em. They're out o'

work cooks. Shall we give them a trial?" He handed her the cards Arizona had given him.

Just then a wild whinnying rent the air. A stallion in the compound had come striding up to Arizona's mount, who had ambled inside the enclosure. Both horses reared up, front legs extended for a wickedly biting embrace. Arizona vaulted the fence and dashed in between the screaming animals—whilst Millicent made a dash to follow him.

Her father caught her arm when she was half over the fence.

"You can't go, Milly!" he shouted.

"But they'll kill him!" she cried. "Let me, Dad!"

Frog's eyes were wide, too.

"For pity's sake, Gene," he shrieked. "Come away, come away!"

But Arizona coolly jumped up to the snaffle bit of his mount. He gave it a jab and brought the animal down. He gave the stallion sharp orders:

"Down! Get down!"

Next moment he was leading the two trembling horses away to the stables, both more than ready to break loose. The young man spoke soothing words to them, quietening their hostility. The three at the fence watched them being stabled in a kind of stupefied amazement.

Arizona came back to them.

"You've dropped our tickets," he told Millicent, stooping to pick up the Agency cards. "Hope you won't turn us away after we've come so far."

Pa Thomas spoke gruffly.

"You're employed. My daughter'll take you round to the kitchens. Best get on with the evening meal—the girls will be along at six o'clock." he added



"You can't go, Milly!" shouted her father, catching at her arm.

in a sarcastic tone. "Girls doing men's work, and men cooking dinners. The world's gone upside down."

The young fellows followed their little mistress, while Pa Thomas went to stable Frog's horse. Millicent asked:

"Your names are on these cards? And your references?" She made no sign of having recognised Arizona.

He answered:

"Everything's there, Miss Thomas."

Presently they were at the ranch. The gipsy baby was squalling again.

"Excuse me!" Millicent ran into the parlour. "My baby's crying."

Arizona and Frog looked at each other.

"She's married!" gasped Arizona.

Frog nodded his head.

"Seems so." He added hopefully, "Cheer up, Gene, maybe she's a widder."

Irish Stew

ARIZONA had brought a cookery book with him. He studied it carefully.

"We got to give 'em something hot," he told Frog. "Miss Thomas has put Irish stew on the slate there by the door. And pancakes to follow."

"Can you make pancakes?" asked Frog.

"Sure I can! They're just plain batter poured out thin into a frying-pan."

"How d'you make batter, Gene?"

"Flour and eggs and—and things," Arizona answered confidently. "It's in the book." He glanced round. "Where is the book?"

"You put it on the table," Frog told him.

"Did I?" Arizona began hunting around. "I thought I did, too. But it's gone."

Souvenir had quietly pinched it. He was now under the table, the cookery book beneath his paws!

"If that don't beat the band!" spoke Arizona vexedly. "I know I put it down somewhere. You sure you haven't got it?"

"Search me," said Frog.

Arizona gave it up.

"Luckily I've got a good memory. The stew's all ready in the saucepan, and we've only got to put in the flavouring. Let's see—a tablespoonful of cayenne and half a block of salt. Then stir gently and keep the stew on the simmer."

"On the simmer?" Frog questioned. "How come?"

"Oh, shut up!" Arizona checked him, grabbing up the pepper-box. "This goes in first." He helped himself to a heaped tablespoonful of cayenne and shook it into the saucepan on the fire. "Now for the salt." He chopped off a great lump from the block.

"Hadn't you best break it up?" Frog hinted.

"No time for fancy work," Arizona told him. "It'll melt."

When the hungry girls came rushing into the kitchen-parlour, supper was laid more or less correctly on the table. Arizona carried in the

stew and planked the steaming dish before hatchety Nell, who gave him a sharp look-over.

"Where's the cook?" she demanded.

"Present," said the young man. "I'm cook." He gestured towards Frog, who was peeping in rather nervously from the doorway, "And that's Deputy."

Nell's eyes flicked towards Frog.

"It's you, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And this is your friend you couldn't find this afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Nell shrugged her shoulders.

"We'll want breakfast five o'clock to-morrow morning," she stated definitely. "What's your name?"

"Frog, ma'am—Millhouse, I mean."

Nell focused on Arizona.

"And you?"

"I'm called Arizona."

"Cow rustler same as your buddy?"

Frog interrupted.

"It wuz a bull calf, lady."

"Shut up!" snapped Nell. "Speak when you're spoken to!"

The girl called Cuddles beckoned to Frog.

"Serve out the stew, Millhouse."

Frog did so. The girls' bright eyes were all fixed on him, and made him feel very shaky. But he managed to serve them without mishap, Cuddles giving him encouraging glances the while.

Nell gulped a large mouthful of stew. Her always expressive face underwent a sudden and violent change.

"Gee-hosho-phat!" she yelled, making a rush for the door.

Next instant the rest of them had followed her, spluttering and choking, tears streaming down their cheeks. The young men heard them coughing and choking in the yard like a lot of angry hens.

"Seems to me," Frog offered, "something ain't quite right with that stew."

"Seems to me," said Arizona, "we'd best get along to the stables and hop it!"

Millicent was in the hall.

"Where are you going?" she asked sharply.

"We thought we'd give the horses a rub down——" Arizona was beginning, when she stopped him.

"You stay here and mind the baby," she ordered. "The horses are okay. I'll do the cooking for the present."

Baby Ricca Gives a Lot of Trouble

ASHOCKING old car came chugging up the track next morning. A gipsy was at the wheel, otherwise the car was empty; the driver was too worried to even think of selling or stealing. He came, quite timidly for one of his tribe, up to the door of the ranch where Millicent was eyeing him.

"Mees, if you please, I am Frantz. I think-a you have our leetle babee."

The old dog came sniffing out of his kennel.

He regarded Frantz with no light of welcome in his large, round eyes.

"Okay, Souvenir," spoke Millicent. "I guess it's all right."

"Alla right, mees, yes! I am Frantz! I am father of little bambino Ricca! We lose him yesterday, then one of your nice kind ladies tell me just now that he is 'ere." The gipsy regarded Millicent pleadingly. "You give him back to me, please?"

"Why, of course! Is his mother——" She glanced at the ramshackle car. "You're alone?"

"My wife Perdita also is seeking. She is distract; all the time she scream and cry. Our little Ricca—ah, he is so beautiful, so good! We cannot understand how he is gone away from the camp; he is so leetle, so young."

Souvenir turned about to trot off to his kennel. He had no further interest in the matter.

Millicent told her visitor: "Wait a moment; I'll get him."

Frantz fidgeted about, longing to steal something but afraid of losing the child. Arizona and Frog, mounted on their gees, came slowly over the hills, talking together.

"I think we ought to beat it," said Arizona. "They don't need us here."

"I want to stay," Frog answered. "My gel ain't married and got a baby. She's sweet," he added.

"So's treacle," said Arizona.

They drew up to watch the gipsy at the door of the ranch. Millicent had given him the little

Ricca and had gone in. Frantz, suddenly spotting Arizona, had become very agitated. He bounced into the old car with the baby and made off at full speed.

"Kidnapping her babe!" shouted Arizona. "Hey, you!"

He charged down the hill. Frantz, desperately afraid, accelerated the old car for all it was worth. A long chase followed, Arizona always drawing nearer and nearer, the little Ricca yelling high above the roar of the engine. Frantz drove off the track to head for a short cut—but all in vain. Arizona pounded after the car; drew up alongside of it and took a flying leap off his gee on to the back seat.

Next instant he was clutching Frantz by the back of his gaily striped, open shirt.

Frantz stopped the car—he couldn't risk his little Ricca's life. He allowed Arizona to drag him out of the driver's seat, protesting the while.

"It is my little Ricca, please!" he whined, sincere for once. "I am so sorree I stole the money from you—I give it back, the money!" He was almost weeping.

"You come along with me." Arizona spoke savagely.

"Alla right, mister—I come! The little Mees will tell you he is my babee—my bambino! Take it, the money—I spend none! All is there; yes, every penny."

Frantz handed the astonished Arizona the wallet which he thought had gone for evermore!

"It was you, hey?" He shook Frantz to and fro.



Frog grabbed his arm. "Kidnapping, wuz you? I'll learn you!" he rasped.

"You leave-a the windows open," stuttered the gipsy, "and you sleep—ah how you sleep! I hear it as I pass. So then I say—he does not want the money—he asks for it to be stole."

"Get in the car and drive back to the ranch," Arizona ordered. "That babe'll have fits if we don't get him a drink."

"Me also," said Frantz, cheering up at once. "I am verree thirsty!"

Pa Thomas and Millicent came out to meet them. Directly Frantz alighted, with the little Ricca squalling loudly in his basket cradle, Frog jumped to him to grab him by the arm.

"Kidnapping, wuz you? I'll learn you!" he rasped.

Arizona, on his gee, called:

"He says you gave him the baby, Miss Thomas."

"He said he was its father," she answered. "Isn't he?"

"I am father," stated the gipsy, "and Perdita is his mamma. She is the dark, beautiful one who tells your fortune." He held on tightly to the basket cradle as he turned towards Arizona. "Did she not say you would lose and find again the money—and meet your fate?" he challenged the young fellow.

Arizona, dismounting, nodded to Frog.

"Let him go. I guess he's telling truth, for once."

"Always the gipsy speaks true," said Frantz. "See, the little Ricca is smiling! He knows his papa!"

The baby had become suddenly quite peaceful. Frantz was allowed to depart, Arizona slipping him a two-dollar bill as he climbed into the old car.

Pa Thomas wasn't at all peaceful. As the two chums were turning in towards the stables, he told them:

"Those dratted girls have lost me a whole herd! Fifty head of my best stock. They've been rustled, of course!"

"This morning?" Arizona asked. "I saw some

cattle moving along the valley. Long horns, were they?"

"Herefords," grunted Thomas. "Prize stock."

"We'll go after them." Arizona sprang back into the saddle. "Come on, Frog!"

The two friends rode along the ridge of hills in the direction where Arizona had seen the cattle. The day was hot now and the plump Frog began to perspire and puff out his cheeks.

"Guess we might rest a bit," he hinted.

"Okay for you," Arizona answered. "You keep a watch along the valley to the right while I prospect south." He added: "So it wasn't her baby, after all!"

"I told you it wuzn't," said Frog, heavily dismounting. "Stands to reason it wuzn't. Bully for you getting back them dollars," he added.

"It was you snoring so loudly that made me lose them," Arizona snapped. But he was so glad to know that Millicent wasn't married that he couldn't be cross. Especially with old Frog. He asked:

"How are you getting along with Miss Cuddles?"

"Says she'll join me in a circus, if I ask her," grinned Frog. "Become Mrs. Millhouse and do horse-riding tricks, jumping through paper hoops—while I do the clowning!"

"You're a fast worker, Frog!" Arizona was studying the open country lying below them. "Gee—there they go!" he cried. "Lie doggo, Frog, while I head them off! Then post back to the ranch and tell Thomas to ring up the Sheriff!"

His quick eyes had noted a line of cattle moving away in the far distance into a thicket of young trees.

He rode out boldly, forgetting that his figure on the ridge would be silhouetted against the cloudless blue of the sky. But he soon became aware that he had been spotted by the gang of rustlers who were driving the cattle.

He rode on with no attempt to hide himself. He was able to make them out presently, about a dozen men riding in a bunch. He saw them halt and come close together; then perceived two of them break away from the company and start cantering towards him.

He drew in his grey to a halt as if hesitating. Then sharply turned about as if to retreat. The two immediately spurred their horses into a gallop and yelled at him to stop.

Arizona played hide-and-seek with them, once he was over the ridge. The hill-side was dotted with trees and little spinneys of birch into which he crashed, doubling and twisting and riding his grey with careless skill. He waited until the two spread out right and left, hoping to catch

He planted his feet against the cowboy's chest, kicking upwards with all his strength.



him between them ; then he showed himself briefly to the fellow on the left.

At once a pistol shot rang out. Arizona bounced in his saddle, threw up his arms and fell sideways off his grey, who galloped onward, riderless.

The rustler, a black-coated fellow, rode in on him, grinning in triumph. He came alongside the prostrate cowboy and leapt down to turn him over on his back.

"If it ain't singing Gene!" he crowed. "And maybe the thousand dollars on him! Oh, boy; what luck!"

While he was feeling inside his victim's shirt a sudden sledge-hammer fist shot up from the "dead" man, catching him right under the chin! Stars shone briefly—then a complete blackness rushed over the robber. Arizona flung him aside like a sack of rubbish and pounced on him in turn.

To strip off the fellow's black coat was the work of a few seconds. Arizona pulled it on over his shirt, grabbed the black hat and helped himself to the pistol. Then he leapt to the saddle of the gangster's horse and spurred off in search of the other fellow.

As he came pounding up behind him, the man called out:

"I heard a shot—did you get him, Hal?"

"Sure!" Arizona came alongside. "Same as I got you!"

His wiry arms went round the astonished man and the two went to earth, locked in a fierce embrace which lasted a bare half minute. Arizona knocked out his enemy with the same quick upper-cut and left him groaning and gasping on the turf.

But the pistol shot had reached the ears of the crew below them, who were driving the cattle. These looked up and saw the riderless horses. With a yell their leader came galloping up the hill.

Another Match With Kirby

ARIZONA whistled and his grey trotted out of cover to him. He bounded into saddle and set off once more. The rustlers spread out to catch him, but the grey mare was faster than any of their jaded horses.

The leader had the best mount and came thundering along ahead of the rest. Arizona steered the grey into the woods; then, standing on the saddle, leapt up unseemly into the branches of an oak. The grey galloped on.

The rustler was puzzled when he spotted the grey racing wildly onward without a rider. He drew in his mount and came forward warily, pistol in hand.

Arizona dropped from the tree right on to him as he ambled uncertainly under it. The shock fetched the man clean out of his saddle, but he was full of fight. As Arizona bent over him he planted his heavily booted feet against the cowboy's chest, kicking upwards with all his strength as Arizona's left hand seized the wrist which held the six-gun.

The cowboy stood fast, refusing to be thrust away. His right hand went under the other's left



A minute later Kirby was tied up hard and fast to the trunk of the tree.

leg and clutched, in a vice like grip, the muscles of the calf. The agony was too much—the rustler, grinding his teeth together, went limp and collapsed.

"Now, Kirby," Arizona ordered as he secured the gun and jumped clear; "get up!"

The ex-foreman of the Thomas ranch obeyed sulkily.

"I don't want to *have* to kill you," Arizona went on. "Killing isn't my way. Get that rope from your bronc and bring it here!"

Kirby gave him a twisted grin.

"I'll get it. You needn't shoot."

A minute later Kirby was tied up hard and fast to the trunk of the oak, still grinning malevolently. Arizona smiled, too.

"Here come the rest of your boys. You'll tell 'em to pass in their guns. Otherwise, I'll drill you through and through where you stand!"

The rustlers were filing up, one after the other, all looking very sheep-faced at the sight of their leader tied up and covered by the young cowboy's gun.

Kirby snapped at them:

"Round up the cattle and get 'em along to the Thomas Ranch!" He snarled at Arizona: "That was all we was doing—heading 'em home. Those dumb girls went bathing and let 'em stray!"

"Get going, boys!" Arizona commanded. "Two of you pick up those fellows—who I've just headed for home! Then we'll all go along to the Thomas Ranch and kinder explain things."

One of the rustlers came forward.

"You're the singing cowboy, ain't you?"

"I am."

"Well, we didn't mean anything, mister. Kirby got us discontented-like and—and I guess we was fools. We walked out on Thomas, but we're all ready to walk in again."

"Okay," agreed Arizona. "I'll tie up Kirby at the head of those of you who are left over, after two have picked up the boys on the hills and two more have gone along to head the cattle home."

"No need to tie us, mister. We'll go like lambs——"

"You'll go my way!" Arizona stopped all arguments with a flourish of his gun. "Get busy!"

Kirby growled.

"Do as he tells you. It'll satisfy old man Thomas, maybe."

"It satisfies me," said Arizona. "And that's all you have got to worry about. I'll cover you bright boys while you make up the picture!"

Kirby was released. He then proceeded to rope himself to the rustlers who were left, a knotted coil about his waist and a knotted coil about the bodies of the others. Four men went off to execute the rest of Arizona's orders.

"By the right—quick march!" Arizona shouted as he snatched the loose end of the rope and, with a clean leap, sprang into the saddle of his grey.

A solemn procession filed up to the ranch an hour later. Pa Thomas and the Sheriff were quite ready to receive it.

"The boys are sorry, sir," spoke Gene. "They want to sign on again."

"They're all fired!" roared old Thomas. "I got cowgirls now!"

Millicent whispered.

"The girls lost their clothes while they were in swimming. That's how the herd got away—the girls couldn't come out of the water!"

The Sheriff hid a smile.

"D'you charge Kirby, Mr. Thomas, with stealing the girls' clothes; or with obstruction, incitement, or anything?"

Millicent whispered again to her father.

"Sure!" chuckled the ranch-owner. "A great idea!" He turned to the ex-rustlers. "Listen here, boys—are you willing to marry the girls, each one of you, and settle down? Kirby to take Nell?"

"Mr. Thomas, sir!" Kirby broke in excitedly. "You can't mean it! Why, it's sheer merciless cruelty! I'd sooner go to quod!"

"What do the rest of you say?" Thomas asked, ignoring his ex-foreman's protest.

The boys put up their hands. Murmurs of "Okay, Mr. Thomas!" were heard.

"You'll be happier than you look," Millicent promised them. "They're fine girls—and good cooks."

She gave Arizona a glance. He advanced to her:

"Am I in this?" he asked. "Will you marry me, Millicent?"

She turned to her father.

"Shall I?"

"For pity's sake—don't ask me!" he cried. "You always do what you like!"

"Okay, Mr. Gene Autry!" she told Arizona with a wink. "I knew you all the time!"

The girls came in from their bathe. They had managed to dress themselves up in old newspapers, post-toastie boxes, and branches of trees. Cuddles, in her boots and a barrel, looked very annoyed—until she spotted the men drawn up before the porch. With a squeal she led the girls in a mad rush for shelter into the ranch kitchens!

Pa Thomas called to Arizona:

"Untie your squad, then you and Millhouse can march 'em back to work. See that they get the cattle in and the hosses and that everything's put straight and tidy. When all's clear, bring 'em back here for something to eat and drink."

Hoarse cheers came from the men.

The Sheriff stayed for the weddings. Kirby, after a great deal of argument had decided to fall in with the rest. He kept on shouting that he wanted to be arrested and locked up in prison, but when the Sheriff asked him how he would like being locked up for at least four years the rascal hesitated. Then old man Thomas stepped forward.

"You're a fool, Kirby, but you know your job." He grinned. "Marry our Nell and I'll let you act as range foreman."

"Okay, Mr. Thomas," Kirby answered, and winced when Nell came coyly to his side.

All the couples were mounted on good horses, and most of them seemed quite cheerful. Kirby had hold of Nell's hand very limply.

"Cheer up!" she said. "Two of us can earn double money. I'm to be head cook at the ranch."

The service was musical, Gene leading the rest. Everything went off fine until they came to the part where the Sheriff had to chant:

"'With this ring I thee wed.' Give 'em their rings, boys. Third finger on the left hand!"

The men all began fumbling in their pockets. Gene as well. Their faces went blank.

"I—it's gone!" cried Gene.

"So's mine!" gasped Frog, staring in dismay at Cuddles.

"I got mine," said Kirby; "worse luck!"

But all the others were minus the little jewellers' boxes in which the wedding rings had been delivered. Millicent had a brain-wave.

"Souvenir's got them!" she shouted, jumping from her horse.

The old dog was in his kennel, surveying the ruins of many chewed-up small purple cases. He gazed sorrowfully at the girls so busily scrabbling out their rings from among the debris.

"I jest couldn't bite 'em up!" he seemed to say. "Next time make it something a poor dawg can digest!"

(By permission of the British Lion Film Corporation, starring Gene Autry.)



Henry Wilcoxon



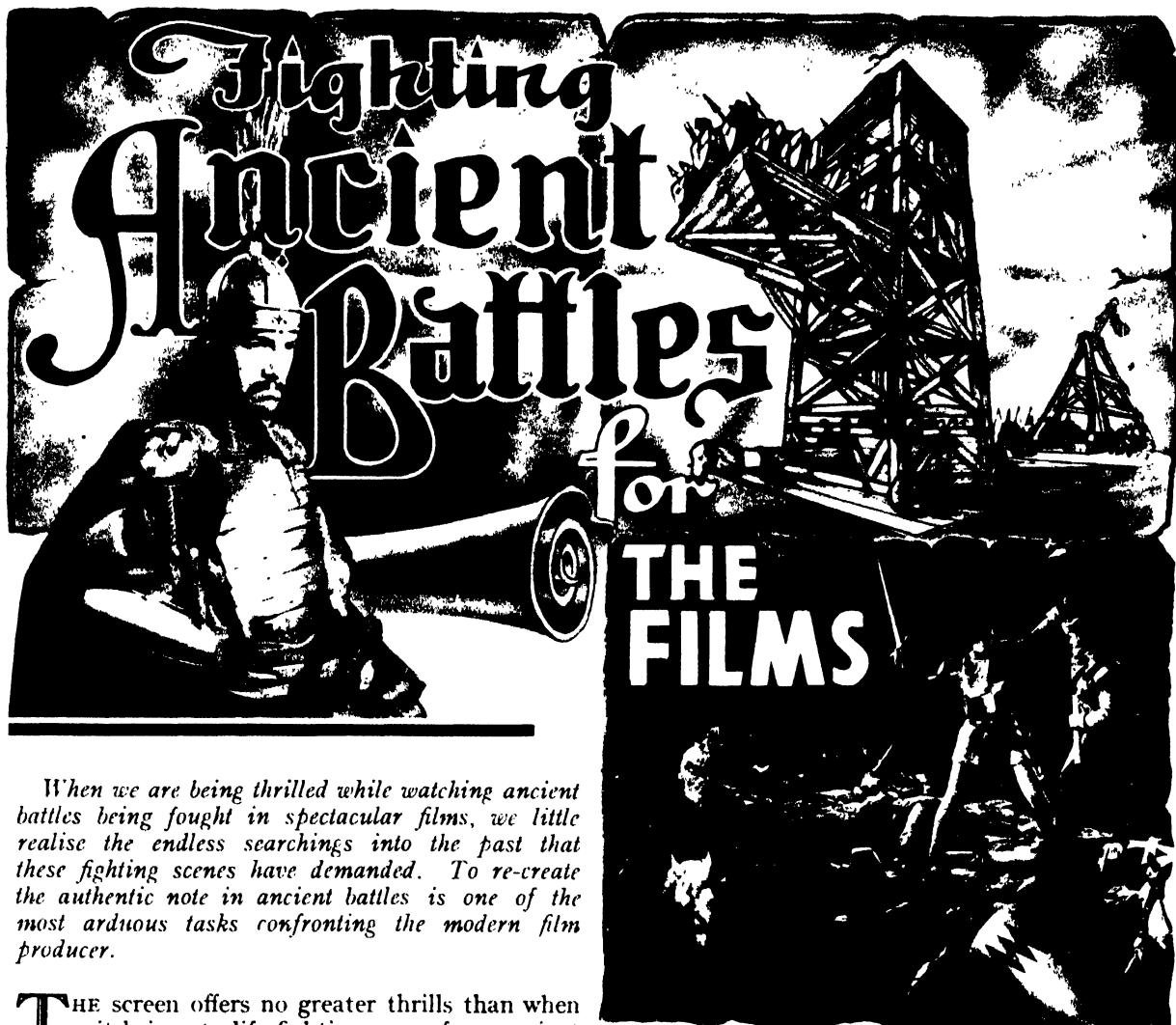
Patricia Ellis



Richard Dix



Ginger Rogers



When we are being thrilled while watching ancient battles being fought in spectacular films, we little realise the endless searchings into the past that these fighting scenes have demanded. To re-create the authentic note in ancient battles is one of the most arduous tasks confronting the modern film producer.

THE screen offers no greater thrills than when it brings to life fighting pages from ancient history. Yet these scenes are the most difficult to create in any spectacular film you can name. For they attract the historian as well as the average film fan, and producers do not like the former pulling their picture to pieces. But they do not get the chance to do so to-day. No modern producer embarks on these scenes until every historical aspect of it has been verified by experts on the period depicted in the film.

Nothing is left to chance. Films like "A Tale of Two Cities," "Captain Blood," and "The Crusades," have all been praised for their thrilling battle scenes, and they deserve it. In each case endless pains were taken to ensure the authenticity of the fighting as well as to make them spectacularly exciting. And, taking "The Crusades" as an example, we shall see how it is all accomplished.

For nine months before the cameras filmed the first scene of the story of Christendom's two-century movement against Islam, Cecil B. de Mille searched famous museums for descriptions and sketches of instruments of war, armour, costumes and customs—everything, in fact, that would contribute to the accuracy of the picture, especially the battle scenes.

He found the largest siege tower ever built and reconstructed it, complete with battering-ram, which bore the likeness of a ram's head. He found sketches of the powerful catapults; secrets of ancient Greek fire, forerunner of modern flame-throwing and poison gas; mantlets which, in a crude yet effective way, were the first "tanks"; trenches and tunnels, where trench warfare was waged; incendiary bombs; powerful battle pikes, with which a foot soldier could pierce the armour of a cavalryman, pull him from his horse or crush his head.

All these highly effective weapons and war developments before the Dark Ages had passed into history!

The siege tower—whose first appearance made many film fans gasp in awe—which I saw advance to the mythical wall of Acre was square, tapering to the top, and included five decks, connected by ladders. It was open at the sides and rear, and the upper front was protected by a drawbridge, lashed tightly to the timbers until it reached the moat. Wet skins covered the lower part, giving protection against fire and arrows.

Each deck served a particular purpose. From the top platform archers poured a barrage of



Bottom : Three types of helmets worn by the English and French Crusaders.

Centre: Protected by a screen, this movie crossbowman fires his rubber-tipped arrows at the enemy.

Top: Henry Wilcoxon with the falcons that appeared with him in "The Crusades."

arrows into the defenders of the town. Soldiers on the fourth level lowered the drawbridge across the moat and on to the wall. On lower floors were massed scores of soldiers, ready to ascend and cross the drawbridge; while from the lowest platform lusty warriors manned the battering ram, ready to crush the strongest masonry.

Only one tower was used in the movie assault, though three had been employed in the actual siege of Acre. During a lull in activities, while perspiring actors rested from their arduous work, De Mille told me an illuminating story about them.

"During the siege," the director explained, "the defenders of the city threw clay bombs on to the towers. These burst on impact, but since the crusaders suffered no harm they became amused. After many bombs had been thrown, flaming torches were cast out. Two towers and all the men on them were consumed by flames. Little did they realise the towers had been soaked by benzine or naphtha contained in the bombs."

And in a corner of a metal-walled shop I saw an expert in chemistry and fire reproducing with benzine, sulphur, carbon, nitre and cotton waste the flaming torches and liquid flame which brought terror to those brave men of bygone times.

It was with such a weapon that the first trench raiders were repulsed. As I stood in a trench at the foot of Acre's wall, Harold Lamb, technical expert, told me how the Normans started to tunnel under the wall of a Byzantine city, and the defenders dug a counter-tunnel at right angles to the approach. Sentries stationed along the counter-tunnel sent a detachment of flame throwers to the threatened point where they heard digging. They opened up a small hole and thrust in flame projectors, spraying the enemy diggers with fire from pine resin and sulphur. So was trench warfare, born underground eight centuries ago, recreated in a battle of make-believe.

The ancients made use of two types of siege engines. They had no means of pulling them from the scene of one engagement to another, and constructed them usually within view of the enemy. De Mille produced a combination of both kinds, embodying both tension and counter-weight.

Although of short range as compared with modern artillery, the catapult sounded and looked like a deadly weapon as the mimic battle raged. It was, in reality, a great cross-bow having the power of thousands of its little brothers. The long arm, fitted with a bucket-like container at the outer end, was pulled down to a horizontal position, until the steel-stripped plywood layers seemed ready to split. Soldiers charged the weapon by laying a rock in the iron cradle. On signal, they released the trigger, and a combination of forces supplied by a counterweight and the bent bow fixed to the head frame snapped the arm forward and upward with a thud which threatened to pull the machine to pieces, casting its heavy charge forward in a graceful arc.

As the assault on the tower went forward amid the thud of the battering ram and the slashing of swords, the sounds of steel striking steel reaching me above the shouts of the combined forces below were very realistic.

Swords and shields, I learned, were in fact made of tempered steel and drawn steel, while men's helmets were pounded out of brass or, in the case of combatants, constructed from 16-gauge iron, for the microphone soon revealed that only iron gave out the true sound of metal on metal when an aluminium battle mace cracked down on a helmeted head. Then, whenever a knight sank to his knees from a head blow, often of sufficient force to crack his skull, a football helmet saved him from injury, while a paper container of red blood-like liquid, smashed by the impact, poured down over his face.

As bowmen discharged their shafts from the walls of Acre or attacked defenders from the topmost platform of the powerful siege tower, real arrows, metal tipped, plunged into breasts with the force of bullets. They were not the rubber-tipped arrows shown leaving the bows wielded by extras, but shafts flying from other bows in the hands of expert archers who aimed them straight at the breast. Arrows flew true, struck, quivered. Yet they harmed no man, for each actor struck down by an arrow wore a breast shield of cotton cloth and metal.

Movie soldiers could not wear the gleaming armour boasted by the Crusading knights. Highly polished steel and brass reflected too many rays from lights and the sun. Paraffin and rubber paint killed the glow. Modern knitted aluminium mail replaced the steel mesh of old, both because of cost and weight. To give it just the right touch of antiquity, workmen painted the chain mail with silver lacquer and flattened it between machine rollers.

But weight could not always be saved for two reasons: the microphone demanded the finest metal for realism and inferior swords are easily nicked, a greater source of potential danger than sharp blades. Then in order to accustom the horses to the additional weight as well as these strange costumes, actors rode their mounts daily for six weeks before appearing in the first scene. They rode at first in customary riding clothes. After a few days they changed saddles, using now high-backed saddles of double weight which provided a needed back rest when thrusting lances. Gradually various pieces were added—a shield on the left arm, then a sword, next the face piece on the horse, now a lance set in its special stirrup—until at last each horse carried an extra hundred pounds, and actors were galloping round the hills of Hollywood in full armour of the twelfth century.

For nearly a year before the cameras filmed the first scene, technical experts prepared weapons, armour, decorations for warriors and horses—everything that might bear on the Crusades. Workmen in New York and Hollywood forged swords of tempered steel, cast battle maces of aluminium, pounded out iron helmets. Jewellers



Top: A view of the ram's head showing how the Crusaders battered down the walls of Acre.

Centre: This is a picture of the 11-ton catapult, showing the great crossbow.

Bottom: Standing 50 feet high, this replica of a siege tower weighed 15 tons.



A workman pounding out a helmet of the type worn by the French foot soldiers of the Crusading legions.



This is a battle mace designed to crash through helmet or body armour. This movie version was made of aluminium fixed to an iron handle.



Workmen of the property department painting thousands of pieces of chain mail with silver lacquer, thus making it look centuries old.

created thousands of make-believe pearls, some as large as oysters, and fashioned semi-precious stones into glittering crown ornaments.

Metal decorations were pressed from brass. First a pattern, then a sheet of brass. Third, a heavy pad of hard rubber, on the surface of which had been cut away a replica of the depressions forming the decoration. Next, a heavy press forced the plain sheet of metal into the depressions in rubber. Finally, a metal worker, with mallet and chisel, finished the job.

Thousands of lances, battle maces, pikes, swords, neck and face shields for horses, metal-clad blankets, chain mail for knights, shields for shoulders, arms, hands, chins and knees for riders and cross-bowmen, and each after the manner of its counterpart worn eight centuries ago. Many, in fact, offered more actual protection than those worn during the Crusades.

For when the hordes of Islam and Christianity, represented by two thousand movie extras surging in battle on a Californian plain, met in combat a few weeks after the siege of Acre, only the best steel would have saved skulls. Face pieces of pressed aluminium covered the horses' faces, for the director found heavier metal bothered the animals, but the neck pieces, consisting of a series of overlapping collars, were pressed from sheet steel.

Curved scimitars flashed in the sun. In their way, the originals of these movie weapons were as efficient and deadly as any modern implement of war. They were certainly more sinister and awe-inspiring. The hilt was dulled on the cutting edge while the outer edge of the blade was ground razor sharp. With the blunt part Saracens smashed through the armour and continued the stroke to cut exposed flesh with the sharp edge.

All the movie knights, trained by long experience as cowboys to ride under adverse conditions, bore heavy, straight broad-swords swinging from the belt on the left side; a shield suspended from the right side of the cantle; battle-axe suspended from the pommel on the right and lance held vertical in its leather stirrup by means of a loop on the right arm. Consequently, as the knights and their unarmed esquires met in combat on the field of battle of make-believe, only a close inspection of muddy make-up on perspiring faces robbed the scene of complete illusion. Naturally, close-ups of this description were not taken, for the ultimate convincing nature of this field battle in "The Crusades" was one of its best achievements.

The various incidents in an historical or spectacular picture do not worry the producer. He has the poet's licence to create the scene as he thinks will interest the thousands of film fans who will see the complete film. But all the surrounding properties and sets must be true to period and recorded accounts, else the necessary authentic atmosphere will be lost and the whole film scoffed at by historians and others.

So long before the large Acre set was created artists made sketches from reproductions found in historic works. After several sketches were

made, complete in detail, draughtsmen made drawings, showing all parts mathematically accurate. Even rocks for the wall were shown in proper dimensions.

To build high, thick walls of solid stone not only would prove too costly, but the producer could not afford to waste valuable time for striking and rebuilding the set. Accordingly, he had skilled workers take plaster moulds of rocks forming the breakwater which extends two miles into the sea at the entrance to Los Angeles Harbour. A few days later rocks cast in plaster rose to form the powerful wall of Acre, while painters, working with blow torches, painted and oil-stained wooden towers and the larger tools of war.

Finally, De Mille desired to film the scene wherein King Richard and Saladin the Infidel were bragging over the merits of their respective swords. It will be recalled how Richard cut through a heavy iron mace with his sword, while the mighty Saladin replied by tossing a silk scarf into the air and cleaving it in two. This the brave Richard could not do, for his iron blade was no match for the razor-sharp Damascus steel wielded by Saladin.

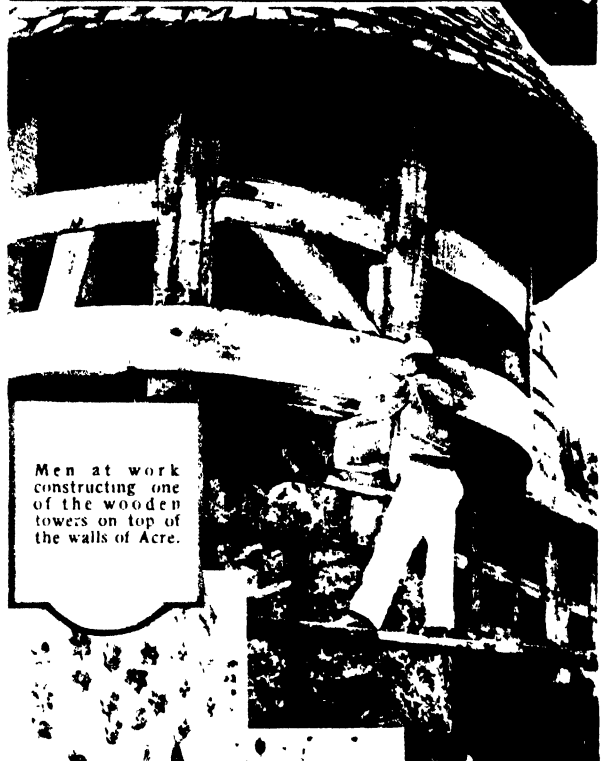
Now, how Saladin should cut the scarf for the picture was the problem confronting the producer—and it was no easy one. No sword could be found in Hollywood that would do the trick. However, a workman in the studio's machine shop had a brainwave and eventually solved the knotty problem. First he cut two flat pieces of wood fibre and curved them to resemble a sword. Along the thickened back edge he fitted a length of copper wire. Over the two pieces of fibre, pressed tightly together, he fitted a length of asbestos tubing. Next, he painted the asbestos with retort cement, which will withstand a heat of 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit before breaking down. Finally, he ran a nichrome resistance wire along the cutting edge. In a matter of seconds the resistance wire reached a white heat when electricity was applied, and the actor, rather than cutting the scarf, literally burned a path through the cloth.

Although required only for scenes which flit across the screen in a few seconds, half-a-dozen falcons proved the most difficult actors to handle in this film. For two months the birds lived with the actor who was to work with them, yet one died of shock from battle noises. Two others became ill when required to work at night. The birds lived in their own cages built into a motor-car when not on the set.

The ordinary film-goer has little idea of the trouble and patience expended upon the making of these ancient battle scenes. They must be absolutely accurate in every detail or the whole atmosphere of the picture will be spoilt. Every care is taken to avoid anything appearing in the picture which is at all "modern," which would at once give it away. The dress of the warriors and their weapons must be of the right period and so must the surroundings. That is the producer's greatest difficulty—to get to know the correct dress and



Workman making swords for the Crusaders—painting asbestos-covered fibre swords.



Men at work constructing one of the wooden towers on top of the walls of Acre.



Thousands of ornaments were manufactured for the film, and here is an artist at work on an elaborate headpiece.

scenery. Once he has learnt that the rest of the production is comparatively easy. It is often information that is only learnt after weeks and sometimes months of patient research and often discovered in the most unlikely places.

In one war picture it was necessary to depict Rome as it appeared in the year 96 A.D. It was necessary to portray various parts of the city as well as Roman soldiers, gladiators and charioteers. Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, the noted director who was superintending the making of the film, recalled that in the Paris World Fair, before the Great War, there was a wonderful model of Rome as it appeared in 100 A.D. If he could secure that model or a photograph of it it would answer his purpose.

Inquiries were set on foot only to learn that the model no longer existed. Had a photograph been taken of the model? No one knew. Search of the old Paris newspapers revealed that the model had been photographed, the photographer was found and a few weeks later De Mille had in his possession a picture of the Italian city as it appeared in the year 100. Enlargements of the picture were made, 15 feet high and 20 feet long, and they supplied the necessary background for the film.

They will tell you in Hollywood that one of their difficulties in producing these ancient battle scenes is to know what the towers and castles looked like that were built in the Middle Ages and which figure so prominently in the old wars. It appears that they varied considerably, and if one desired to be accurate considerable research work is necessary or the details will be wrong. The walls that surrounded Acre were entirely different in design and formation to the ramparts that enclosed ancient Jerusalem, so in the film of "The Crusades" care had to be taken to avoid what the historic would regard as a terrible blunder. It was necessary to know their height, their shape and size of the stones

used, what their parapets and walks were like. Then the great battering rams used against them must be a correct imitation of those the fighters of those far off days used and also the missiles they employed.

Directors frequently have historical characters at their elbows. Mr. de Mille habitually calls his players by their character names, and because of this habit there was, one recent day, a bustle of activity in the milling throng of extras as a huge Nubian slave elbowed his way through the crowd. When he reached the director's side he broke into an anticipatory grin and said:

"Yassuh, Mr. de Mille?"

De Mille looked at him in surprise.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Me? Ah don't want nothin'. Ah just come when you called."

"Called you?"

"Yassuh. I'se Nero—Curtis Nero."

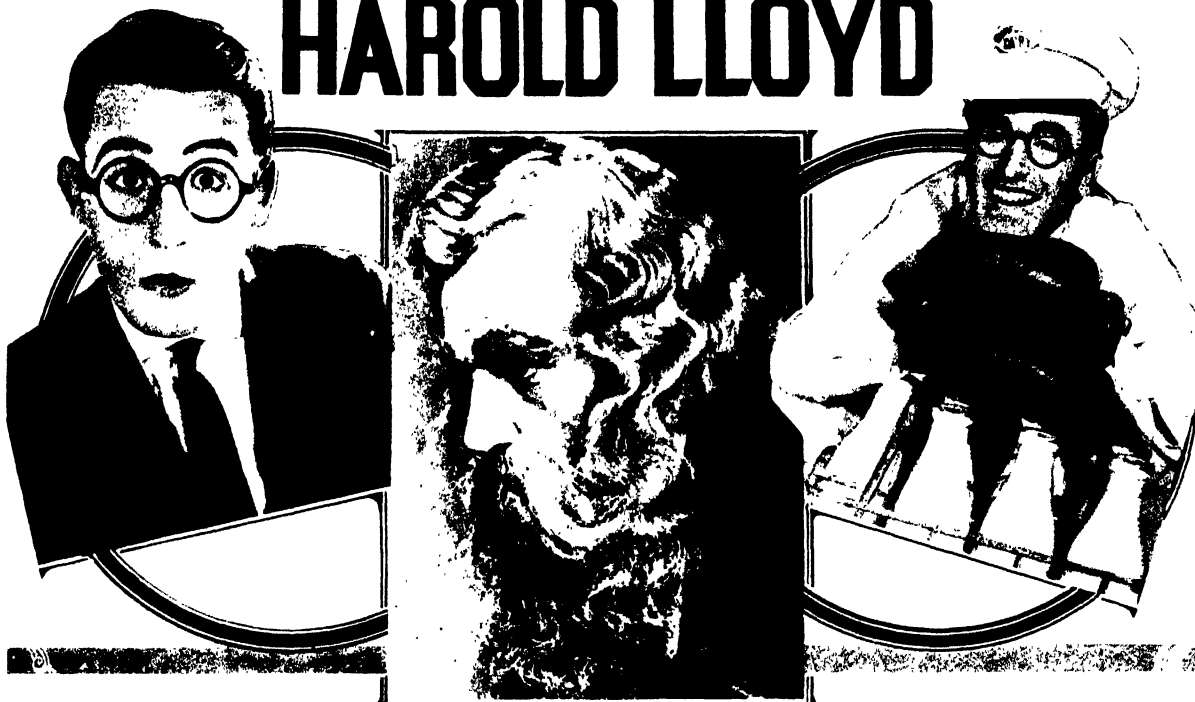
Every historical picture has its multitude of problems and difficulties and they all must be solved to satisfy the critical standard demanded by the average film fan. If the director should make the slightest mistake one can be certain that it will be discovered.



On left: A scene from the Paramount film, "The Crusades."

Top: Nova Pilbeam, who has made "Tudor Rose," shows interest in the old armour which decorates some of the big historical sets of the film.

HAROLD LLOYD



ONCE upon a time, when films were new—the time of custard pies, Keystone cops and “horse-operas”—two young men huddled close to the fire in the barn-like old mansion that served as their studio in Los Angeles.

“Do you suppose we’ll ever get anywhere in this crazy business?” one asked after a brief period of pensive silence.

“Me?” said the other. “I’ll be satisfied if I can wear silk shirts like you!”

Now, the first young man was Hal Roach, destined to become one of the foremost comedy producers in the world. And the second was Harold Lloyd.

The “crazy business” grew and grew until it became one of the largest industries in the country. And the two young men grew with it—into fame.

Harold Lloyd came from the country. He was born in Burchard, Nebraska, a town of three hundred citizens, where his parents were in moderate circumstances. As long as he can remember he wanted to be an actor. As a boy he set his goal.

Through watching a magician in a visiting show Harold Lloyd conceived a passion for legerdemain, and collected a long repertoire of card tricks and magic. And, besides, he and his brother had two “clown suits,” learned to make up like real clowns, and mastered most of the principal stunts.

He was black-haired, stocky and freckled. He was very earnest about everything. He was really a great deal like Mark Twain’s beloved little Tom—a typical American boy. Years later, after getting nowhere in unnatural comedy parts in the movies, he was to find that success lay in just being himself.

Harold had to discard his funny movie clothes and his false moustache and just be himself before he could reach the hearts and funnybones of the public. But in between lay a long and fantastic struggle—a story in which the principal characters were all just a little bit mad.

Harold Lloyd’s professional acting début was made in *Macbeth*! He was doing serious rôles then. It was at Beatrice, Nebraska. A stock company cast about for local talent to fill the minor parts, and young Harold got the part of Fleance, Banquo’s son.

After the murder of Banquo, Harold was to run off the stage crying, “Help! Help!” continuing to shout in the wings; but there he found himself confronted by the rest of the company looking on, and his mouth locked tight. It was one of the old troupers who kept up the cry for him.

And it was about this time that he formed one of the most important friendships of his life. John Lane Connor, leading man with the Burwood Stock Company, came with his troupe to Omaha, where the Lloyd family was living at the time. He taught young Harold a great deal about make-up, and later was to take him under his wing as a sort of professional protégé.

In 1907, with the Burwood Company in Omaha, Harold made his début in “*Tess of the D’Urbervilles*.” He played Abraham, Tess’ brother. He had other small parts—then the season closed. And, incidentally, his voice began to change, making it impossible for him to play child rôles any more.

About this time Harold’s father was struck and injured by a wagon. He collected six thousand



dollars as compensation, and with it decided to pay the expenses of a move to another city and set himself up in business.

The question was where to go? He was for New York or Nashville, Harold for San Diego, the place where John Lane Connor had gone. So they tossed a coin—heads New York or Nashville, tails San Diego. It was a fateful moment.

The coin fell tails, and perhaps decided the future of Harold Lloyd.

Arriving at San Diego, Harold Lloyd's father bought a combination pool hall and lunch-room, and Harold used to help him. At the same time he assisted at Connor's dramatic school.

One day the old Edison Company applied at Connor's dramatic school for talent to fill extra parts. Harold was made up as a half-naked Yaqui Indian and flitted in front of a camera in one scene. It was his début in pictures.

Shortly afterwards San Diego's stock companies closed for the season. Nothing else offered, and against his will Harold was forced to look for work in the movies. He used to sit all day outside the studio, hoping to be called. He never was. Finally he noticed that the working players, coming in make-up, were admitted by the gate-man without question. So he brought his make-up kit along with him the next day, made up behind a fence, and walked in with the others.

Once inside the forbidden gates, he got on as an extra. And there he met Hal Roach, then another extra, and the two became fast friends.

One day Roach astonished him with the disclosure that he had obtained a few thousand dollars, and meant to produce one-reel comedies. The first man he hired was Harold Lloyd.

At first it was hard going. They made one-reeler after one-reeler and tried to sell them, but they came back so fast that Roach began to think that nobody was taking the trouble to even look at them.

At last they sold one. Roach, with the last of

Top: Harold Lloyd's first picture—taken when he was eighteen months old. *Centre:* A study of Harold Lloyd made up as the village idiot. *Bottom left:* A picture of the early days, showing Harold Lloyd, Snub Pollard and Bebe Daniels. *Bottom right:* Another old picture. The hunched-over fellow is Harold Lloyd.

his money, had hired Roy Stewart and Jane Novak, already well-known players, as his leads. Lloyd was the "low comedian." They made a straight comedy, and it sold! Now they were on their way.

But the picture resulted in a break between Roach and Lloyd. Lloyd discovered that Roach was paying Stewart ten dollars a day—he himself was getting just half that. So he resigned and went to Keystone.

One day, while sitting on a log in the Keystone studio, Harold said to Ford Sterling:

"I'll be leaving here soon. I'm going back with Hal Roach, and he's giving me fifty a week."

"You're crazy," replied Sterling. "You'll never get anywhere with that low-comedy stuff. Get in with D. W. Griffith and try straight stuff. He'll make you."

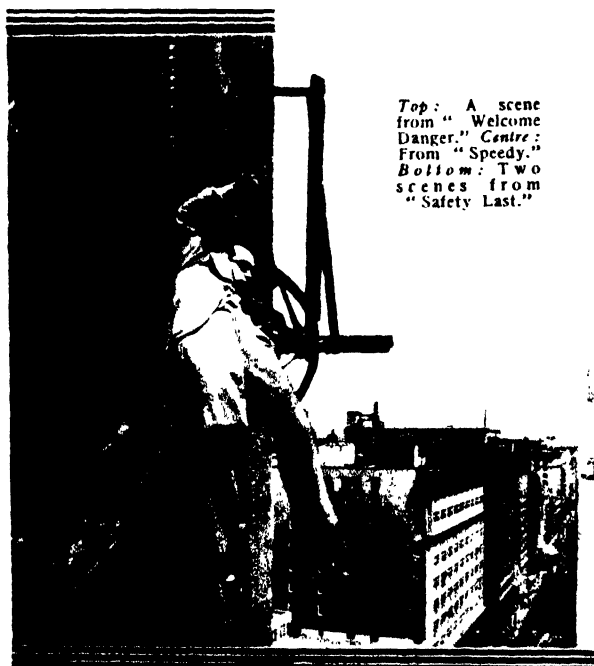
Lloyd remembers that Sterling's advice worried him. Maybe he was making a mistake, maybe he ought to try straight stuff at that. But Roach's offer was too strong, and he went back to slapstick.

The experiment was moderately successful, but Lloyd was not satisfied.

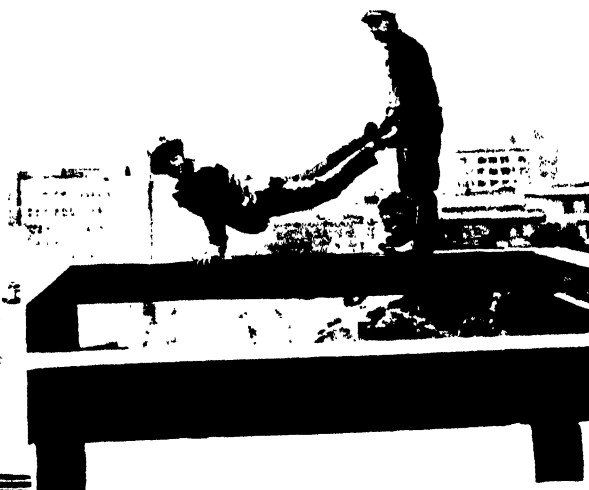
He told Roach he was ready to quit unless they'd allow him to do "a plain everyday American boy." No funny clothes, no imitations of Charlie Chaplin. Just plain, credible comedy in an original character. Roach consented, and so Harold adopted his now famous "spectacles" character. The new "spectacles" character was a success almost overnight.

Nine pictures were made under a new contract. The first one was "Bumping Into Broadway," the last "Number, Please."

When the series ended, Bebe Daniels left as leading lady to go with Cecil B. de Mille, and Lloyd began casting about for a girl to succeed her. Watching a Bryant Washburn picture one night he



Top: A scene from "Welcome Danger." Centre: From "Speedy." Bottom: Two scenes from "Safety Last."





saw the girl he wanted. The next day attempts were begun to locate her, but it was discovered that she had left town. She and her family had moved to Tacoma, Washington, where she had re-entered high school. A wire brought her back to Hollywood.

She was Mildred Davis, the future Mrs. Harold Lloyd

Their first meeting was a mutual disappointment. Harold had just come from in front of the camera; he had his glasses on, an absurd make-up, and a ridiculous, ill-fitting suit of clothes.

And Mildred Davis, determined to make a good impression upon the daring young man who had telegraphed the offer of the leading woman's post in his company, had dressed herself up in an ill-suited costume designed to conceal the fact that she was very, very young.

What she didn't know was that her fresh, wide-eyed innocence was just the thing that had attracted him to her. In spite of her ornate, plumed hat, Mildred Davis was hired, and made her debut in "From Hand To Mouth."

Shortly after that Lloyd and Roach went to New York and signed a new contract with Pathé. The business over, Lloyd strolled down Broadway and got the biggest thrill in his life.

In lights over both the Strand and the Rialto theatres he beheld: "Harold Lloyd in 'Bumping Into Broadway.'" His name in lights in that grand old street! He awoke for the first time to the fact that he was famous!

Then came the day that Mildred Davis gave notice that she was about to leave the Lloyd-Roach company to accept another offer. Harold Lloyd was determined not to let her go. There was only one way to stop her, and he took it. He married the girl.

Mildred retired from the screen, and her husband found a new leading woman, Jobyna Ralston.

His last pictures with Roach were "A Sailor Made Man," "Grandma's Boy," "Safety Last" and "Why Worry." After that came "Hot Water," "The Kid Brother," and then "Speedy."

The Lloyds built a new house in Beverly Hills. Recently they have taken a winter place at Palm Springs. They have three children, two girls and a boy.

And so from a humble beginning he became one of Hollywood's foremost successes. Of all the stars of those old days of custard pies and one-reelers, only Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd are stars still. They have become Hollywood's perennial princes of comedy. And the success formula?

"I don't know," says Lloyd, "unless it's that old adage—hard work. Yes, that's it—and enthusiasm. You've got to keep your head. You've got to give the public what it wants, not what you think it ought to want. We've tried to give it plain, old-fashioned entertainment. We hope we've done it again with 'The Milky Way,' my latest picture."

Top: Harold Lloyd preparing to go in front of the camera. *Centre:* The old mill and canoe lake at the star's beautiful Beverly Hills home. *Bottom:* Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd and family.



A Job

MRS. WARRENDER, in her pretty little house in Surrey, was showing off the family album to her visitors.

"There he is—my Jack, aged three! And here's another one when he was ten. And here"—she beamed with pride—"is my Jack at work in his great big office in the City—number forty-nine Gresham Court, London Wall!"

At that same moment a tall, smiling youth was breezing in at the door of a fried-fish shop, in London Wall, bearing that very number. He called to the man at the frying-pan:

"Any letters, George? Bit fresh in here, what?"

The man dried his hands and got a letter down from the shelf.

"From my mother!" The young man grabbed the letter and tore it open. "Bless her! She thinks I'm the cat's whiskers! So long, George!"

He hurried away to the nearest Labour Exchange, and entered the dismal place with a rush.

"Anyone wanting a private secretary this lovely afternoon? A tutor for a backward boy? Confidential Johnny in a bank?"

"Nobody wants anything!" was the reply.

"Have a heart, Jimmy! Think of the success I've made in all the odd jobs you've given me."

The telephone on the clerk's desk buzzed, and the breezy one snatched up the receiver.

"Hullo, hullo! Jack Warrender speaking. How are you? So'm I, what-ho, rather!" He passed the telephone to the clerk. "Prime Minister calling. Says he must have me at Downing Street."

The clerk glared at him as he listened-in to the 'phone.

"We'll have a man round early. Barrington, 243, Curzon Street. All right, my lady—thank you."

"Suits me," said Warrender.

"She wants a waiter"

"I'm the only person you can send. I've got evening clothes. I'm ten bob down on my mother's weekly rent—can't let her know I'm broke. And I'm hungry."

The clerk hesitated a moment; then stamped a card and handed it across the counter.

Warrender ran all the way to the pawnshop along the street. He dashed into the private department.

"How much to get out my evening dress?"

"You can hire it back at five bob a night."

"The deal's on!" cried Jack.

He produced the five shillings and grabbed the parcel. He dressed in the shop and danced all the way to number 243, Curzon Street.

A Little Mistake

JACK stepped up to the front door of the mansion and rang the bell. The door was opened by a footman.

"Lady Barrington?" Jack inquired.

"Receiving guests, sir. Your hat, sir—thank you."

"I say, could you lend me a black waistcoat?"

Before the astonished footman could answer, a waiter came along the hall with a tray of filled glasses.

"Cocktail, sir?" he paused.

"Eh? Oh yes, rather!" Jack helped himself. The footman solemnly put away his top hat.

"Cigarette, sir?" asked another waiter.

"Thank you, thank you!" Jack allowed the man to light his cigarette.

Then he strolled away to where the guests were assembled. He chummed up to a bored gentleman who was just refusing a sandwich.

"Too much food thrown at one, eh?"

"Most annoying," agreed Jack, helping himself to three sandwiches.

"I'm glad Barrington got his knighthood," said the bored gentleman.

Lady Barrington came upon them as they moved together across the crowded room.

"Hullo, Reggie!" she greeted Jack's companion. "How nice of you to come." She turned to Jack. "And you, too, Mr.—"

"Warrender," said Jack. "Just back from Paris, you know."

"Of course!" she smiled. "Well, why aren't you eating? You men give me a lot of trouble. Oh, here's Mr. Fitch." A short, very bald little man with horn-rimmed glasses and a deadly serious face had approached. "Lionel, take Mr. Warrender over to the buffet."

Fitch answered in a melancholy tone.

"By all means. Anything to oblige. Come with me, Warrender."

At the buffet Jack helped himself to lobster salad, cold chicken and tongue, while a waiter filled his glass.

"You can't have any digestion," said Fitch.

"Have a drink?" Jack countered.

"I don't drink. I don't eat. I have to watch myself."

"You're one of the few men in the Navy who does—" said Jack.

"I'm not in the Navy. I'm a banker."

"A banker—splendid! You really *must* have a drink—" Jack filled a glass. "Here's to finance! I'm all for it."

Fitch raised the glass and drank.

"I haven't done this for years and years," he sighed.

A girl's voice was heard in a lilting song—"Where there's you—there's *me*!"

"Catch hold of my glass!" Jack told Fitch.

When the girl came to the last verse, Jack walked up to where she stood by the little orchestra, harmonising the tune as he moved. As he finished the last note, he shook hands warmly with her.

The guests around them laughed and applauded. Lady Barrington cried:

"Delightful! Please sing again, both of you!"

The guests called out "Encore! Encore!" whereupon the girl answered:

"I'm awfully sorry, but I must go." She turned to Jack. "I'm Frances Wilson—what's your name?"

Before Jack could answer, she was being drawn away by her friends.

"You *must* come, Frances! We'll be so late!" they chorused.

Jack followed them up and just managed to whisper: "I'm Jack Warrender," when she was lost in the crowd at the door.

Later on, Jack re-found Fitch, still at the buffet. The little man was carefully guarding a full glass of wine. He handed it to Jack.

"A toasht, Warrender. The Ladiesh!"

"Certainly!" Jack raised his glass in the direction in which Miss Wilson had disappeared.

"The ladies! Especially one of them. Also"—he beamed on Fitch. "Also—the Bank of England."

"Bank of England!" agreed Fitch, slightly swaying. "High finance! Bullion! All that sort of thing." He regarded Jack owlshly. "I want to go home, Warrenders. You come with me."

In the taxi, driving away, Fitch began to sing very solemnly:

"Where there's a river, there's bound to be a trout."

"Fish——" Jack corrected.

"Tantivy! Tantivy! Tantivy," Fitch chortled. "With a—yoicksh and—over we go!"

"What time are you due at your bank tomorrow?" Jack asked him.

"Nine o'clock." Fitch had a brain-wave. "Letsh go there now and spit on the windows!"

"No time—here's Park Street."

Jack called to the driver and the taxi drew up. "Here we are!" said Jack. "This is where you live."

"I do not," stated Fitch, suddenly bellicose. "Thish hovel belongs to old Huckle, chairman of bank. Am I man of spirits? Lemme get off my shoe!"

The little man hooked off his left shoe and, before Jack could stop him, had hopped out of the taxi and flung the shoe clean through one of the side windows!

"Thatsh what I think of you, Huckle!" he croaked. "Now then, cabman—home! Tell him where I live, Warrenders—" He clasped Jack round the neck. "You're good fellow, Warrenders. Tantivy, tantivy—tantivsh!"

The Merivale Plan

NEXT morning Jack walked briskly into the palatial office of the City and Metropolitan Bank. He greeted the hall porter:

"Morning, morning! Lovely day! Mr. Fitch's room?"

"Straight along, sir"

Jack found the door on which was neatly lettered "Mr. L. Fitch." He entered—Fitch was sitting at a desk, holding his head in both hands.

"Morning, Lionel! You were in great form last night!"

Fitch lowered his hands to eye him glassily.

"What d'you want here?"

"You stick to that desk and I'll take this one," said Jack, sitting down. "This bank needs a smart man. I've appointed myself."

"Leave at once!" cried Fitch.

"Don't get excited," Jack warned him. "Take an aspirin—I see there's a bottle on your desk. Listen, last night I saved your right shoe from following the left through the chairman's window."

Fitch sat down with a groan.

"So *that's* where it went!"

"It did. But I'm going to save you. Get a book and pop it under your arm like this." Jack had caught up a ledger. "Follow me, Lionel."

"I—I won't!" But Fitch had to. Jack

nodded here and there as the staff passed them. He paused at the railed-in cash counter: "Any letters for Warrender?"

"I don't think so," said the clerk, staring at him.

Jack whispered, confidentially: "What have you backed for the big race to-morrow?"

"Silver Thread," came the answer.

"No earthly," said Jack. "Merivale's the winner."

"Oh, thanks." The clerk handed him some letters. "For the chairman."

Fitch seemed in a kind of trance.

"Give me those letters, Warrender," he croaked.

"Come on," said Jack. "Let's get back and take another aspirin." They returned to Fitch's room where Jack pressed a button on Fitch's desk. "Ring for the typist, Lionel. I *must* get busy!"

Fitch collapsed into his chair.

"Oh, ooh—my head!"

A business-like young woman entered the room.

"Morning!" Jack called to her. "I've just returned from the Paris office to assist Mr. Fitch. I want you to take down a letter."

"Yes, sir." She produced pad and pencil.

"What's the firm we do most of our business with now?" Jack asked.

"City and Industrial Trust," the girl answered promptly.

"Of course! And the chairman is——" Jack paused, and at once she gave him the name:

"Sir Charles Barrington."

"Thank you very much! Take this, please."

"My dear Charles. Will you allow me, once again, to draw your attention to the—er—the Merivale Plan. Our original schemes have failed—the Merivale way is the only way. From now on our operations are in the experienced and capable hands of Mr. Warrender, who will place his valuable

knowledge at your disposal.—Yours most sincerely——' Got that?"

The girl told him: "Yes, Mr. Warrender!" with increased respect. She went away to type the letter.

"Who do you think's going to sign that drivell?" asked Fitch.

Before Jack could answer, Fitch suddenly straightened up at his desk. "Shut up! Here's the chairman," he hissed.

An affable old gentleman entered. He nodded to Fitch and toddled across the room towards an inner door. Jack hurried after him.

"Good morning, Mr. Huckle! I can't even begin to tell you how wonderful it is to be back here again after being away so long!"

"Eh?" The old fellow peered at him. "I don't seem to recollect——"

"Of course not! Three years is so long! I'm Warrender, you know—Warrender from the Paris branch."

"Quite so." Mr. Huckle had a small parcel under his arm. "Oh, Fitch, here's something." He came back to the little man's desk and dropped the parcel on it. "Open it. Open it!"

Fitch undid the brown paper.

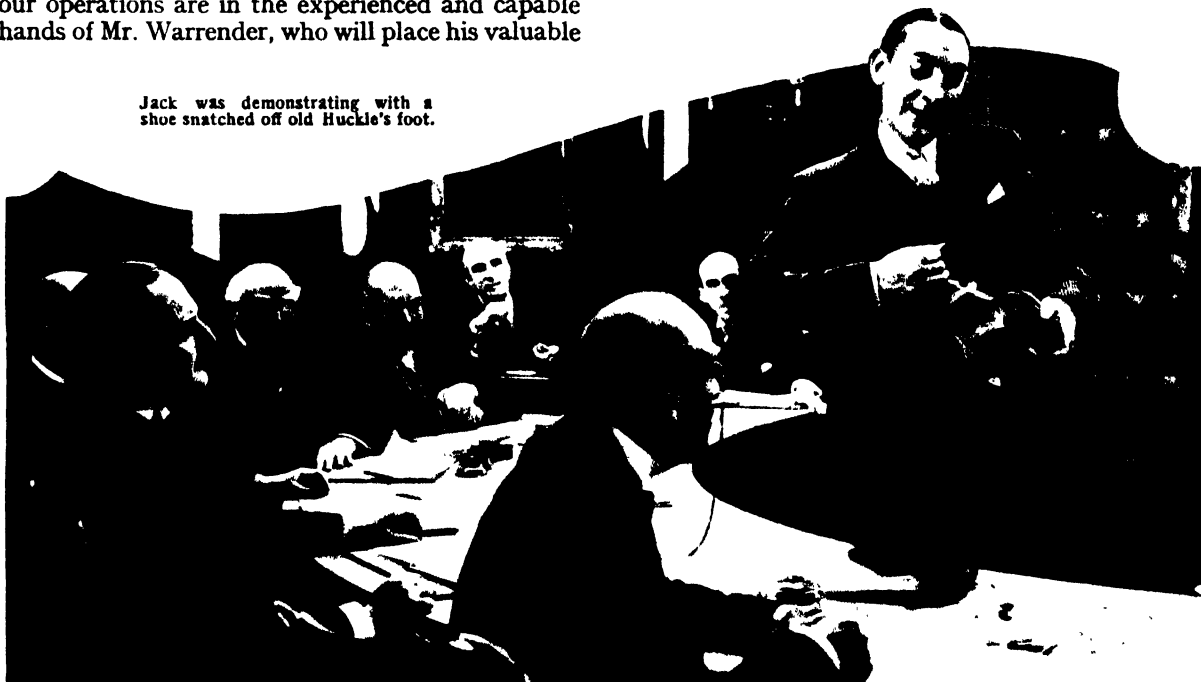
"Well, well!" he exclaimed with a forced smile. "A—a shoe!"

"Thrown through one of my windows last night," stated Huckle. "I have reason to suppose it was done by some person on the staff. Take immediate steps to find out——" He began to toddle off. "Anything special this morning?"

"A letter for your signature," Jack put in. "About the Merivale Plan." He turned to the girl who had entered with the typed copy. "Thanks!"

"Merivale Plan? I don't remember," said old Huckle, uncertainly.

Jack was demonstrating with a shoe snatched off old Huckle's foot.



"Mr. Fitch knows all about it," smiled Jack, giving Fitch a warning look.

"Why wasn't I told?" grumbled Huckle. "Most remiss of you, Fitch. You're my secretary—you ought to keep me informed of everything. Is this letter in order?"

Fitch had risen. He tried to say "No, it isn't," but Jack was waving the shoe at him. He choked out:

"Yes, quite in order," and sat down heavily.

"Give me a pen." Huckle took one from the desk, signed the letter and gave it to Jack. "Let me have my mail, will you?"

As soon as he had gone to his room, Jack folded the letter, thrust it into an envelope, and gave it to the typist.

"To go off at once!"

Jack seated himself at his desk and took up the phone. "Get me Board of Trade. Chairman's office."

Fitch gasped.

"Now what is it? You're crazy!"

Jack, speaking into the phone, called: "I want Sir Walter Paving. City and Metropolitan this end. . . . That you, Sir Walter? Mr. Huckle wants to talk to you about the Merivale Plan. He said you'd know all about it. Something to do with shoes." Jack grinned across at Fitch. "I'll put you through, Sir Walter. Thank you."

"Now you've done it!" groaned Fitch. "We'll both get sacked!"

"Paving's an old friend of my mother's. I've just remembered he's at the Board of Trade——" Jack was saying when two bank officials entered Fitch's room.

"Good-morning, Mr. Denton!" said Fitch, rising politely. "Morning, Mr. Nicholson!"

"Morning, Fitch! Chairman in his room?"

Jack stood up.

"He's busy discussing the Merivale Plan with Sir Walter Paving. I'm Warrender—just back from the Paris branch."

"Warrender from Paris?" Denton regarded him hazily, but couldn't ignore Jack's outstretched hand. "Glad to see you again, Warrender. I'm managing director here now."

Old Huckle came bursting out of his room.

"Warrender! Warrender! Take the line and talk to this man at the Board of Trade! Try to get some sense out of him!"

"Is it Sir Walter Paving, sir," Jack inquired, "about the Merivale scheme? Why, he's got all the papers—hasn't he, Fitch?" He turned to Denton. "I've come over expressly to carry the plan through."

Denton was now eyeing Fitch's shoe. Mr. Nicholson, the second in command, who had entered with him, had taken it up.

"What have you got there, Fitch?"

"It's a shoe." Nicholson put it down. Old Huckle bustled away, calling:

"I'm off now, Warrender. I leave things with you."

A third man entered the room almost immediately.

"I say, Denton, what d'you think?" He saw the shoe. "Oh, *that's* it, is it? Shoes on the mass production principle—the chairman's great fetish!"

"To undercut imported goods, Holman," said Denton, pretending to know all about it. "It's the—er—the Merivale Plan."

"Gosh!" muttered Nicholson, awestruck. "What a brainwave of old Huckle's!" He turned to Jack. "And you're in charge, eh?"

"Just ringing up Barrington to fix it," Jack answered, taking up the phone. "Give me City and Industrial Trust, please."

He gathered that someone else was in Barrington's room.

"Warrender speaking. You had Mr. Huckle's letter re the Merivale——"

The telephone crackled.

"Can't do business?" cried Jack. "Oh, I see, you want details. . . . Anybody with you? This is a very confidential affair. . . . Only Miss Wilson? You want me to meet you at the Century this evening for supper? I'll be there."

Big Business!

IN the Century Restaurant, Jack was received by the head waiter.

"Mr. Warrender? Sir Charles has had to postpone the appointment until eleven o'clock."

A very pleasant voice from behind Jack caused him to turn sharply.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" echoed Jack, all smiles. "It's you, is it?"

"You bet it's me!" the girl he had seen at Curzon Street was telling him. "I can't help liking you. Absurd, isn't it?"

"Not at all. I like you. What about some supper?"

"Can you run to it?" she asked. "I'm broke."

"Come on," said Jack, offering his arm. He turned to the waiter. "What can you do for eight bob?"

"I've got sixpence," said the girl.

"Give it as a tip, Frances," Jack laughed.

The head waiter discreetly led them to a table.

There was a wonderful cabaret in which Jack and Frances both saw themselves in their day dreams. When they came back to their table after a dance Sir Charles Barrington was there, looking annoyed.

"Where have you been, Frances?" he demanded.

"Dancing with Mr. Warrender," she answered. Barrington's frowns departed.

"You're the very man I've come to meet." He lowered his voice mysteriously. "About the—the Merivale Plan."

Frances broke in:

"You want to talk business, you two? I must go—no, don't trouble," she told Jack. "I can look after myself. Good-bye and good luck!"

"I'll let you know," Jack promised, "if I bring off the deal."

Frances' dark eyes flashed at him as she murmured "Ring up Mayfair o-nine-seven-three."

Barrington told him:

"I've settled with Huckle for a board meeting to-morrow, ten o'clock at your office. The Merivale Shoe Company will start, on the largest possible scale, almost at once. I congratulate you."

Jack rang up Mayfair o-nine-seven-three the next afternoon. Frances answered him.

"I'm to be at Richmond this evening. Meet me on the terrace, nine o'clock."

They met. They hired a skiff and paddled up the Thames to a little island dance hall where landing was strictly prohibited.

They danced on the loggia of the hall. No one disturbed them. Frances asked:

"Well, what about the deal?"

"It has come off!" Jack chuckled. "Fitch had a plan for starting a pickle factory; I've changed it to the Merivale Plan for making shoes. I did it just for a joke at first, but everyone fell for it. So we're going to make shoes on mass production lines and—I'm to be managing director."

Frances asked:

"Who's we?"

"The City and Industrial and the bank."

"And what is this Merivale Plan?" she questioned.

"Merivale's the name of a horse. I invented the whole thing!" Jack crowed.

"You did?" She studied him under the moonlight. "I don't like you quite so much."

"But, Frances, think what it means!" cried Jack. "We—we might get engaged!"

"If you really like me, you'll tell them to-morrow morning that the whole thing's a hoax," she answered.

"All right, I will! You're everything I care about. We'll both be poor together."

He helped her back into the skiff and brought her to Richmond.

"I'm staying with friends," she said. "I'll see you to-morrow, Jack. Good-night, dear."

"Look Out!"

At the Bank next day it wasn't so easy to tell all those big business men that they had been fooled—and that the papers Fitch had before him were his plans for a pickle factory! They were all so solemn and the Board Room was so imposing. Jack had tried to confess to old Huckle before the meeting, but hadn't been given a chance. He was now demonstrating with a shoe snatched off old Huckle's foot!

The Board Room door was suddenly pushed open and Frances entered.

All the men rose from their seats. Jack stared at her, speechless on the instant.

"Forgive my intruding, gentlemen," said Frances. "But the City and Industrial Trust is my business. Please continue, Mr. Warrender—I am deeply interested."

"I told you about it this morning, Frances," Barrington put in.

"Quite so, Charles. Sit down, gentlemen, please. Well, Mr. Warrender?"

"I'm to be manager of the Merivale Shoe Factory," said Jack.

Frances shook her dark head.

"Not until you've explained how it started"

Old Huckle was regarding Jack with doubtful eyes.

"What was it you were trying to tell me this morning, Warrender?"

Jack was silent.

"He was trying to tell you it was all a hoax," said Frances.

Fitch snatched up the pickle plan and rushed from the room. Everybody began talking and storming at once.

Old Huckle hammered on the table.

"Silence please! I move that Mr. Warrender be asked to explain!"

Jack came up to Frances.

"So you're not broke? You're not a poor girl? You've deceived me!"

Frances turned towards old Huckle.

"Mr. Warrender boasted to me last night that he had invented the Merivale Plan just for fun."

"All the same, Frances," cried Barrington. "The fun's going to be good."

Jack glared at Frances.

"Poor little rich girl, your wealth has turned your head! All right—I'll go! But look out for yourself—look out!"



Jack collapsed as Brown raised his arm for a second blow

He strode out of the room. Frances seated herself at the table.

"Gentlemen, the Merivale Plan must and shall continue!"

The Conspirators

JACK got another job. Then another. He took anything that came along—his mother must be kept happy in her little home and have her rent paid regularly.

The Merivale Shoe Factory was built and the company began a big and prosperous business. One late afternoon Fitch came in with Miss Wilson, the chief shareholder.

"I'm convinced he's here," Fitch told her. "I believe he's on the night staff."

"He wouldn't dare," said Frances.

"He'd dare anything," said Fitch.

The day staff had gone and the factory seemed deserted. Fitch began to think he had been wrong in believing that Jack was in the employment of the shoe factory.

Downstairs in the basement a small company of shady-looking men were holding a secret meeting. Their leader spoke low:

"Now, boys, we're being well paid for this—but we've got to do it right. You got the petrol tins, Bill?"

"Okay, Mr. Brown," answered the man addressed.

"It's a foreign job," went on the leader. "Somebody abroad wants this 'ere show put out of competition. Mass production will destroy the trade, get me?"

"Sure!" agreed a tall, thin individual. "It's bad for labour."

Sitting on a packing case was Jack Warrender, and he wore the uniform of a fireman. He had chanced on the gang during his rounds and his quick wit had saved him. His harrowing tale of a father who had been smashed by mass production and his eagerness to get even with the capitalists had won their confidence.

"Let's get the petrol well sprinkled about," suggested Brown, nodding his egg-shaped head. "Come on, boys."

They went slinking after him. Jack hung back a minute, then made a dash for the basement telephone.

"Get me Scotland Yard!" he whispered into the receiver.

Brown came back.

"What are you doing, Warrender?"

"Phoning my mother."

"No time for that. We got to get busy!"

Jack followed him. One of the crooks came hurrying to them.

"Hold your horses! The Wilson girl's here, with a little feller, nosing round!"

Jack darkly muttered:

"Leave 'em to me!"

The conspirators moved on like shadows through the dimly-lit basement. Jack crept to the stairway. Presently Fitch came down, peering about. He called back to someone unseen:

"I'll look if he's down here."

As he came off the stairs, Jack, hidden in a recess, put out a hand, grabbed him swiftly and clapped a free hand over the little man's mouth.

"Not a sound!" Jack whispered. "Get on to Scotland——"

Brown came upon them.

"What's that?" he hissed. "This little rat spying on us?"

"Give me your handkerchief," said Jack. "I'll gag the little blighter!"

They hustled the vainly protesting Fitch away. Frances came down the stairs and began to move past the alcohol vats. She heard queer sounds from behind them and slipped in between the vats. Through the gloom she presently distinguished Fitch tied up to a pillar—and Jack busily piling up a mass of shavings and broken packing cases. She stepped out from behind the vats.

"Mr. Warrender's newest joke?" she asked sarcastically.

Jack shook a warning hand at her, but she rushed for the 'phone. Brown and his crooks pounced out on her.

"Sorry, Miss Wilson!" Brown clapped a hand over her mouth. "Tie her up, boys, along with the other spy!"

"Fire!"

WHEN Frances and Fitch were safely gagged and tied to the pillar, Brown struck a match and lit an oily rag.

"What are we going to do with them two?" asked the fireman named Bill.

Jack answered with mock ferocity:

"Let 'em burn!"

Brown nodded.

"That's right. They know too much!" He flung the blazing rag on the pile of smashed-up petrol-soaked cases. A flame shot up. "Scatter, boys!"

Frances had bitten through her gag and began to screech loudly as the crooks dashed away into the darkness of the basement. She heard one of them returning. It was Jack. She glared at him.

"You traitor! You scoundrel!"

"Go on yelling!" he told her. "Loud as you can!" He slashed away at her bonds and freed her. "Shriek! I tell you," he ordered. "Keep on at it!" Frances got the idea and yelled like a stuck pig: "Great stuff!" Jack cut away Fitch's bonds.

"Now let's get on to Scotland Yard!"

"I'll do it!" said Frances. "You'll make a mess of it—you're sure to!"

"I'm in charge!" Jack commanded. "You stand away!"

"I won't!" said Frances.

While they argued, little Fitch took up the 'phone.

"I say—give me Scotland Yard, or the Fire Brigade, or something——"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Jack, snatching at the 'phone. "Scotland Yard, sharp! Merivale Shoe Factory——" He dropped the receiver. "Gosh—they've cut the wires!"

The smoke and flames were blowing towards them. All three made a dash for the stairs. But Jack saw Brown and his fellows standing at the foot.

"This way!" He grabbed Frances' arm and pulled her into a store room. Fitch hurried in after them.

"The fire hoses—quick!" Jack began pulling out the big coils of rubber piping. "They're fixed to the mains!" he panted. "I've only got to turn on the water——"

Brown came dashing up. Fitch slammed the store room door in his face. Immediately the crooks began to chop the door down with their firemen's axes. As the door fell inwards, Jack and Frances presented the nozzles of the hoses they were holding.

"Let 'em rip!" cried Jack. But Fitch had darted behind them in his anxiety and was standing with a foot on each hose. "Hop off, Lionel!"

Fitch hopped off; jets of water streaked into Brown and his crooks, knocking them backwards. They began to bombard Jack with the boots and shoes they had turned out of the packing-cases.

A strong heavy boot, flung wildly, hit one of the alcohol vats and knocked off the tap. A suffocating smell rose above the burning fumes of petrol.

Jack was considering his next move when Brown suddenly reappeared behind him and gave him a crack over the neck with a club.

Jack collapsed just as Brown raised his arm for a second blow. A yell brought the other crooks. Frances tried to escape, but they were too quick

for her, but Fitch managed to get away. The little man came to a conveyor bridge that linked up to a building used as a store.

Frances and Jack, bound securely with ropes, were flung on the floor. The roar of the flames grew louder.

"Better get out before we're roasted!" shouted Brown.

"This is all your fault!" screamed Frances, when they were alone.

"On the contrary," argued Jack, "it's yours. Wow!" He twisted convulsively.

"What's the matter?"

"It's getting hot. Look!" Jack shouted. "The floor's ablaze!"

It was Frances who thought of the sharp metal ornament on her shoe. Jack managed to use it as a file on the rope round his wrists and at last got his hands free. Seconds later he was helping the girl to her feet.

They seemed to be in the midst of flames and choking fumes. Jack clutched her hand, dragging her across the room. He found a door, and a moment later they were on a spiral staircase and climbing towards the roof.

The crooks, finding their escape cut off, had also made for the roof, and they came to the conveyor bridge. On the other side crouched a wild-eyed Fitch. He had crossed the bridge and, hidden in a small cabin full of levers and gadgets, he was trying to summon up courage to rush back into the flames to rescue Miss Wilson and Jack. He gave a moan at sight of the crooks and, jumping back in alarm, jerked up a lever.

Jack fought valiantly whilst
Frances assisted the
stunned Fitch.



Instantly the panels of the conveyor bridge began to move. The crooks hesitated to step on it. Jack appeared with the girl. Fitch stopped the conveyor.

"Come over here!" he shouted.

When Jack and the girl were half-way across, in his perplexity Fitch pressed the wrong lever. Frances was carried back into the arms of the crooks; Jack tried to grab her and went the same way. Fitch pressed the lever in the opposite direction—the crooks saw their prey whisked out of their hands! Fitch put the lever to "Off" to prevent his friends being hurled into a black space that looked ominous. He charged on to the conveyor to help them, and slipped.

The crooks rushed forward, but Jack turned and used his fists, whilst Frances assisted the stunned Fitch to his feet. The little secretary darted back to his lever and waited. Jack followed the girl over the bridge and so did the crooks; instantly Fitch pulled the lever, but not till he had drawn the girl and Jack into the cabin. With yells and shouts the crooks were drawn over the conveyor; they vainly tried to stop themselves—and shot into the blackness!

They could hear yells and shouts growing further and further away, and Jack suddenly cried:

"It's a goods shoot! That's settled those rascals! Turn off the juice, Lionel!"

The conveyor bridge stopped. Frances stepped on to it to stare at the blazing factory. The top storey was alight and sparks were flying across in a most alarming manner.

It was unfortunate that Jack should be peering at the mechanism of the bridge and not know that Frances was standing on it. He moved the lever.



Jack leapt off on to the parapet, with Frances clutching at him wildly.

Frances, with a cry of fright, was carried back into the blazing factory and vanished from sight!

Fitch's yell made Jack realise what had happened, and he tugged back the lever. But something had gone wrong with the mechanism and the plates continued to move the wrong way. A great belch of flame appeared from the blazing factory.

They saw the girl. Unable to stay near the bridge, she had got out on to the flat roof and was scurrying to a corner not yet ablaze.

"The fire-escape!" shouted Jack. "Come on!"

The shoe factory had its own fire engine and escape. They got them out of the store and Jack led the way. Above the crackling of the flames could be heard the sirens of many fire-engines; they would be too late to save Frances. He dragged open wide doors and hurled himself at a fire-escape.

Between them they got it to a yard immediately beneath the section of roof where Frances had taken refuge. They could just see her through the smoke.

"Hold on!" shouted Jack. "Fitch, you work the ladder."

It was an electric device, and it was some while before Fitch found the right lever. Jack on the ladder was suddenly hurtled skywards, and by a miracle did not get flung off. He went through the smoke to find himself above the level of the roof. He yelled to be lowered; Fitch lowered him too much. He yelled again, and at last got the right height.

The ladder swung in wildly, because Fitch was finding the ladder escape more than he could manage. Suddenly Jack leapt off on to the parapet, with Frances clutching at him wildly. He just managed to save himself.

"That's just the sort of thing you *would* do," she said bitingly. "Now we're both going to be roasted!"

The ladder had disappeared, but a yell brought it up through the smoke, and by a miracle it came to rest on the parapet.

"Hold it!" bellowed Jack. They clambered on to the top rungs—and were instantly precipitated to the ground!

Fitch said: "Sorry! I'm afraid I pulled the wrong handle again!"

Jack helped Frances to get up.

"I told you to look out, didn't I? Now you see how I always keep my word!"

The crowd loudly cheered them as they walked out into the road.

Jack paused to tell the fire-brigade captain:

"There are some fellows in an automatic shoot somewhere. You might try to get 'em out—if you've a minute to spare."

"Oh, come on!" Frances called to him. "You're all talk! Let's get along!"

"Where?" Jack asked.

"Barrington's place. He wants you to run a big business for him. I'll help you——" Frances added, taking his arm. "Then, maybe, it'll stand a slight chance of being a success! 'Bye, Lionel!"

(By permission of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, starring Jack Hulbert and Gina Malo.)

SIDE-LINES

Stars that Shine in Other Spheres

JUST suppose for a moment that the impossible happened and that films and film-making vanished off the face of the earth. Since it first came into prominence, this branch of entertainment has taken hold of the public mind to such an extent that a filmless world would be unthinkable.

Were the films to disappear as if they had never been, the calamity would be world-wide. Millions of people would be deprived of their favourite relaxation. But what of the stars themselves? What would they do when they were deprived of their employment?

Fortunately, there are plenty of other spheres in which these world-renowned figures could transfer their activities—possibly not with so much money attached to their employment, but still their “second strings” would keep them off the dole.

By far the largest proportion of stars would go on—or back to—the stage. Many, even now, divide their allegiance between arc lamps and footlights. Robert Donat, one of the recent great screen discoveries, star of “The Count of Monte Cristo,” “The Ghost Goes West,” “The 39 Steps” and many others, is equally at home on the stage, and some time ago co-starred in the West End in “Mary Read” with Flora Robson, another artiste who has to her credit many outstanding film hits.

Leslie Howard came to the screen in “Outward Bound” in the same rôle he had played on the stage, and has just finished “The Petrified Forest,” in which he scored a big success on the boards. Such prominent screen characters as George Arliss, Mrs. Pat Campbell, C. Aubrey Smith, the two Barrymores, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Charles Laughton and Alison Skipworth, all have stage backgrounds, while it is a well-known fact that most of the European stars, including Jannings, Veidt, Elisabeth Bergner, Luise Rainer and many others, had exhaustive stage-training before they faced the cameras; many of them, indeed, studied under the great Max Reinhardt, famous for his great stage spectacles and for his film version of Shakespeare’s “A Midsummer-Night’s Dream.”

But, after all, going on the stage would merely

Top: Every minute Jean Harlow can spare from her studio work she can be found jotting down ideas and impressions. She is the author of a novel and is hard at work writing another. **Centre:** Wallace Beery is very keen on photography and takes moving pictures of everybody and everything. Here you see him “snapping” Carol Ann Beery, his adopted daughter. **Bottom:** Madge Evans and Stuart Erwin are very keen typists, and here you see them having a race—with Joseph Calleia as referee.





be the same job in a different setting. Many would prefer to leave acting in all its forms behind them. Some, in fact, already have a very profitable side-line.

If you lived in America, you would not be surprised if you stopped at a certain up-to-date garage and were attended to by Charles Bickford, red-headed he-man of the screen. It is his own garage, and he often works in it between pictures. You might stop the same car at a petrol-filling station and thereby contribute a little to the income of Louise Dresser, for she has investments in many of them.

The trout on your dinner-table might have come from the trout farm of Noah Beery, your groceries may have been delivered to you by the side-line of George K. Arthur, and the antique sideboard of which you are so rightly proud, may once have been displayed in the furniture shop of William Haines—a shop so prosperous that its owner is devoting more and more of his time to it, hence his infrequent appearances on the screen to which he so often brought so fresh a style of humour.

Despite his "wise-cracking" comedy, William Haines is an expert on period furniture. Many stars go to him to furnish their houses, and many choice pieces from his shop have been seen in films demanding the "real thing" in furnishing.

If you live in London, you can touch the non-cinema life of the film people. Walk up Charing Cross Road towards Tottenham Court Road. Soon you will pass one of those big bookshops with which this famous street abounds—the proprietor of the establishment is the husband of Binnie Barnes. Just a little farther on, in a small side-turning just before you reach Cambridge Circus, is a popular and fashionable café. This attractive rendezvous is managed by Billy Watts, a young man whom you have seen in many British films, and here, too, at all hours of the day, you can see two or three famous faces among the customers.

Many stars could make a living from their hobbies or from the jobs they occupied before they found fame in front of the cameras.

Jean Harlow, for instance, has a hobby of writing, and is just as interested in this side-line as she is in her acting career. Every minute she can spare from her studio work she is jotting down ideas and impressions, or typing out the results of her labours at home. She has already written one novel which has been very favourably received by the reviewers, and she intends writing more, following in the footsteps of Elissa Landi, who already has three or four published volumes to her credit.

Other stars, too, have a literary hobby that could easily become a career. Luise Rainer is

Top: Robert Montgomery owns a large farm and spends most of his holidays and spare time on it, and here he is viewing the old pump in the yard. *Centre:* Nat Pendleton still keeps up his wrestling which brought him fame, and he demonstrates his skill by throwing Bill Quinn, who was also a member of the U.S.A. Olympic Team with Nat. *Bottom:* Chester Morris is an expert ventriloquist, and, should films fail, he could always get on the stage with his clever act. Whenever he is on location he always takes along his "doll," and amuses the rest of the company during their leisure hours.

busy writing the scenario of a ballet that may be produced one day, while Roland Young's book of cartoons and verses, both done by himself, was a best-seller in America.

Both Lionel Barrymore and Otto Kruger are composers of excellent music, and both have, as it were, a second "second string"—Barrymore has held private views of his etchings and Otto Kruger has written quite a few plays, which at present he is hoarding up for the proverbial rainy day.

June Knight, who danced and sang so excellently in "Broadway Melody of 1936," is writing a novel of Hollywood life to be illustrated by herself, and is often to be found on the sets making pen-and-ink sketches depicting studio life and characters.

Another expert "sketcher" is Jean Parker, who has a genius of caricaturing the great in a few well-chosen lines. Her work has often won prizes in art exhibitions.

Rosalind Russell's artistic talent lies in fashion-plate drawing, and almost all her own personal wardrobe has been made from her own designs. Betty Furness also has talent in this direction.

If Virginia Bruce and Una Merkel were out of a job, they could easily combine in a profit-making concern, and the world would hear of "Bruce and Merkel, Ltd., Interior Decorating." Virginia has marvellous taste in room planning and colour schemes, while Una even plans and superintends the making of new furniture for "the odd corner."

Allied to artistic pursuits, we can be sure that even were films to vanish many of our favourites would never starve—Grace Moore, Jan Kiepura, Lily Pons, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Richard Tauber, Paul Robeson and many others would return to the operatic spheres. Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, Jack Buchanan and many others would once again be known primarily as dancers.

And what of the men of the screen? Before a rôle in a stage play led Clark Gable to Hollywood and the highest rungs of the ladder of stardom, he had had a very chequered career—among his various jobs being farmhand, office clerk, oilfields worker, lumberman, road mender, newspaperman, electrician—too many even for Clark himself to remember, but out of all his past employments he would undoubtedly use as his second string either oil-well work or the mechanics of lumbering.

Even after this lapse of time Clark still has at his finger-tips all the elements of mechanical engineering.

Another devotee of engineering is William Powell. In electrical engineering lies his strength—or possibly his weakness, for so renowned a "leg-puller" as Bill Powell, a near-expert in electricity, uses his gifts for amusement only. From early boyhood Bill has always been interested in electric gadgets and automatic tricks, and to-day his new house is a veritable "surprise-packet" with its disappearing doors, whispering wires and electrical gadgets that only an expert can operate—and Bill has great fun in surprising all his friends.

Chester Morris, besides his ventriloquism, which is good enough to get him on the stage of any

Jean Hersholt is recognised as one of the best water-colour painters in Hollywood.



Bing Crosby is becoming quite an expert at throwing horse-shoes. Below we see Rosalind Russell discussing new dresses with Adrian, the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gown designer.



Jean Parker is a clever caricature artist.



Mala is great with one finger on a typewriter.



Lyle Talbot is an ardent collector of shoes and slippers—and he certainly won't go barefooted for a while with this lot in his cupboard!



music-hall, is also an adept at machine-shop working. He manufactures garden furniture and luxury toys in his extremely well-equipped workshop.

Tom Mix, as befits one of the greatest "outdoor men" on the screen, would turn to the land for his livelihood. He owns a vast tract of ranchland, and his name is associated with the raising of thoroughbred horses. He runs all the details of the ranch, exhibits at all the best shows, and has taken prize after prize for all types of cattle-raising.

It is, however, somewhat of a shock to find Robert Montgomery in the ranks of the "back-to-the-land" brigade. Bob has made his name in his characterisations of witty and charming young men about town, and only once, in "Hide-Out," has he appeared in a rural setting. As a matter of fact, however, he owns a large farm and spends nearly all his holidays there. He has seriously taken up the science of agriculture and animal raising, and has already announced that when he retires from the screen he will be a "farmer's boy," although he admits that he might occasionally take time off to fly the miniature aeroplanes invented and patented by his friend, Reginald Denny.

Strange as it may seem that Robert Montgomery, the "city man," should go on the land, it seems even stranger that Gary Cooper, most of whose screen life has been passed in the "great open spaces," would probably not go on a ranch or a farm at all. This tall and handsome young man would probably go back to the profession he held before he went screenwards—the profession, believe it or not, of a commercial artist with a strong bias in favour of cartoon work.

Two more side-lines that do not seem to fit the artistes' screen character are those of Charles Butterworth and Nat Pendleton. With the first, one would expect something in the comedy line, and with the second something where Nat's magnificent strength could be used. Wrong in both cases. The extremely funny but weebegone-looking Butterworth, who looks as if he has never said, done or thought a wise thing in his life, graduated from his university with a law degree and has kept up his studies ever since. At a minute's notice, therefore, he could practise law, and it is quite possible that we should hear, in that case, of a brilliant summing-up by the eminent lawyer, Mr. Butterworth.

Nat Pendleton, of course, was a champion wrestler before he became a screen comedian, and could always go back to that, but it is more than likely that he would adopt a literary career. He is a graduate of Columbia University, and gained his first important screen rôle by writing a film story, with a nice part for himself, and stipulating that he should play that rôle if the story was accepted as film material.

Big, bluff Wallace Beery would be equally at home as photographer or aviator. Wally collects cameras, and is always taking snaps and moving pictures of his family and friends when they are not looking. He develops all his own film and has

experimented with colour photography. His flying flair is, of course, extremely well known. He holds a pilot's licence, owns his own plane, prefers aeroplane travel to any other kind, and is in his element when he is starred in such films as "Hell Divers" and "West Point of the Air," or when, as in the case of "Treasure Island," "Viva Villa!" and "China Seas," he can fly to and from location.

When young Arlington Brough, the son of a doctor, was at college he showed great aptitude for psychology, and would probably have made that his life's work had not Fate stepped in and transformed and renamed him into Robert Taylor, one of our most rapidly risen young actors. It is still a serious pursuit with him, and he applies psychology to all his problems.

Johnny Weissmuller would naturally take to swimming again, but it is not generally known that Leo Carillo is also a champion swimmer. His speciality is ocean swimming, and he once won eleven medals in nine years at Santa Monica, the popular seaside resort in California.

Anyone would jump at the chance of having Madge Evans as a secretary—and she'd be a very good one, too. During the making of her latest film, "Exclusive Story," she had a competition with Stuart Erwin—no mean typewriter-pounder himself—with Joseph Calleia as referee, and that learned judge says there was not much to choose between them.

A great number of the stars have developed a desire to try their luck at farming. Here are a few of the latest recruits to agriculture: Spencer Tracy, Louise Fazenda, Warren William, Joel McCrea, Charles Ruggles, Francis Lederer, and Mae West. Warner Oland looks upon farming as a protection to his earnings, and owns a 1,700-acre ranch in Mexico. Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Barton MacLane, and Bing Crosby have a number of acres devoted to oranges.

Joel McCrea lives on a 1,000-acre ranch 40 miles out of Hollywood, where he raises horses and cattle. Joel can rope a steer and ride a bucking horse with the best cowboy. Richard Dix, who studied to be a surgeon, owns over a thousand acres, and though interested in farming, devotes all his spare time to the raising of hunting dogs. There are dozens in this farming business—Victor McLaglen raises turkeys, Edmund Lowe is one of the largest growers of Topepos, or pepper tomatoes; W. C. Fields raises chickens, and does well with fruit and vegetables; Paul Muni does a big business with walnuts.

Preston Foster has been newsboy, gardener, shipping clerk, wireless operator, advertising salesman, life-guard, concert singer, and radio performer. Which would he choose as his side-line? Victor Jory could go back to wrestling and boxing, as he was champion of British Columbia.

And so they go on—Richard Cromwell, who runs an art shop; Bette Davis, who could make her living by composing; Sir Guy Standing is an artist and an expert angler—there will always be films for them to appear in; but it is always comforting for everybody—even a film star—to have irons in the fire and not all the eggs in one basket.

Chester Morris is an expert carpenter.



June Knight is writing and illustrating a novel on Hollywood life, and is seen sketching three chorus girls, Dave Gould, the dance director, watching over her shoulder.



George Brent is an ardent collector of pipes.

Feature Favourites



WHAT makes a film? Apart from the obvious reply of camera, celluloid, and a bright light shining on to a screen, the answer is not so easy as it looks.

Is it the star? The person to whom all those fan letters are written and whose name appears above the title? Is it the director—who is seldom or never seen but must be important, as he can order the stars about? Is it the author? For, although it doesn't always seem the case, without a story there's no film. Is it the cameraman? The greatest film on earth is nothing if it looks as if it has been filmed through sackings.

The question has never been decided finally, and it is not going to be decided here, either. But there is a class of artist whose name rarely gets above the film title and rarely ever in the "first three," yet whose work contributes as largely to the ultimate success of the film as any of those previously mentioned—the character actors.

They contribute humour, drama, pathos and authenticity to any film. You see them in any type of story, often stealing the scenes in which they appear with the star. You remember them long after you have forgotten the leading player, and sometimes even the film itself.

One day the character actor may be a doctor, the next an out-of-work, a gangster, the oldest inhabitant, the village idiot, a bookie—anything and everything comes to them.

They are more versatile than the stars, and the highest in the profession often prefer the comparative obscurity in character work to the giddy but precarious heights of stardom.

Possibly the greatest character actor of them all, Lewis Stone, has had many offers of stardom, but has refused every one of them. He contends that the life of a featured player is longer than that of a star. He is certainly right in his own case. He became immediately popular on his film debut in 1915, is even more popular now after more than twenty years before

One of the greatest character actors on the screen, Lewis Stone, as he appeared in (top) "David Copperfield" (centre) with Clark Gable in "China Seas" and (bottom) in a dramatic scene from "Woman Wanted."

the public eye, and is one of the wealthiest and most respected men in the film world.

A list of stars with whom Lewis Stone has appeared would read like a "Who's Who of Film-dom" for the last twenty years. He is known as "Garbo's faithful friend," as he has appeared in more Garbo films than anyone except Garbo. Incidentally, such is the strange world of films, though they were both in "Grand Hotel," she as the dancer, he as the war-shattered doctor, they never met once during the course of production.

Stone's quiet, dignified appearance has been known to save an otherwise poor film from oblivion, whatever he is cast as he looks as if that has been his life's work—whatever clothes he wears—and they are always from his own extensive wardrobe—he looks as if he has worn them all his life. From the aristocratic villain of "Scaramouche," the dual role in "The Prisoner of Zenda," through a countless succession of lawyers, doctors, detectives and statesmen, to the faithful counsellor of "Queen Christina" or the cowardly officer in "China Seas," Stone has never been typed yet has always been a type.


If Stone is the most famous of the character players, it is obvious that one of the most versatile is Reginald Owen—"one man in his time plays many parts" might have been written specially to describe the very gifted Englishman. He started to make himself known in a succession of "silly ass" parts, but has now branched out into such a bewildering variety of roles that it has been known for publicity men (who should, of course, know everything) not to recognise him from a photograph taken in character.

It is not so unusual as you might imagine. The heroic warrior-prince in "Queen Christina," the slimy villain in "Call of the Wild," the silly ass in "The Dover Road," the absent-minded musician in "Escapade," the vulgar self-made man




Top: Ronald Colman with Reginald Owen, another great character actor, in a scene from "A Tale of Two Cities." Centre: Nat Pendleton, the huge, ponderous ex-wrestler as he appeared with Robert Montgomery in "Fugitive Lovers." Bottom left: Paul Hurst with Jean Parker in "Sequoia," and (bottom right) a scene from "Robin Hood of El Dorado," showing Paul Hurst in another of his villainous rôles.





Zasu Pitts, who has made a feature of "dithering" comedy, is always good for a laugh in any film.



Guy Kibbee and Edna May Oliver who are always good in any character they portray on the screen.



Mae Busch, who has often "made things hot" for that pair of funsters, Laurel and Hardy.

in "The Bishop's Misadventures" the charmingly dissipated noble in "Anna Karenina," or the pompous lawyer in "A Tale of Two Cities" have very little in common—yet they were all Reginald Owen. As a matter of fact, there seems to be only one method of spotting him—when he is excited his voice booms and his mouth opens very much more than usual. When next you see someone who seems vaguely familiar yet whom you can't quite place, watch for this, and you can wager it is Reginald up to his tricks again.

The majority of the character players, however, remain in their own particular spheres even though they may alternate their villainy with a spot of heroism, switch from ruthless gangster to an equally ruthless detective, or rustle cattle in one film and ride with the Sheriff's posse in the next.

Huge, ponderous ex-wrestler Nat Pendleton is always good for a laugh. Generally cast as the "dumb" member of the gang, he has appeared twice—in "The Thin Man" and "It's in the Air"—on the other side of the law and played an equally dumb detective. Now, however, he seems to have gone in for screen biography like so many other artists and is playing Eugene Sandow, the world-famous Strong Man in "The Great Ziegfeld," William Powell's latest starring picture. Incidentally, despite his appearances and roles, he is an extremely intelligent man and a graduate of Columbia University.

Two others who are apparently solid ivory from the neck up are also surprisingly learned in private life. Stephen Fetchit, the negro comedian, who mumbles and whines his way through his parts, is in reality Lincoln Theodore Perry, M.A., and Warren Hymer, the perky, coarse-voiced gangster of so many films, is a graduate of Yale University.

These character artists are seldom out of a job. Producers automatically think of them when they are casting their films. You want an excitable Italian? Henry Armetta. An equally excitable German? Herman Bing.

These two are always busy, gathering laughs and often walking away with the picture. Everyone knows them by sight if not by name. They trot their stock-in-trade out time after time and every time audiences roar with laughter. Armetta's peculiarly crab-like walk, waving of arms and vicious smiting of himself on the forehead are as well known as Bing's precise little hand gestures and general air of being about to explode every time he utters a single word.

How many times have you seen Paul Hurst of the bristling chin and the blood chilling leer, bite the dust from the hero's trusty six shooter in the Wild West stories where men are men and villains really and truly are villains? Paul was the villain of "Sequoia" and "The Robin Hood of Eldorado," to mention only two, and was hardly recognisable when he shaved himself to play a comedy detective in "Calm Yourself," with Robert Young and Madge Evans.

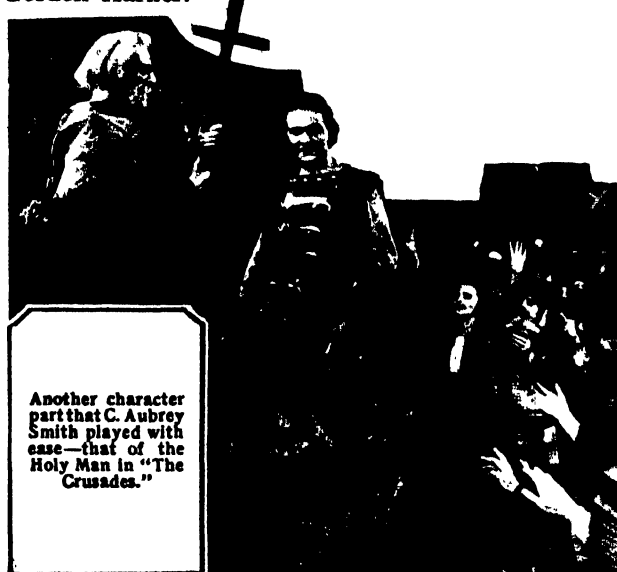
Comedy, drama, villainy and general toughness, they all have their own particular artists—women as well as men. Alison Skipworth, Zasu Pitts and

Aline MacMahon all rose to fame through playing "bits" that stood out, and many others are also well on the way to stardom. When any studio wants a stout motherly landlady they try to get Maude Eburne to sign on the dotted line. In British studios, they send for such character actresses as Sara Allgood for the kind-hearted and Dorothy Vernon for the comic landladies—you have seen them scores of times. The good-hearted and sharp-tongued spinster can be safely entrusted to Edna May Oliver, the unforgettable Betsy Trotwood of "David Copperfield"; the calm and dignified foil to the craziness of the Marx Brothers is always Margaret Dumont; the thin-faced Eily Malyon has whined her way through many films, notably "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Kind Lady," while the famous dramatic actress, Mae Busch, has often "made things hot" for Mr. Laurel, Mr. Hardy, or both, in the comedies that have made Stan and Ollie world famous.

There are two types of character acting in which Britain seems to hold world monopoly. They are, of course, the Cockney and the "silly ass." Both types, of course, have appeared in foreign films, but unless they are played by the "home grown" variety they do not somehow ring true.

A cockney role seems to be something more than a matter of accent for one not of British birth, and consequently we find that American films that call for Cockney characters have to rely on the English-born players—such as Forrester Harvey, Beryl Mercer, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Charles MacNaughton and others of that select band each of whom is capable of giving a little gem of Cockney characterisation.

In this country, of course, we have a particularly strong list of character players who can become Cockneys at will. There is the veteran music hall artiste, George Carney, who took the title role in "A Real Bloke," and played a navvy as if he had been one all his life. There is Roddy Hughes, Donald Calthrop, Wally Patch, Arnold Daly, John Turnbull—and, more than any one else, Gordon Harker.



Another character part that C. Aubrey Smith played with ease—that of the Holy Man in "The Crusades."




Frank Morgan who has "stolen" more pictures than he can probably remember during his career as a character actor in Hollywood.

C. Aubrey Smith, the English actor, as he appeared in "China Seas" with Clark Gable.


Claude Allister—the "silly ass" dude of the screen.



Eugene Palette
as he appeared in
the British pic-
ture, "The Ghost
Goes West."



Herbert Marshall
with Lionel Atwill
in "The Solitaire
Man."



Basil Rathbone, Donald
Woods and H. B. Warner
in another scene from "A
Tale of Two Cities."

America, of course, has its own equivalent to the "silly ass" but it is miles removed from the fatuous imbecility of a Claude Allister, an Edmund Brean, a Kenneth Kove or a Claude Hulbert. Frank Morgan has stolen more pictures than he can probably remember himself, but his "dithering" does not come into the "monocled P. G. Wodehouse" character one thinks of when the "silly ass" is mentioned.

A definite proof of this is contained in Ronald Colman's "Bulldog Drummond" films. In the first, the "silly ass" role of "Algy" was played as to manner born by Claude Allister, the head, if one may say so, of his profession. In "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," however, "Algy" was played by Charles Butterworth, and the illusion was spoiled through no fault of Butterworth's, but simply because his humour is not that which we have come to associate with the "silly ass."

There are, too, some films that come as a gift of the gods to the character people. In most productions, there are only one or two roles into which they can "get their teeth"—dignified butler, mysterious stranger, comedy relief, etc., but in other films, the people rather than the play is the thing and here the type players come into their own.

Generally these films are of the spectacular variety such as "The Crusades," which gave great opportunities to such players as C. Aubrey Smith, Ian Keith, Alan Hale, the veteran William Farnum, and many others, but there are other types with specified locales that are also extremely popular—such as the small-town types in "Ah, Wilderness," the story of a little family in a small New England town, the ordinary Sussex country folk in "Song of the Plough" or the down and outs in "Doss House." All these call for character worth of the highest order.

Two of the biggest films of the year are definitely "character men's" pictures, although both casts are headed by world famous stars.

There must have been jubilation for the "tough" type when casting began for "Mutiny on the Bounty" and the seamen and mutineers look as hard as nails; heading the "lower decks" are Donald Crisp and Stanley Fields, with the erstwhile comedian Eddie Quillan surprisingly—and surprisingly well—cast as a press-ganged mutineer. Other character actors are Herbert Mundin, Henry Stephenson, Ian Wolf, Ivan Sampson and an actor named William Bambridge who is so perfectly at home in the role of the South Sea Islands chief that only his name proves that he is not a real native.

The other big film is "A Tale of Two Cities," which stars Ronald Colman and gives great character chances to Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, one of our best villains, and a whole host of others including E. E. Clive, whose Old Bailey Judge was a little gem of characterisation.

It is not often that there is so long and varied a list of type roles in a single film, but there should be more if only to ensure good acting and another chance to the most important person—the "make weight" actor.



Gracie Fields



Janet Gaynor



Jeanette MacDonald

Thirteen people are travelling in a trans-continental aeroplane. A man just released from prison is murdered. Everyone on the machine comes under the suspicion of Farrady, a detective. Before he finally places the guilt for the crime a second murder is mysteriously committed. Starring Onslow Stevens and Esther Ralston.



Unlucky Thirteen

WHEN Al Talcott was released from prison after doing fifteen years for a kidnapping offence quite a lot of people in Los Angeles seemed interested.

The case which resulted in Al going to gaol in the first place caused quite a commotion amongst local residents. In those days Al had rather fancied himself as a smart crook. He had pulled one or two bank jobs off successfully, had terrified a few small traders into paying him money for protection, and had gathered around him a few thugs who were willing to perform the jobs he had planned and take a cut of the proceeds.

But there had come the time when Los Angeles had become too hot for him. The police were on his trail, and for once he had been careless enough to leave behind sufficient evidence to send him to prison.

So he thought of the kidnapping job. His idea was to make a big clean-up and leave Los Angeles for ever.

He chose for this final coup a kid of six named Jimmy Stafford. Jimmy was the son of a big chain-store keeper in the city, and looked like a good proposition.

Al made the snatch one day when Jimmy was out walking with his nurse in the park. He scooped the child up, put him into a fast car, and was away before the passers-by could get the terrified nurse to tell them what had happened.

Al demanded as ransom money the sum of fifty thousand dollars. It wasn't much as ransom money went, but Al was out for quick results.

In the course of time, after threatening to kill the child, he got the fifty thousand. But something had gone wrong. When, later, carefully disguised, he went to the railroad station to board a train for New York, Captain Harrigan, then captain of detectives, stepped forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I want you, Al," Harrigan said pleasantly. "Coming quietly, or shall we all shoot it out?"

Al made to duck and run. Then he saw the ring of police officers round him, each with a hand buried deep in a pocket, and decided to go quietly enough. It was wiser that way.

When they got him to the precinct station, Harrigan rubbed his hands together pleasantly.

"Well, Al, let's get our business over quickly," he said. "All you have to do is to tell me where

you've hidden the fifty thousand bucks you got from old man Stafford, and I'll do my best to make things easy for you with the judge."

Al smiled sourly. He knew what was going to happen to him, and had already made plans.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said.

"No? Then maybe we could beat it out of you."

"Go right ahead. I can't stop you from trying."

The next six hours were pretty bad, but they couldn't break Al's nerve. They did nearly everything but kill him, trying to make him tell where he had hidden that ransom money, but failed to make him talk. In the end they sent him for trial.

That was fifteen years ago. And now, to-day, he was due to come out of prison.

Al had been mixed up with a bad crowd in the old days, and there were some of them who felt they ought to have had a share of that money—just because they and Al had been partners. Two of the old crowd were Tony Bernardi and Stephen Greer.

Tony and Stephen had risen in the world since Al had been sent to the big house. They had been running things on their own. But the tightening of police nets and the formation of honest protection societies had put them both into low water, and when they saw the notice of Al's release in the local paper they decided to do something about it.

"We'll trail that mug," said Tony Bernardi. "We've got plenty of time. He's got all that dough cached somewhere, and sooner or later he's going to lead us to it. And when he does——"

He left the remainder of the sentence unfinished, but the crafty smile on his face told of his intentions. Bernardi was not above murder.

And Stephen Greer was not above helping him.

The prison authorities did their best to smuggle Al out of prison without anyone seeing, but they were not altogether successful. Greer, sent to keep watch on the prison gates, observed a quiet, well-dressed man leave in the warden's car, and did some quick guessing. Al had been described to him by Bernardi, and his features, and foxy eyes fitted.

He traced his man to a room opposite, and when he saw Bernardi. Thereafter Al Talcott's every movement was watched.

At that time Jimmy Stafford, the boy who had been kidnapped, was twenty-one, and in love. He wanted desperately to marry Amelie Darrell, a girl he had met at college, but the girl's parents had forbidden the match on the grounds that they were both too young and too poor. He and Amelie, therefore, had decided to elope.

The release of Al had seriously threatened their plans. Reporters kept coming round and asking him questions, and sooner or later they would find out about the coming elopement.

So Jimmy and Amelie held a hurried conference. They decided to clear out at once, go to a distant town, and there be made man and wife; then

when everything was over they would return to Los Angeles and confront Amelie's parents.

There were other people who had been worried by Al's release and had decided to leave town. But Al knew nothing of all this. He hung around his hotel room for a couple of days, trying to muster up enough courage to go to the place where he had deposited the ransom money.

In the end he decided to leave town also. He had enough funds on him to move about a bit, and knew that some of the old crowd would be interested in his movements.

So on the third day he quietly left the hotel and made for the American Airways landing-ground. There he booked a seat in the next plane leaving for Phoenix, Arizona.

Bernardi and Greer went hot on his trail. Bernardi watched Al make the reservation, then strolled casually over to the booking clerk.

"Did my friend—the one who was here just now—book for me as well?" he asked. In his hand was a wad of notes.

The clerk shook his head.

"No, sir," he replied. "He booked for himself only."

"All right—reserve two more places."

The clerk wrote out the tickets.

"Phoenix—eighty-two dollars, please," he said. "What name?"

"Johnson," said Bernardi.

The clerk took the money and handed over the tickets.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "The plane leaves in half an hour."

Bernardi smiled as he walked away and rejoined Greer. Perhaps he would not have smiled so confidently had he seen the quiet, unpretentious man who had been watching in the background, and who now came forward to the booking desk and produced a G-man identity warrant.

"My name's Farrady," the quiet man said. "I'm hopping the same ship as our friend—what was his name?"



"Did my friend—the one who was here just now—book for me as well?" he asked.

"Johnson, sir"

"Ah, yes! Johnson! It's as good a name as any other. Fix me up, will you?"

"Very good, sir," the clerk replied.

When the plane eventually left the ground there were thirteen aboard, including the two pilots and the stewardess.

Unlucky thirteen!

Shot 1

THEY had been flying for about an hour when it became apparent that there was bad weather ahead. Frederick Long, the chief pilot, reported to Los Angeles by wireless telephone that they were encountering banks of heavy black cloud, and asked for a weather report.

The report was not reassuring. It told of possible thunderstorms in the neighbourhood of the State border, and advised landing at the emergency ground at Kingville if conditions became too bad.

The chief pilot passed the news on to his assistant, Jim Redfern, and Jim pressed his buzzer, asking for the stewardess. She went into the pilot's cabin.

"We might be making a landing, honey," Jim said. "Dirty weather ahead. Tell 'em to use their foot-straps. We'll be bumping a bit."

"Okay" she replied, and made to turn away.

He stopped her, having first assured himself that his chief was still wearing the wireless headphones.

"Listen, Nancy," he said in a low voice, "you've been holding out on me for more than a week now. How about you and me getting married some time?"

Nancy Rhodes looked at him contemptuously.

"What! On your pay?" she said.

"Well, two can live as cheaply as one," he told her.

"Sure they can—if one don't eat!" she retorted, and made her way back to the passengers before he could say anything more.

Meanwhile Bernardi and Greer, sitting about halfway down the main cabin, had just discovered that Farrady, the G-man, was sitting behind them. They pretended not to see him, but it was obvious that his presence made them extremely uncomfortable. Al Talcott was up in front, half hidden behind a banker and his wife. Jimmy Stafford and Amelie Darrell were behind the banker.

Farrady, seeing that he had been observed, leaned forward and touched Bernardi on the shoulder. Bernardi jumped.

"Hallo, Bernardi!" Farrady said. "Going places?"

Bernardi scowled.

"What the blazes has it got to do with you where I'm going?" he snapped.

Farrady shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing much—at present," he said. "I thought perhaps you and Al and Greer might be teaming up again. You used to be good friends in the old days, didn't you?"

"What do you know about it? It was before your time, anyway, copper."

Farrady smiled grimly.

"True," he said softly. "Very true. But the police department keeps records, you know, and they let inquisitive guys like me see them when we ask. I asked."

Bernardi scowled again, opened his mouth to say something else, then thought better of it and turned away. Greer, scared to say anything at all in case he gave anything away, remained silent.

A minute later the plane felt as though it had been hit by a gigantic sandbag. It seemed to stop dead, then go on again, tilting at an alarming angle. A broad streak of lightning quivered across the sky ahead, and the sharp crash of thunder could be heard above the drone of the engines.

An elderly lady at the back of the cabin screamed. The stewardess hurried to her.

"It's all right, madam," she said. "We ran into an air-pocket. There's nothing to be frightened about."

"Why don't we turn back?" the elderly lady moaned. "Oh, why don't we turn back?"

"You're quite safe," the stewardess assured her. "We're going to land soon. Please fasten your foot-straps, everyone, please."

The plane swayed and dipped a second time. The banker's wife almost fell out of her seat.

"Foot-straps!" called out the stewardess through another crash of thunder. "Fasten your foot-straps—you won't come to any harm then."

It was pitch black outside, except for the blinding lightning that forked across the angry clouds. Slanting rain drove across the windows and drummed on the fuselage persistently.

The buzzer went a second time. The stewardess went forward to the pilots, to find the chief still busy with the telephone. Jim Redfern turned and grinned up at her as she came in.

"Nice weather, honey," he said chattily. "We're dipping to land now, and Fred says we'll probably stay all night. There's a disused hotel on the edge of the field that the passengers can use—maybe the caretaker can fix them up with food or something. You'd better tell them."

"Okay," she said.

"Listen! Before you go. I'd make a good husband, and——"

The door to the passengers' cabin slammed hard. He shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his controls.

"Women are funny that way," he muttered to himself, and swung his wheel as the plane shuddered into another pocket.

They reached a point above the emergency ground at last. By then the watchman had been warned by telegraph and the landing flares had been lit. The chief pilot manoeuvred to make his landing against the wind, tilted the plane steadily, and proceeded to lose height.

Crash after crash of thunder blotted out the noise of the engines. The storm was now at its height, and the lightning was almost continuous. Even Farrady, whose nerves were normally as

steady as a rock, had to cling on to the arms of his seat, wondering whether they would remain upright when the wheels touched mother earth again.

But Frederick Long, chief pilot, ace man for the line, knew what he was doing. There was a soft bump, a second one as the springs answered to the shock, and then the steady vibration of the plane rolling over uneven ground. The landing had been a good one.

The chief killed his engine, waited for the plane to come to a standstill, then got up from his seat.

"Get the passengers over to the hotel," he said to Jim Redfern. "I'm going outside to help the watchman peg the ship down. Okay?"

"Okay!" Jim replied.

He went into the passengers' cabin and unfastened the door close by the tail.

"To the hotel, folks!" he shouted. "And run! It's pouring!"

The passengers tumbled out of the cabin and made for the tall, gaunt building that stood on the side of the field, all of them except one. He sat huddled in his seat, apparently asleep.

Jim went to shake him by the shoulder. It was at that moment that the stewardess saw his face.

"Jim! Look!" she screamed. "He's not asleep. He's—"

She could not finish. Jim bent down, peered into the man's face, and then sucked in his breath sharply.

Meanwhile Farrady had been walking away with Bernardi. He heard the scream and stopped.

"Something's wrong," he said. "Any of your doing, Bernardi?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Bernardi replied.

"I suppose not. Anyway, you'd better come back with me."

Bernardi shrugged his shoulders. He knew better than to cross swords with a G-man. The two retraced their steps and entered the plane.

Farrady's eyes narrowed when he saw the huddled man. He swung on Bernardi quickly.

"So you got Al Talcott after all," he said, and put a hand over the dead man's heart. It came away sticky with blood. "I suppose you banked on getting away with it, using the thunder to drown the noise of the shot. Give me your gun."

Bernardi smiled broadly and produced a large six-chambered weapon from an inside pocket. He held it out.

"There you are, copper," he said.

Farrady took it and broke it open.

"Not fired, eh?" he said. "Where's the other one?"

"I haven't any other."

Farrady snapped the gun shut and dropped it into his pocket. Then he went over Bernardi's clothes inch by inch. He drew blank.

"Dropped it overboard, I suppose," he said sourly.

The stewardess broke in with:

"He couldn't do that. All the windows were shut."



Farrady took the revolver and broke it open. "Not fired, eh?" he said. "Where's the other one?"

"Huh! Then you must have passed it on to Greer. Come with me. I'll soon have you where I want you."

For once in his life Bernardi was not in the least perturbed.

"I am at your disposal," he said.

The two men left the plane and started for the hotel. Jim and Nancy, after a dubious look back at the dead man, followed, locking the door of the plane before they went.

Farrady Checks Up

THE hotel was a bit of a dusty place. In the early days of flying, when planes could not go long distances without refuelling, it had been a thriving resort where long-distance passengers could get a night's sleep; but now, with hops of five hundred miles the rule, the former aerodrome had become merely a temporary landing-ground, and the hotel had been compelled to close from lack of support.

When Farrady and Bernardi entered the caretaker was busy removing the dust-sheets from the furniture in the huge lobby. Farrady thrust Bernardi into the place, waited until Jim Redfern and Nancy had passed him, then slammed the door and stood with his back to it.

"Greer," he snapped, "come here!"

Greer was over in a corner, playing solitaire with a greasy pack of cards. He looked up, grinned impudently, and then strolled over.

"Yes, president?" he said.

"Let me have your gun."

Greer frowned slightly and looked at Bernardi. Bernardi nodded. With a shrug of his shoulders, Greer pulled a pearl-handled Colt from his shoulder slip and held it out.

As he had done in the case of Bernardi's weapon, Farrady broke it open. A neat circle of unpunctured percussion caps met his gaze. He grunted.

"Any others?" he asked.

"Search me!" said Greer, and held up his arms.

Farrady obliged, but without any success. He thrust Greer back.

"Okay!" he said. "Stand over there with the others."

Greer obeyed. Farrady ran his eye over the assembled company, seeking signs of uneasiness or guilt, but saw none. He sighed. It was always like that in such cases. Nobody had done it, nobody knew anything about it, everybody was as innocent as a new-born babe!

"Folks," he said, slowly and distinctly, "I have some bad news to give you. Nobody must leave this hotel until further notice. If you want my authority for that, my name is Farrady, and I'm a member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation." He produced his identity warrant. "Anybody who's interested can come over here and have a look at this."

Bernardi chuckled audibly.

"It's quite all right, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I'll vouch for him. I know him quite well."

Farrady swallowed hard. He felt that he would like to give Bernardi a good sock on the jaw.

"The position is, folks, that one of our fellow passengers has been murdered."

"Murdered!" Several people spoke the word at once, and a cry of horror went up.

"Yes, murdered. Mr. Al Talcott was shot through the heart just before we landed—or maybe just after. It doesn't really matter. What does matter is that he's dead, and that someone in the plane did it. I'm going to check up generally. Any objections?"

The elderly banker stood up protestingly.

"I think it is outrageous. You have no right——"

Farrady went over to him and held out his hand.

"That's exactly what I wanted," he said. "It gives me someone to start on. Have you a gun?"

"Er—yes."

"I'd like to see it, Mr.——"

"Martin Byrd is my name." The banker scowled his annoyance. "You'll hear more about this, young man. I'm the vice-president of the Pacific Coast Bank, and——"

Farrady's hands running over his clothing cut him short. He spluttered at the indignity. Satisfied that he was carrying no weapon on his person, Farrady asked for his keys.

"I want to look through your luggage, too," he said.

Byrd had a small gladstone bag with him. He threw the keys at Farrady, knowing that objections would be futile, and sat close at hand while the detective continued with the search.

Farrady opened the bag and uttered a long whistle. He put in his hand and drew out a revolver. Beneath it were several bundles of notes of high denomination.

"So you carry a gun, too. Mr. Byrd," he said.

"But why carry it locked away in a bag?"

Byrd shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he replied. "I don't go around shooting people."

Farrady examined the gun, but it too had not been fired. He dropped it into his pocket.

"Well, that lets you out," he said. "Who's travelling with you?"

Byrd waved his hand at two ladies.

"This is my wife," he said, pointing to the elder one. "And this is Miss Ruby Anatol."

Farrady looked at the second woman with interest. She was not young, but she was very beautiful and had character. He smiled at her appreciatively, and the smile was returned.

"Delighted to meet you, Miss Anatol," he said.

"Let me see, you're the film star, aren't you?"

"That's right," was the reply.

Farrady looked at her speculatively.

"But you weren't always, if my memory serves me rightly," he mused. "In fact, you used to be mixed up with some of the boys of the Talcott gang. Yes?"

Ruby Anatol's eyes narrowed. She did not like being reminded of the days when she had been

destitute, and therefore compelled to make her living in all kinds of shady ways.

"You seem to know a deuce of a lot about me," she said shortly.

"It's my business to know about people," Farrady replied. "May I see your luggage?"

She had a small leather case with her. Reluctantly she gave up her keys, and Farrady opened it. It contained jewellery of very considerable value—perhaps a hundred thousand dollars' worth.

"H'm!" was Farrady's comment. "You've done pretty well for yourself, anyway. Do you pack a gun?"

"No."

"Well, you're the exception round here." He relocked the case and handed the keys back. "Freeze on to that bundle of sparklers. There's funny company around here." He turned to the others. "While I'm continuing my search of the men and luggage, perhaps the ladies will go to an upstairs room and hold themselves at the disposal of the stewardess."

Nancy Rhodes had been sitting talking to Jim Redfern. She rose, nodded at Farrady, and started to go upstairs. Farrady herded the women after her, then, when they had gone, turned and faced the men.

"I'm still looking for a gun that's been fired," he said grimly. "And I'm going to find it. In any event, I'm going to put the killer under arrest before we continue our journey. Is the chief pilot there?"

Frederick Long came forward.

"I'm here," he said.

Farrady jerked his head in the direction of the door.

"Find the ground watchman, and search outside for a gun. Go over the field with a fine comb—especially the part from here to the plane. Search the plane itself, too. And hurry."

"Very well, sir," was the reply, and the chief pilot went out.

"And now," said Farrady grimly, "we'll get down to serious business."

Bernardi Gets Clear

REPEATED crashes of thunder, vivid flashes of lightning, the incessant drumming of heavy rain—these accompanied the subsequent proceedings. The storm raged with all the fury of Nature.

Farrady took no notice of it. But the others, their nerves already stretched to breaking point, jumped at the awful din, and began to wonder whether they were all doomed.

Farrady collected a few more weapons and stuffed them into his overcoat pockets, until he was weighted down with them. But they were all unfired, and no clue came to light which gave him the slightest inkling of the murderer.

In the end, after questioning and cross-questioning, he was

compelled to give the task up—from that angle, at any rate. But, if he failed to put his finger on the culprit, he at least obtained a considerable amount of data which could be checked up in Los Angeles.

He tumbled all the weapons except one into a table drawer and locked it. The one remaining he gave to Jim Redfern.

"I'm going over to the control office," he said. "I've got some telegraphing to do. Keep an eye on everyone, and if you have to shoot"—he glanced sourly at Bernardi as he spoke—"maybe it won't be much of a loss. The main thing is that no one must leave this place until I get back. Understand?"

"I understand," Jim replied.

Farrady nodded and went out. He found the control office, and was joined by the watchman as he went in. The watchman asked him what he wanted.

"I want a long wire sent to the chief of police at Los Angeles," he said. "Or, better still, I'll use the telephone."

The watchman shook his head.

"You can't 'phone from here," he said. "The line was disconnected when the airplane company stopped using the field as an airport. I've got ordinary telegraph equipment, though, with a telewriter service. Will that do?"

"That'll do," said Farrady.

The watchman uncovered the machine, tapped out a message in Morse in order to get the telewriter connected up, then sat down at a keyboard. His fingers played over the keys, writing out the address—"Police Captain, Headquarters, Los Angeles." Then he said:

"Okay! I'm ready."

Farrady started to dictate.

Meanwhile, back in the hotel, the passengers



"So you carry a gun, too, Mr. Byrd," he said. "But why carry it locked away in a bag?"

were making themselves comfortable. They had resigned themselves to staying in the place all night, and had curled themselves up as best they could in chairs and on couches. Bernardi carefully waited until everyone else was settled, then, with no other place to lie, he folded his overcoat up under his head and made himself as comfortable as he could on the floor.

But he did not stay there for long. He complained of draughts. Jim Redfern, sitting on the edge of the table, gun in hand, took no notice of him.

Gradually Bernardi edged himself across the floor until he was underneath the table. Jim looked down at him suspiciously.

"Why there?" he asked.

"The light's in my eyes," Bernardi explained. "I want to get some sleep. That dumb copper will be all night on this job, and I can't see any reason why I should suffer. I'll go somewhere else if you'll turn the light out."

Jim grunted.

"Don't start anything," he said, and hefted the gun in his hand. "I've used these things before."

"I won't start anything," Bernardi promised. "Think I want to make Farrady more objectionable than he is already?"

Jim nodded, and thereafter ignored him. Had he known what Bernardi was doing, though, he would not have taken the situation quite so easily.

For Bernardi had pulled out a knife and was levering out a piece of the thin wood that comprised the bottom of the table drawer. He worked quickly and silently, a smile on his face as the blade cut into the thin timber. Every now and then he stopped and looked round, making sure that the others were still sleeping.

In the end he made a hole large enough to put his hand through. He reached up and took hold of the butt of a gun.

The next moment Jim Redfern felt something prod hard into the base of his spine. A quiet voice said:

"Put the artillery down. If you make one false move I'll kill you!"

Jim started to swing round. The pressure against his spine became more insistent.

"Farrady believes me to be a killer," Bernardi said warningly, "and he's cleverer than you."

Jim surrendered. There was something in Bernardi's voice which compelled him to. He was not afraid; at the same time, he was not foolish. He put the gun down on the table.

"That's better," said Bernardi, and stood up. "Rouse yourself, folks. I mean business."

His voice boomed through the lobby, and the other passengers sat up with a start. Bernardi's gun was pointed at them steadily.

"You, Byrd—put your bag on the table." He backed away so that no one could rush him. "And you, Miss Anatol, put your jewels beside it. Hurry!"

They hurried. Now that Bernardi had a weapon in his hand, now that the merest pressure

of a finger could send death speeding across at them, they were frightened of him.

In silence Byrd and Ruby Anatol obeyed. Bernardi waited until they had joined the others, then came forward and took the two bags in his left hand.

"Well, so long, folks," he said. "Maybe I'll be seeing you again some time, but don't bank on it."

He edged towards the door. Greer started forward.

"Wait for me, Tony," he called.

"Like blazes I will! You're not in this. I pulled the job myself, and I'm not splitting with anyone." He opened the door behind him and paused just a moment longer. "If anybody tries to follow, it's going to be just too bad," he finished, and the next moment he was gone.

A minute later Farrady, chatting to the watchman after finishing his message to Los Angeles, heard three shots in quick succession. He stiffened.

"Something's wrong," he said. "Bring the reply over to the hotel when it comes through."

He dashed out, to find Jim standing at the open door of the lobby.

"Who fired those shots?" he shouted.

"I did," Jim replied. "It was the only way of getting into touch with you. Bernardi's escaped!"

"He has, huh! Well, he won't get far." Even as he spoke a crash of thunder rent the air. "Hey, Byrd—and you, young Stafford—come out and help me search for him. You're about the only two I can trust, and I'm not too sure I'm doing the right thing even then. But Bernardi's our man, and the sooner we get him where we want him, the better. Shift!"

They shifted, spreading out fanwise, running into the lightning-shattered darkness.

The Culprit

SLEEP was impossible now, so the other passengers huddled close together, waiting and wondering for something else to happen.

Five minutes passed by—ten—and then the door was abruptly kicked open and Farrady came in. He was carrying across his back an inert figure in oilskins.

Jim Redfern was the first to reach him. He pointed at the burden Farrady was carrying, and asked:

"Who's that?"

"It's the field watchman," Farrady replied grimly. "I think he's dead. Help me with him."

They carried the man to a couch and laid him down. Farrady undid the oilskins and felt for a wound. His face became ugly.

"He's been shot too," he said, and bent down to make a closer examination. "Hallo, what's this?"

Something was clenched in the dead man's hand. It was a strip of ticker-tape paper—the kind that comes off the receiving end of a tele-

writer end. He reached down to force open the man's fingers, when a sound from the doorway made him straighten up and swing round.

Jimmy Stafford had returned, bringing Bernardi with him. Bernardi had a huge cut over his eye, and his face was dead white.

Farrady went up to him and took him by the lapels of his coat.

"So you had to do it again!" he said, and pointed to the dead watchman.

Bernardi's eyes went open wide.

"I didn't do that," he said. "I didn't even see him. Someone came up behind me in the dark and hit me over the head. When I woke up this young man here was bending over me."

"He stole Byrd's money and Miss Anatol's jewels," Jim Redfern broke in.

"He did, huh!" Farrady shook Bernardi roughly. "Where did you cache the stuff, Bernardi?"

"I didn't cache it. I never had a chance. Whoever knocked me out got away with everything, my gun included."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"You haven't any choice. I wouldn't hit myself over the head for the fun of the thing."

Farrady had to admit the justice of that. Bernardi was clearly in a bad way. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face, and he was swaying weakly.

"All right," Farrady said. "You'd better sit down somewhere where I can see you. And if you try any more funny business I'll drill you. Get it?"

"I get it," Bernardi replied sullenly. "But you aren't fixing those killings on to me?"

"We'll see," said Farrady, and nodded to Jim Redfern to take him away.

He did not move himself for a while. He was trying to think. Al Talcott had been murdered, and there was obviously some motive for that. The field watchman had also been murdered, but the reason for this second killing was not quite so clear. And yet Farrady had a hunch that if only he could connect up the two tragedies, if only he could find a motive for the second murder which fitted in with the first, he would have no difficulty in laying his hands on the culprit.

He went over all the circumstances in his mind. Al Talcott had hidden away a lot of ransom money, and only he had known where it was. Bernardi didn't. Nor did Greer. Which seemed to suggest something that Farrady had not thought of before—neither of the crooks would have killed Al until they had located Al's hidden store of wealth.

Farrady's eyes narrowed. This new angle changed the whole aspect of the situation completely, and he cursed himself for not having worked it out before. Now it was a thousand to one that the crooks were innocent.

Then who else in the plane could have had a reason for so cunning a crime? The pilots and the stewardess could be left out of it—they would be vouched for by the company, and, in any case, they were not in any way connected with the affair. Martin Byrd and his wife? Hardly. Byrd was a highly respected citizen. Ruby Anatol? Again it did not seem probable. She was not short of



Jim Redfern was the first to reach him and he pointed at the burden Farrady was carrying.

money, and, even if she had been, she would have waited until Al had disclosed where his funds were. Jimmy Stafford and the girl he was eloping with? Well, perhaps. Jimmy might have had feelings of vengeance, although that was hardly likely. He would not want to spoil his romance by introducing anything so sordid as a killing.

His train of thought was interrupted by the return of Byrd. The banker was drenched to the skin.

"I couldn't find him--" he began, then saw Bernardi sitting across the lobby. "Oh, you've got him!"

"Yes, we've got him," Farrady said. "But I'm fairly satisfied now that he didn't have anything to do with the killing. It was someone else. Someone in this room." He surveyed the passengers critically. "Someone who feared Al Talcott, or who wanted revenge. Someone who—"

He stopped speaking abruptly, his eyes upon the dead watchman. For a moment he said nothing more. Then he gave a long-drawn-out whistle.

"Hey, you!" he said to Jim Redfern. "Take your gun and put your back to that door. Don't let anyone in or out. Where's the chief pilot?"

"Here," came the quiet reply. "I returned some time ago."

Farrady glanced casually at him.

"You stay by the door too."

The chief pilot went with Jim Redfern. Farrady looked keenly at every person as if trying to read their expressions. Actually he was looking for someone who might be giving signs of fright. As they all looked either scared or distraught he did not learn anything. But Farrady knew his business, and that by keeping them waiting he was putting them on edge.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said grimly, "I am now about to tell you who the murderer was. The dead watchman is clutching in his hand some pieces of paper from the telewriter, which means that he received a reply from Los Angeles. And in that reply was information which will lead me to the killer of Al Talcott. There can't be any other reason for the watchman being murdered, and the whole story now begins to take shape. Whoever killed Al Talcott also knocked Bernardi on the head in order to obtain possession of a gun. He shot the watchman, and then—"

"Look out!"

It was Jim Redfern who yelled. Farrady swung round, just in time to see Martin Byrd racing up the stairs, a revolver in his hand.

Farrady reached for his own weapon. Byrd shouted a warning:

"Don't touch it, Farrady!" he said. "I'll kill you if you do!"

But Byrd had overlooked the fact that Redfern was armed. The man who was exposing him was Farrady, and so he had eyes for the man of the law and for no one else. Byrd began to back up

the stairs. Farrady had plenty of courage, but the glare in the banker's eyes showed that the man was desperate and would shoot to kill. It was Bill Redfern who turned the tables. He took quick aim and pulled the trigger. The bullet chipped the woodwork close to Byrd's head, and the banker, in panic, ran up the remaining steps and disappeared from view.

Farrady pulled out his gun and started to follow. Before he had gone more than a few steps a bullet whistled close to his head. His own gun answered twice as he flung himself forward. Young Redfern was close behind him. They glimpsed Byrd cowering behind a stove and their shots brought him out of cover to dart into a room. The door slammed. They heard the key turn in the lock.

"Go and fetch help!" Farrady shouted at Redfern. "We've got to break this door down."

For a few moments Byrd was safe in the locked room, but as the door began to splinter beneath the furious assaults of the men outside, he realised that he was trapped. There was a window but no hope of escape that way. No, the game was up.

The sound of the shot carried clearly to the women downstairs. Mrs. Byrd screamed.

"He's killed himself!" she cried, and fainted.

Some minutes later Farrady came downstairs.

"Did Byrd kill himself?" hoarsely demanded Miss Anatol.

"Yes," Farrady answered, and glanced at the prone figure of Mrs. Byrd. "When she's got over the shock she'll be glad. Now I'm going to have another look at Byrd's bag." He held up a bunch of keys. He unlocked the banker's bag, and took out one of the bundles of notes. "Why didn't I think of it before?" he muttered. "The Stafford ransom money! Talcott must have left it with him on deposit, and he, guessing its source, had decided to steal it when Talcott came out." He went to the dead watchman, forced open his hand, and took from it the strips of telewriter paper. He read: "— under arrest — funds short — Anatol okay — Stafford okay —" and that was all. The remainder had disappeared.

He turned to the others.

"We can go on our way as soon as the storm's over, folks," he said. "There are just one or two points to clear up first."

"My jewels!" said Ruby Anatol. "Where are they?"

"I'm going to look for them right now," Farrady replied. "They're around somewhere."

Slowly he buttoned up his raincoat at the neck and stepped out into the storm. The stewardess smiled proudly at Jim Redfern.

"That money belongs to us," gasped Amelie Darrell, as the door closed. "Now we can get married without having to squabble with our parents." Jimmy Stafford held out his arms to her.

(By permission of British Lion Film Corporation, Ltd., starring Onslow Stevens and Esther Ralston.)

How Hollywood

GOT ITS NAME

Little-known facts about the early history of the great Film Metropolis

By

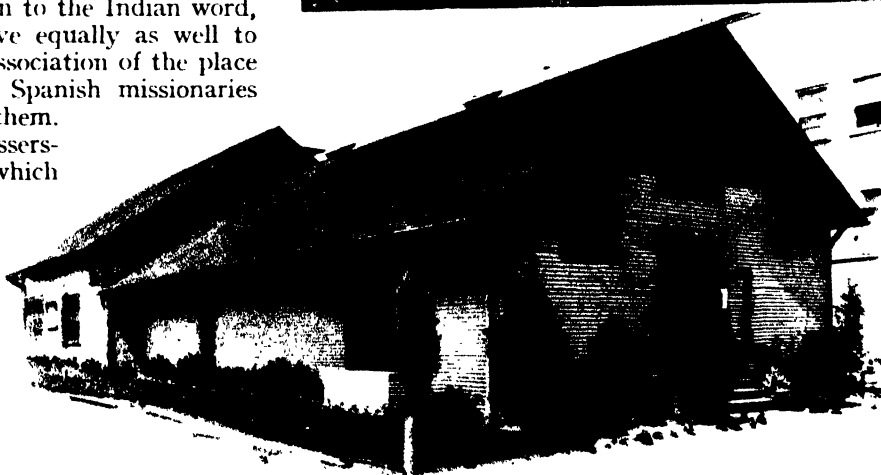
HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

OF the millions of film fans not one out of ten thousand probably is aware how Hollywood got its name and the romantic beginning of the great film industry. Hollywood lies in a crook of a mountain elbow formed by the Santa Monica range of mountains, one of the most picturesque valleys in all California, covering an area of some four and a half square miles.

Just over half a century ago Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wilcox secured land in the valley and began the cultivation of apricots and figs. They were followed by other ranchers, and a small community was formed, devoting its energies to the cultivation of citrus fruit. The postal authorities now decided that the settlement should be given a name, and the Wilcoxes and others in the valley were approached.

Mr. Wilcox favoured Cahuenga, after a tribe of Indians who until then had dwelt in the valley; while it was also the name given to the pass that led over the mountains into the settlement. But his wife interposed and suggested the more English and appropriate name of Hollywood. Asked why she preferred this appellation to the Indian word, she said that it would serve equally as well to remind the settlers of the association of the place with the Indians and the Spanish missionaries who had laboured among them. Did not the Indians and passers-by refer to the cross which

Top: Mrs. Wilcox, the lady who gave the name to Hollywood. Centre: Where the moving-picture industry had its birth in Hollywood. The writer of the article is seen by the tablet in the wall marking the spot where Mr. Al Christie established the first moving-picture studio on October 27th, 1911. Bottom: The original Paramount-Lasky studio. In this barn, which Jesse L. Lasky changed from a livery stable into the starting place of the industry, the famous stars of the screen now take their gym. lessons.





Top: Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Wallace Reid), Mother Christie, Al Christie and Victoria Forde (Mrs. Tom Mix) on the 15th anniversary of the establishment of the first studio in Hollywood. *Centre:* Santa Monica Boulevard as it was in 1902, and *(bottom)*, Santa Monica Boulevard, as it is to-day. This famous avenue is Hollywood's chief business thoroughfare.

the Spanish Fathers had erected on the pass as the Holy Wood of the Cross? Here, then, was an appropriate name for the settlement—Hollywood.

The settlement grew and the slopes of Hollywood's hills became covered with orange trees and vineyards. By 1911 the valley had a population of some 10,000. Then came the movies. Many are under the impression that they came to Hollywood because of the bright, sunny Californian climate. As a matter of fact, it was nothing of the kind.

At that time films were being made in the Eastern States of America, principally in the neighbourhood of New York, Staten Island, New Jersey, Philadelphia and Baltimore. But the producers were being harassed by government process servers because they were supposed to be using cameras which were controlled by the Motion Picture Patents Company, the first movie trust. To escape this charge and prevent their cameras being confiscated the producers travelled right across America to the Pacific coast.

The first to settle in Hollywood was Mr. Al Christie, the hard-headed Scotsman of the Nestor Film Company. That was in the autumn of 1911. Mr. Christie has recorded how he left New York with a little handful of actors and their equipment with a meagre £100 for expenses. When he arrived in California and began looking for a place to make pictures there was only £10 in the treasury.

After tramping round viewing various locations he happened to catch sight of a boarded-up tavern on Sunset Avenue. It belonged to the Maier Brewing Company, and Mr. Christie rented it for £6 a month. This was Hollywood's first studio home. The stables were made over into dressing-rooms for the actors, the old bar became a carpenter's shop, and a little space in the garden was converted into a stage about forty feet square. The little company was allowed £250 a week, which came regularly from New York. For this sum they were expected to produce three films a week!

Filming under such cramped conditions and on such a limited allowance was not all honey. After rigging up the roof as a little studio it was noticed that the flapping of drying clothes hung out on the roof next door made annoying shadows in the pictures. For two dollars the lady next door was induced to hang out her washing at night. The very next day other washing appeared on the roof on the other side, and another two dollars was paid in tribute. A few days later another neighbour hung out washing, and yet another, that caused annoying shadows. So the exasperated director hit upon the idea of stretching white canvas where it would shut out all the flapping shadows.

To-day the old tavern has gone, and in its place an up-to-date modern studio has been erected. A year or two ago a tablet was placed in the corner wall calling attention to the fact that this is the spot where films were first made in Hollywood, on October 27th, 1911.

In the grounds of the Famous-Lasky Studio

can be seen a wooden building which was the original barn which De Lasky first used when he followed Al Christie to Hollywood. The barn stood near the old tavern, but has since been removed to the large new Lasky location some distance away. It has been converted into a gymnasium and is regularly used by the movie actors. De Lasky came to Hollywood in 1912, one year after Al Christie. The latter started in a disused tavern and the former in an old barn.

The present De Lasky studio, where Paramount pictures are made, covers twenty-six acres of ground, and is one of the most up-to-date in Hollywood. It gives employment to 1,200 workers not including actors. There are ten stages, immense covered buildings 150 feet wide, 300 to 400 feet long, where as many as fifty sets can be set up and worked at the same time.

What first strikes the visitor to Hollywood is to discover that whole street scenes, houses, buildings, gardens and ponds, are built up under cover, not in the open as one would expect in a land where the sun shines 345 days out of the 365. These "outdoor scenes" are filmed under artificial light, which means, of course, that such work can be done in this country, or anywhere else for that matter. As already explained, the film producers did not come to Hollywood because of its bright sunshine.

When the movies first came to Hollywood it was an independent city with its own charter, electing its own mayor and council. As people were now coming into the valley in fairly large numbers, the town officials began to get nervous. There were many new problems to face, particularly that of supplying the settlement with an efficient water supply. This would prove a costly proposition, so they voted for annexation with Los Angeles, close by, a step which Hollywood has long since regretted.

Thus Hollywood became a suburb of Los Angeles, just as Finchley and Highgate, Clapham and Croydon are suburbs of London. The Mayor of Los Angeles gave me a graphic instance of how the name of Hollywood is far better known than Los Angeles. While on a cruise he visited Batavia, in Java, where he was invited to a public function. He found himself sitting next to a native merchant who, on hearing that he was Mayor of Los Angeles, asked him where that city was, as he had never heard of it. When he was informed that it was in California, he replied, "Oh, then you have probably seen Hollywood, where the pictures come from?"

Such is the story of how Hollywood got its name and the beginning of its marvellous film industry.

Perhaps there may come a time when our Elstree has grown to the same gigantic size of Hollywood, and people can look at early studios and marvel at the progress made. We are gaining on the Americans, but we have a long way still to go.



Top: A special picture of Fox Movietone City, taken from the air. Centre: The Will Rogers Memorial Stage, built in honour of the great comedian. Bottom: A general view of the film city, also taken from the air.



BRITISH Stars OF 1937



Top: Leslie Banks, now famous on screen and stage all over the world. Centre: Herbert Marshall and C. Aubrey Smith. Bottom: Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in a scene from "The Thirty-Nine Steps."

STRANGE things are happening to our British stars this year. They are becoming more and more like Hollywood stars every day.

Not that they are becoming Americanised really, but most of those that work under contract for our producing companies here are "loaned" now and then to Hollywood studios.

What a grand life it must be! Only three or four years ago British stars were having a very bad time. They received little pay for their work, and then only when they were actually engaged to make a film. As for being sent a distance of six thousand miles in order to make films elsewhere, such a possibility was beyond their wildest dreams.

But all that has changed. Our stars are almost as well known over in America as they are here.

And they are liked there too. They are extremely popular with American audiences, just as their stars are popular with us. The old cry that British films and British stars were no good is not heard any more. Our pictures and our artistes have become as good as the best in the world.

It is not hard to see why. We have stars who deserve to be in the front rank.

Take Leslie Banks, for instance. Who can ever forget the striking performances he gave in "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and in "Sanders of the River"?

Leslie started to get his experience of acting as far back as 1911—before the war. The war itself held him back for a while, but when it was over he returned to the profession of his choice and has never left it since.

Theatre-goers of New York knew about him and liked him long before he became a film star. He played the part of Captain Hook in "Peter Pan" and was an enormous success. Then he came back, starred in a number of plays produced in London, and eventually went into films.

Everyone likes Leslie, on the screen and off. He has done a tremendous lot to make British films popular.

Herbert Marshall is another of our stars who started acting in 1911. He was originally trained as an accountant, but gave it up for what he

considered the more interesting career of the theatre. He, too, went to New York, and earned himself a great reputation.

He first attracted attention as a film actor in "Murder," and later appeared with his equally famous wife, Edna Best, in "Michael and Mary." He has starred in a number of American films, such as "Blonde Venus," "Evenings for Sale," and "Secrets of a Secretary."

You can see him here (on page 112) with C. Aubrey Smith, who went to America almost at the beginning of his film career, and has stayed there ever since. Few people know that Aubrey Smith is also famous as a cricketer. He was captain of the Sussex eleven, and later captained teams that went to Australia and South Africa.

Madeleine Carroll is yet another star who has helped to put British pictures on the map. She used to be a teacher in a school at Hove, but decided to become an actress rather than remain in a profession she did not like too much.

So she saved up twenty pounds, gave up her job, and went to London. There she was lucky—she was a born actress, and was quickly given a chance to show what she could do. For a little while she went on tour with a theatrical company in a play called "The Lash," then returned to London to take a part in "The Guns of Loos," produced by Stoll.

Since then she has appeared in plays and films almost too numerous to mention. Her photograph is on page 112, where she is seen with Robert Donat in a scene from "The Thirty-Nine Steps."

Robert Donat is one of the busiest of our stars—and one of the most highly paid. He prefers being a "free lance" (that is, he does not like signing long-term contracts), and appears in plays and films almost continuously. Quite frequently he is making a film at the same time that he is appearing in a London theatre.

He likes hard work, he says. So does Jack Buchanan, who is not only famous as a musical comedy star and as a film star, but produces plays and films, manages theatres, and does a few other things besides. Jack is very tall (6 ft. 2 in.), and has the reputation of being the best-dressed man in films. He has three valets!

John Loder, although really a British star, was given his first chance in films by being offered a part by U.F.A., the big German company. That was because John took the trouble to teach himself German while a prisoner of war.

He did not really attain success, however, until he came back to England to star in the Gainsborough picture "The First Born." There he was seen by Jesse E. Lasky, the Paramount chief, and offered a contract. He went to Hollywood, and since then has travelled a lot between America and England, taking starring rôles in both places.

Gibb McLaughlin, recognised master of make-up and a fine character actor, has preferred mostly to stay in England, although he has been to Berlin several times.

He has appeared in more British films than almost any other actor—well over forty! His



Top: Jack Buchanan, who likes hard work. He acts on screen and stage, produces films and plays, manages theatres, and does lots of other things besides. Centre: Joyce Kirby, a Gaumont-British star. Bottom: John Loder.

Top: John Mills as he appeared in "For Ever England." Below: Gibb McLaughlin with Anna Neagle. Gibb has appeared in more British films than almost any other actor.



first was for the old Ideal company in "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" way back in 1920, but long before that he was well known as a stage star.

Merle Oberon, who came all the way from Tasmania, has suddenly leapt into fame during the last year or so, and you will see a lot of her on the screen during 1937.

She had always intended being a film actress, but she did not get much chance of showing what she could do until she was signed up by London Film Productions as a "baby star" under a five-year contract. Alexander Korda always speaks of her as one of his luckiest discoveries, but most of us would agree that it was not really luck but very good judgment. (He also signed up Robert Donat and Wendy Barrie at the same time.)

Merle is now a big star both in Hollywood and London, and she has not got over being surprised about it even yet! Many were the times when trying to get parts, tramping from one casting office to another, she thought of giving up in despair. What a loss to all of us if she had!

Ian Hunter is another star who came from a British possession overseas. He was born in Cape Town, South Africa, and although he was only seventeen when he left there, he came to England to join the Army and go to France. Not until the war was over did he turn his attention to acting. "Escape" was one of his earliest films.

Yet another South African is Molly Lamont, who played one or two small parts in various British films before being offered a long-term contract by British International.

Molly came to England in a curious way. She made up her mind to enter for a beauty competition being held in South Africa, the first prize for which was a trip to England and an appearance in a film.

Her parents did not very much like the idea,

Below: Jack Doyle, the famous boxer, with little Jackie Short in a scene from "McGlusky the Sea Rover." Left: Henry Mollison, also in the same film.



but after a while she talked them round and put her name down as one of the competitors.

And she won!

Her first important rôle was in a B.I.P. film called "My Wife's Family" (1931). Since then she has appeared in twenty other films, starring with Ernie Lotinga and Leslie Fuller.

One of the most interesting of the British stars you will see in 1937 is Ralph Richardson, who has speedily earned a name for himself on the London stage. He first came to real prominence as a film star in "Bulldog Jack," in which he appeared as the sinister master crook.

During the past year, two famous boxers have shown that they can be an equal success in the film world. One is Jack Doyle, who appeared with Henry Mollison (another British star for you to watch in 1937) in "McGlusky, the Sea Rover." You can see him on page 114 with little Jackie Short, who also appeared in the film.

The other boxer is Len Harvey.

Do you remember, a short time ago, a number of our leading film producers signing up what they called "baby stars?"

The idea was to find a few talented young people and train them to become film artistes. They were put into the hands of studio experts, and had to learn how to act, how to make up, how to dress in various types of costume, and so on.

They were not necessarily "babies" in age, of course. Some of them had already had film experience in small companies here and there, playing unimportant parts. Others had no film experience at all, but had successfully passed camera tests and could act a little.

The producing companies put these "baby stars" under contract with the idea of turning them into top-liners. They were to be trained to take leading rôles.

At one time there were hundreds of them. There are still a good few left, but most of them

Top: Merle Oberon, who came all the way from Tasmania to make good in British films. Centre: Ian Hunter was also born overseas — in South Africa.



Below: Ralph Richardson, who leapt to film fame in this rôle from "Bulldog Jack." Right: Molly Lamont, who got her chance in films by winning a beauty contest.



Top: Niki Hood, Sydney Howard's new leading lady, is a newcomer who is worth watching in 1937. Centre: Wendy Barrie, one of Alexander Korda's great discoveries.



have dropped out, for it takes a very clever person to be a successful star.

Perhaps the most famous of those still with us is little Nova Pilbeam. She started with the Gaumont-British firm, and soon showed that she was one of those born actresses who needed little training. Her first really good rôle—the one which established her definitely as a star—was in "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

Wendy Barrie is another of these former "baby stars." She was signed up by London Film Productions in 1932, and since then has done some fine work, notably in "Collision," "The Call Box Mystery," "Where is This Lady?" and "Wedding Rehearsal."

Two other "baby stars," Veronica Rose and Joyce Kirby, have now reached starring rôles. They started with Gaumont-British, and are quickly making good. Niki Hood, Sydney Howard's new leading lady, has also shown that she is worthy of the parts she has been assigned to, and you will see a great deal of her in British and Dominions productions during the coming year.

John Mills, the hero of "For Ever England," is a comparative newcomer to the screen, but he can hardly be called a "baby star," because he had already made a name for himself on the stage before going into films. He divides his time between stage and screen, is becoming increasingly popular, and certainly well worth looking out for.

What others are there you will see during 1937? Hundreds of them—too numerous to mention here. But there is just one more who will specially interest you.

He is Monty Banks. He is returning to the screen after a long rest. He made his film début in the old Fatty Arbuckle comedies, and divided his time between acting and directing. Monty's real name is Mario Bianchi, and he was born in Italy.

Left: Len Harvey, another boxer film-star, in a scene from "Excuse My Glove." Below: Veronica Rose, a Gainsborough star who is rapidly coming to the fore.



Death called the tune in a grim game of hide-and-seek amid the Texas hills, where a boy skulked in danger of his life because he knew too much. A powerful drama of the West, telling how a helpless child was saved from doom by two officers of the Law, starring Bill Boyd and Jimmy Ellison



Near the Border

THE trail from El Infierno to the Rio Grande runs through the foothills of the Apache Mountains, which was a section where law and order had made little progress at the beginning of the twentieth century.

It was along this trail that Dolores Mendoza, entertainer in El Infierno's saloon, used often to ride so that she might gaze over the river that separated United States' territory from her own lazy land of Mexico, whence she had emigrated a year or two before.

And it was within a stone's throw of this trail that Dolores Mendoza came upon little Pablo Chauvez as he knelt weeping beside the bullet-riddled bodies of his father and mother.

He was the sole survivor and the only eyewitness of a dastardly crime—a crime which had too many parallels in this lawless corner of the State of Texas. And from his trembling lips Dolores Mendoza heard how the deed had been committed.

It seemed that little Pablo and his parents had lived in Mexico, and had been bound for there after a brief sojourn in Uncle Sam's territory when the boy's father had elected to rest his buckboard ponies for an hour or two before proceeding over the border.

Camp had therefore been pitched alongside the lonesome trail, and husband and wife had set to work preparing a meal while their son had scampered off through the surrounding rocks to stretch his young legs. But the boy had not gone far when he had looked back to see a small party of horsemen bearing down on the spot where he had left his parents.

Next moment his horror-stricken eyes had beheld a scene of tragedy—the shooting of his father and mother in cold blood, and the theft of a wallet containing money that had been obtained through a business transaction in the north.

The killers had then galloped off without seeing Pablo, or doubtless they would have slain him as well, for it had been clear that they had meant to leave no evidence of their identity. They would not have butchered the lad's father and mother otherwise.

But when they had vanished the little fellow had crept back to the camp, to sob out his heart as he cowered beside the loved ones who were no more—and to crouch there, alone with his grief—until Dolores the saloon girl had come upon him.

Such was the story that Dolores Mendoza heard from the anguished child, and, filled with pity for him, she carried him off to her humble adobe homestead a mile or two from the town of El Infierno, giving him some food and putting him to bed.

"And now, little one," she said, "you must try

to sleep. Do not be afraid any more. I have to go into the town, but I shall be back before very long."

"But I want my grandfather," the boy moaned. "He lives in Mexico, near Santa Cruz de Rosales. I want to be with him. He is the only one I have left."

"Little one, Santa Cruz de Rosales is two hundred miles from here, away across the border," Dolores protested. "I cannot take you there. But I will write to your grandfather—I promise—and then he will come to fetch you."

She managed to pacify young Pablo, and, leaving him a few minutes later, she made her way to El Infierno where she had to put in an appearance at the saloon.

Little did Dolores Mendoza know it, but even as she was approaching that saloon two or three men were gathered in an office behind the bar-room and were gloating over the contents of a wallet which one of them was emptying.

The man who held that wallet was the proprietor of the saloon, known to all El Infierno as "Big Henry," and to his closest associates as a cunning desperado who would have stopped at nothing to gain a dishonest dollar.

It was Big Henry who had led the attack on little Pablo's defenceless parents, and the rogues who were with him now in the back room of the saloon had also been concerned in that black-guardly affair.

"Well, Boss," one of them was saying, as he feasted his eyes on a wad of notes that Big Henry had produced from the wallet, "it sure looks as if this is one of our lucky days."

"You're right," the saloon owner grunted. "Huh, I wonder who that Greaser and his missus were, anyway?"

He delved into the wallet again, and it was then that he discovered some correspondence in one of the pockets of it. Casually he proceeded to examine the letters, but all at once his face changed colour and the expression of smug satisfaction vanished from it abruptly.

"Boys!" he ejaculated. "Boys, d'yuh know who we've bumped off? We've bumped off the son of Pedro Chauvez!"

"Pedro Chauvez?"

There was a blank silence, a silence that was suddenly broken by a volley of hoarse exclamations.

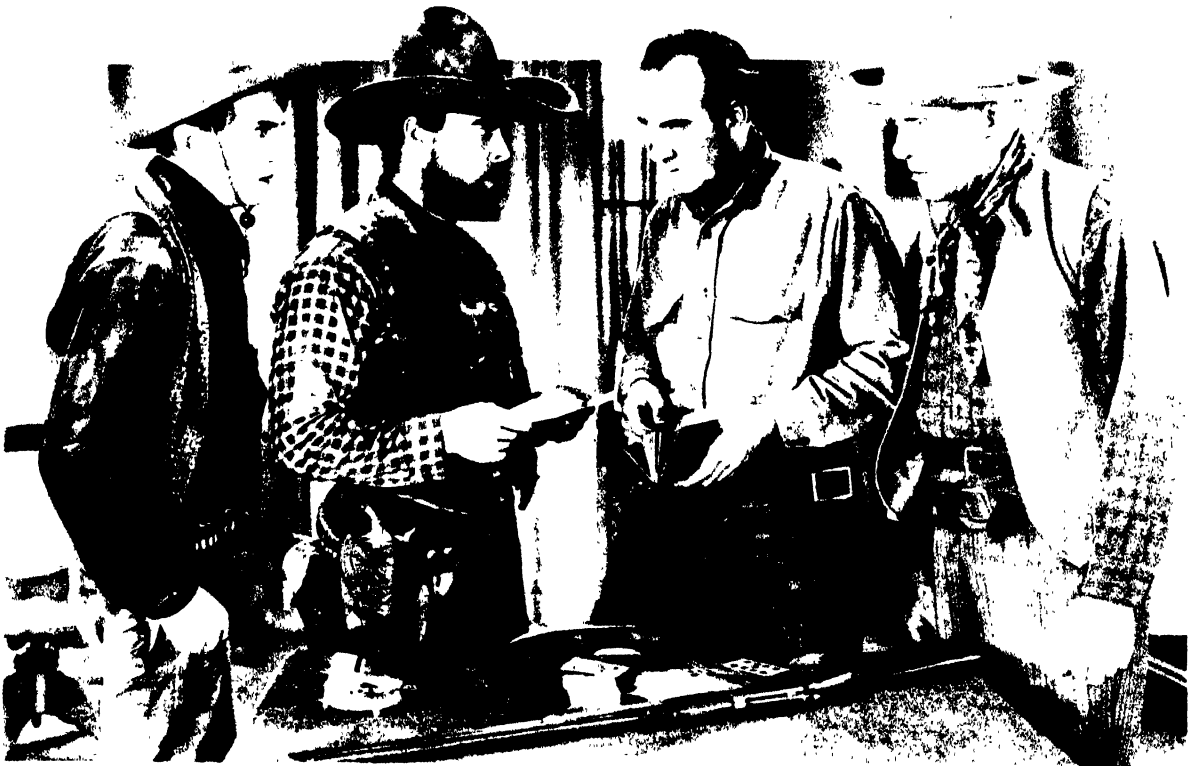
"You mean—the Pedro Chauvez, Boss? You mean—El Toro?"

"Not El Toro the bandit? Not the guy that used to be the terror of the border?"

Big Henry nodded dumbly. He looked like a man who had been affected by some unexpected malady. His complexion was grey, and his hands were trembling.

He had good reason to feel uneasy. Pedro Chauvez, alias El Toro, had once had the reputation of being the deadliest shot and the most formidable gun-fighter on the Rio Grande. True, he had not crossed the border for fifteen years, and it was said that he had reformed, was living a reputable life as a rancher somewhere in Mexico. But one thing was certain—he would cross the line as soon as he learned of the murder of his son and his daughter-in-law, and he would not rest until he had tracked down their slayers.

"I'm getting out of El Infierno," one of the



"You'd better get out and start lookin' for that kid!" Big Henry said grimly. "Find the brat and finish the job! Understand?"

saloon owner's accomplices gasped. "El Toro must be pretty old now, but if he's *half* the man he used to be he's still too much for me."

He turned in a panic-stricken fashion, but Big Henry seemed to recover himself and with a violent gesture he laid a hand on his minion's arm.

"Don't be a fool!" he bit out. "If El Toro heads this way and finds that anybody's left town in a hurry he'll be on their trail with a loaded forty-five. Listen, I know how you guys feel. I felt kinda skeery myself when I clapped eyes on these letters, but there ain't nothing to worry about so long as we sit tight. There ain't nothing at all to worry about. Nobody saw us pull that job."

His men were reassured, and were in a somewhat better frame of mind, when the door opened all at once to admit a bartender who was in Big Henry's employ, a mild-looking old fellow whose lean cheeks were covered by bristling whiskers.

"What do *you* want, Spike?" the saloon owner snapped.

"You axed me to tidy up your room, boss," the barman replied meekly. "I ain't had time to git busy on it till this minute—"

"Never mind," Big Henry cut in. "The office can wait. Get out, will you?"

Spike the bartender turned away, but, on an afterthought, his employer stepped forward and checked him.

"Just a minute," the saloon owner said. "You remember a Greaser comin' into the saloon for a drink to-day? It was round about noon. He was the only customer at the time."

"Why, yes, boss," was the reply. "You mean the feller that mentioned he was carryin' a packet of money—"

"That's him, Spike," Big Henry interrupted. "Forget he was ever here, will you?"

The barman looked at him in bewilderment.

"Forget he was ever here, boss? All right, but if you mean the young Mexican that left his wife outside in a buckboard, with that fine little boy at her elbow—"

He stopped short as he saw the swift interchange of glances between Big Henry and his shady confederates. Then the saloon owner gripped him by the shoulder.

"What are you talking about?" he rasped. "That Greaser had a woman with him, Spike, but no kid."

The barman begged to differ. He was quite certain that there had been a boy in the buckboard.

"Cute little cuss he was, too, boss. Pablo, his father called him."

"Get out," Big Henry ordered thickly, and



"Across the border!" his servant cried. "But you cannot, master, you cannot! They will kill you on sight!"

accompanied the words with a thrust of the hand that sent the bartender staggering forth into the saloon.

Big Henry slammed the door then, and swung round upon his awe-stricken men.

"You heard that?" he panted. "There was a kid travellin' with Chauvez and his wife—a kid we didn't see, but who must have been somewhere near when we bumped off his folks. A witness who may have watched us—who may be able to identify us and send us to the gallows."

"Or set El Toro on our trail," one of his accomplices blurted. "I'm more scared of El Toro than the Law."

"Then you'd better get out and start lookin' for that kid," Big Henry told him grimly. "Find the brat and finish the job, understand?"

The door was opened again before any more could be said, and a girl appeared on the threshold, a girl whose dark beauty marked her out as a descendant of the Spanish Dons. She was Dolores Mendoza, and she greeted Big Henry pleasantly enough as she entered the room.

She had never particularly admired Big Henry. He was handsome enough in his tall, strapping way, but he was a man of moods, and even when he was in the best of tempers one always sensed a streak of cruelty in his nature. Yet he was her employer, and she herself had never actually had any real cause to dislike him.

At the moment Big Henry was not in the best of tempers, and returned Dolores' greeting with a mere grunt. Then he spoke to his men again.



"Twenty-five hundred dollars reward, eh?" Hop-Along murmured. "For the capture of El T.

"You better pull outa here," he said. "And remember what I told you."

"Yeah, but supposin' we don't find this Chauvez kid, boss--"

"Quiet!" Big Henry snarled, scowling the speaker into silence and indicating Dolores with a movement of his thumb.

His hirelings filed out without another word being uttered, but if the saloon owner had only known it, Dolores Mendoza's heart was beating fast. "The Chauvez kid." That little boy in her homestead had told her his name was Chauvez.

The truth flashed upon her and left her horrified. It was as much as she could do to hide her feelings, to assume an air of calmness and composure as her employer turned towards her—and to discuss, in casual tones, a new song that she proposed to include in her act at the saloon that night.

But Dolores escaped from that room as quickly as she could, and, returning in hot haste to her adobe *jacal*, she told young Pablo to lose no time in making himself ready for a hurried journey.

She had decided upon a plan. She was afraid to communicate with the Law for fear the truth leaked out and Big Henry took vengeance upon her before he was arrested. No, she must first hide Pablo in some safe place, bidding him remain under cover. Then she would send a message to that grandfather of his down in Mexico.

That evening Pablo was no longer at Dolores' homestead. He was concealed in a lonely, deserted shack away amongst the hills. Meanwhile,

a letter addressed to one Pedro Chauvez was being conveyed southward over the border in the mailbag of a fast stage-coach.

Forty-eight hours later that missive was in the hands of a steely-eyed Spaniard who had once been known as El Toro, and, when he had read it several times, the expression on his rugged features changed from grief to rage.

"Saddle my horse and bring me my guns," he said to an old retainer who was the majordomo of his ranch. "My son and his wife have been slain, and my little grandson is in danger. I am going across the border."

"Across the border?" his servant cried. "But you cannot, master; you cannot. They will kill you on sight. The Gringo authorities have not forgotten El Toro. Even after fifteen years they have not forgotten him."

"Fetch me my guns and my horse," Pedro Chauvez commanded, and the words were spoken through clenched teeth.

Chauvez Intercepted

A STIR had been created in the town of Dryden, up above the Rio Grande, and the cause of that stir was a persistent rumour which had been bruited abroad through the Texas cattle country—a rumour to the effect that the once notorious El Toro had entered U.S. territory.

It was a rumour that led the Sheriff of Dryden to consult a fifteen-year-old handbill and tender it to his chief deputy, Hop-Along Cassidy, who

was discussing the matter with a knot of excited townsmen in the street at the time.

A big, blond young fellow of frank and open countenance, Hop-Along took the notice and studied a somewhat faded photograph that was printed on it.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars reward, eh?" he murmured. "For the capture of El Toro. Huh, seems kinda tough on him, don't it, seein' he hasn't bothered this territory for so long—and appears to have settled down to an honest life in his own country?"

"Can't help that," the sheriff retorted. "He's still wanted here in the eyes of the United States law, and I'm instructin' you to bring him in, Cassidy. You never saw him—you was just a maverick when he was in these parts before, I guess—but that picture may help you to recognise him."

It was at this moment that another deputy appeared on the scene, a tall, handsome youngster who was Hop-Along's junior by two or three years. He was Johnny Nelson, Hop-Along's closest friend, and on hearing of his comrade's mission he expressed a desire to trail along with him.

The sheriff had other work for Johnny, however, so when Hop-Along left Dryden he was unaccompanied, and was forced to resign himself to a solitary ride.

His route was south by west. It was a route that led to a tributary of the Rio Grande, along the banks of which tributary El Toro was reported to have been seen making his way, and late that afternoon the big deputy might have been discovered near the shallows of the river.

It was as he was following the course of the tributary in question that a rattlesnake suddenly started up from the reedy grass in front of his bronc and, though the reptile made off without striking, its unexpected appearance caused the horse to plunge alarmingly.

In another instant Hop-Along had been thrown from the saddle, to land in the soft, yielding sands that lined the edge of the river.

He suffered no hurt in the fall, but he went down to the hips in the damp earth that had received him, and when he came to make an attempt to scramble back to the bank he found to his dismay that his legs were embedded so deeply that he could not budge.

And then the truth dawned on him, even as he began to sink still lower. He had been pitched into a quicksand from which he could not escape unaided. He would go down, down, until he was lost to view for ever, and none but his riderless horse would know his fate.

Struggling frantically, Hop-Along did his utmost to drag himself from that deadly trap, yet his efforts were in vain, and he must have perished there if a horseman had not chanced that way and discerned his plight, a stranger who lost no time in tossing him a lariat and pulling him out on to firm ground.

Panting, Hop-Along regained his feet and turned in the direction of his rescuer as the latter was dismounting, and then, as the stranger began to approach him, the stalwart young deputy drew in his breath sharply.



He opened his clenched fist, and, wide-eyed, she beheld a crucifix that was inscribed with the name of "Pablo Chauver."

The man was a Mexican who must have been in the late fifties, though he was unusually well preserved, and his features were unmistakable. They were the features of the ex-bandit whom Hop-Along had been ordered to arrest—features which had altered with the years, but which were still recognisable as those of the individual whose picture was printed on the handbill in the deputy's pocket.

Hop-Along made a fateful decision there and then. This man had saved his life, and for that reason he could not bring himself to take him into custody. Instead, he would convince him that he must return to his own country forthwith.

It was with this purpose in mind that Hop-Along whipped out his revolver and covered the Mexican, who promptly recoiled in astonishment.

"Keep your hands away from your holsters, El Toro!" the younger man rapped out.

Pedro Chauvez looked confused for an instant, and then he tried to bluster.

"Señor, I do not understand. My name——"

"Your name is El Toro," Hop-Along interrupted, "and you are face to face with a United States deputy. But take it easy, friend. I'm not turning you in if I can help it. What did you cross the border for, anyway? According to all accounts you've lived a decent, law-abiding existence in your own country for the last fifteen years. Why back-slide now?"

Old Chauvez was silent for a while, and then all at once he began to speak impetuously.

"I am not here to make trouble with the law, señor," he blurted. "Look, this note will explain."

He produced the missive that he had received from Dolores Mendoza and, scanning it swiftly, Hop-Along learned the reason for El Toro's

presence north of the Rio Grande. Yet when he had read that letter he still did not lower his gun.

"Chauvez," he said, "you're going back to Mexico!"

"But my little grandchild, señor. I must find him first. He is in great danger from the men who—who killed my son and his wife. This woman Dolores seems to have been afraid of mentioning any names, but she has made it clear enough that the boy——"

"Chauvez," Hop-Along cut in stubbornly, "you're going back to Mexico! Don't you realise, man, that there's still a reward out for you—dead or alive? Every hand will be turned against you in this country."

El Toro bit his lip.

"I am prepared to take any chances," he said. "I am prepared to go through fire and water for my little grandson Pablo."

Hop-Along Cassidy was silent for a few seconds, and then he addressed the former bandit slowly.

"Listen, *amigo*," he stated, "you hauled me out of that quicksand, and I'm indebted to you for my life. That's why I want you to get out of this territory—because I know you wouldn't stand a chance of reaching this boy Pablo. You'd be knocked off, or thrown into jail, long before you ever got to him."

"Now wait," he continued swiftly, as El Toro attempted to argue. "Wait and hear what I have to say. You saved my life, didn't you? All right, supposing I promised to bring those murderers to justice—and to locate your grandson and return him to you in Mexico. Would you turn back across the border then?"

El Toro stood staring at him.



"Easy there!" Hop-Along jerked. "There's no call for gun play!"



Taken at a disadvantage, Hop-Along was forced to raise his hands.

"You—you would do that—for me, señor?" he stammered.

"I owe it to you," Hop-Along rejoined simply. "I'd stand a better chance of succeeding than you would, Chauvez, anyhow."

There on the bank of that tributary of the Rio Grande the young deputy-sheriff sealed a bargain with the one-time bandit, and when at length they parted it was to ride in opposite directions, El Toro towards the Mexican border and the safety of his native land, Hop-Along towards Dryden and the office of his superior.

That evening Hop-Along Cassidy turned in his badge to the sheriff, for he had broken his oath to the service by permitting a wanted man to go free, and his conscience would not allow him to remain in his job.

Later still, he made preparations for departure from the town, and it was as he was on the point of setting out that Johnny Nelson showed up.

"Well," said Johnny, "where do we go from here? I heard you'd resigned, Hoppy, so I went an' did the same. After all, we've bin buddies ever since we was at school together."

Hop-Along tried to reason with him, but it was all to no purpose. Johnny was determined to leave Dryden with him, and, realising at length that protests were useless, the older deputy took him into his confidence.

"I get you," Johnny declared, when he had heard his pardner's story. "So we're bound for El Infierno, eh? Well, they tell me that's a rough

town, and no healthy place for a star-packer. Maybe it's as well we ain't wearin' badges any more. Say, how far is it to El Infierno from here?"

"It will take us three days to get there, Johnny," Hop-Along replied, "and we're leavin' now."

A quarter of an hour afterwards Johnny Nelson was ready for the road, and, with the moon to light them in the first stage of their journey, he and Hop-Along took the western trail that led from Dryden to the distant Apache Mountains.

Dolores Pays the Price

THREE days later Hop-Along Cassidy drifted alone into El Infierno's saloon, and, strolling up to the counter, surprised Big Henry's barman by asking for a glass of sarsaparilla.

The barman was Spike, he of the stubble whiskers, and he served Hop-Along with a bewildered air, astonished that any customer should express a request for a drink that was non-alcoholic. Then the ex-deputy proceeded to engage him in conversation, and after a while he indicated a girl who was leaning against the far end of the counter.

"I understand there's an entertainer here by the name of Dolores," Hop-Along remarked. "Is that her over there?"

"Why, no," Spike told him. "That's Dolly Granville, what plays the py-ano. There's Dolores a-settin' by herself at that table behind yuh."

Hop-Along turned his head, and saw the girl whom Spike had pointed out. In another minute

or two he moved across to her and spoke to her in an undertone.

"Are you the woman who sent a note to Pedro Chavez?" he muttered.

She looked up quickly, and a gleam appeared in her eyes. Then she glanced around to make sure that no one was within earshot.

"Who are you?" she breathed.

"Chavez sent me," Hop-Along began, but ere he could say more a door in the far wall was wrenched open and a tall man loomed up on the threshold, a man whom the ex-deputy judged to be the proprietor of the saloon.

"Dolores," the fellow called sharply. "Step in here a minute, will you?"

The Mexican girl rose at once, and she addressed Hop-Along in a breathless voice.

"That is Big Henry," she gasped. "I must go. I will talk to you later."

She hurried to the threshold of Big Henry's office, and as she entered the room she found him standing by his desk with three of his men—Butch, Steve and Ed by name.

Their expressions were grim, and, as Dolores closed the door behind her, she could not help noticing that there was a queer glitter in the eyes of Big Henry.

"Where's the Chavez kid?" the saloon owner demanded suddenly.

Dolores started, and her attractive face turned pale. She attempted to speak, but no words would come, and she was still trying to find her voice when Big Henry stepped closer to her.

"For days now we've been looking for a brat called Pablo Chavez," he said. "To-day, comin' in from the hills, the boys dropped in at your shack to see if you'd make 'em some coffee. You weren't there, but—they found this."

He opened his clenched fist, and, wide-eyed, she beheld a crucifix that was inscribed with the name of "Pablo Chavez." It was a crucifix that the child must have left behind at her *jacal* on the evening when she had carried him off into the mountain country for safety.

"Where's that kid?" Big Henry repeated brutally.

Dolores raised her eyes, and all at once her features became tense.

"You'll never find him!" she panted. "You'll never find him through me, for I know that you'd kill him as you killed his father and mother!"

"Listen, you!" the gang leader snarled. "If you know what's good for you, you'd better talk—and talk fast!"

"Talk!" Dolores flung the word at him. "Yes, I'll talk! I'll go out there into the saloon and talk. I'll tell the whole town of your black-hearted villainy. Yes, I'll talk—Big Henry!"

She turned from him and rushed to the door, but before she could reach it he had whipped out a revolver and drilled her through the back, the crash of the shot ringing out deafeningly.

He did not know it, but a man passing along an alley-way at the side of the saloon had witnessed the scoundrelly act. That man was Johnny

Nelson, and, staring through the office window, he saw Big Henry stoop over the fallen body of his victim and place the smoking gun in the dead girl's hand.

Johnny Nelson stood quite still for a moment. Then he dashed round to the front of the saloon, intent on denouncing the murderer and his accomplices.

In hot-headed style he charged up to the swing-doors of the bar-room, and as he reached them he saw Big Henry coming out of the office with his men—heard the voice of the girl's slayer as he made an announcement to the crowd of customers in the saloon.

"Folks, there's been an accident," the crook stated. "Poor Dolores, she couldn't have been in her right mind. She started tellin' me that I was showin' too many favours to Dolly Granville over there, an' she got so worked up that she pulled the gun outa my holster."

"She tried to shoot me," he added, "but the boys jumped on her, an' in the struggle the gun went off. Poor Dolores——"

Johnny Nelson stumbled into the bar-room, prepared to give the lie to the man's story, but he was seen by Hop-Along, who promptly seized him by the wrist.

"What's the idea, Johnny?" the elder of the two friends hissed.

"It was murder," his pardner said in a low voice that shook with passion. "I saw it happen!"

"Yeah? Well, I guessed as much, but we won't do any good by startin' a fight. Hold your horses, Johnny."

He moved away from the younger man and, mastering his rage with an effort, Johnny blundered over to the bar and called huskily for a drink. Meanwhile, in well-feigned accents of regretfulness, Big Henry was instructing his hirelings to carry the body of the unfortunate Dolores upstairs, and it was shortly after this had been done that one of the gang appeared at the saloon-counter.

He was the rogue known as Butch, a tough, bearded individual of truculent manner, and in a gruff tone he commanded the bar-tender to pour him a whisky.

The barman, Spike, was obviously upset by the "accident" that had befallen Dolores, who had been a favourite with nearly everyone, and that was probably why he made the mistake of reaching for the unfinished bottle of sarsaparilla which Hop-Along Cassidy had ordered some time before.

At any rate, it was a glass of sarsaparilla that Butch received, and the moment he tasted it he gave vent to an angry bellow.

"That ain't whisky, curse yuh!" he grated, and flung the contents of the tumbler in the barman's face.

Spike retaliated, naturally enough, by striking at him indignantly with a wet dish-cloth, but in doing so he only aroused the lawless ruffian to a mad pitch of fury.

With a blistering oath the gangster tugged his "iron" from its holster, and in another instant the old fellow behind the bar would have breathed his

last if Johnny Nelson had not struck up the gunman's arm.

"Cut it out, you blustering bully!" Johnny snapped.

Butch's wrath was immediately transferred to the impulsive youngster, and he swung the revolver upon the ex-deputy, but Hop-Along Cassidy was standing nearby, and he pounced on the crook, seizing him by the arm.

"Easy, there!" Hop-Along jerked. "There's no call for gunplay!"

The bearded desperado swore at him, and tried to break his hold. There was a sharp scuffle, punctuated by the blast of a shot as the weapon in the gangster's fist was discharged inadvertently—and Big Henry, coming upon the scene at that very second with his satellites Ed and Steve, was just in time to see Butch drop to the floor in a lifeless heap.

The situation looked ugly. For a moment it seemed as if the saloon owner and his accomplices had a mind to avenge their comrade's death. But old Spike, the barman, hurriedly interceded and explained exactly what had taken place, declaring with emphasis that the death of Butch had been no fault of Hop-Along Cassidy's.

"It was an accident all right, Boss," he babbled. "The same as what happened to Dolores——"

There were plenty of witnesses to bear out Spike's testimony, and, somewhat appeased, Big Henry turned and spoke to Hop-Along slowly.

"Maybe you've done me a service at that, stranger," he grunted. "Butch was allus makin' trouble, with that temper o' his. He worked for me at a ranch I own three miles up the north trail, and I found him plenty hard to handle."

He paused, and then:

"You aimin' to settle in these parts?" he queried.

Hop-Along was eyeing him shrewdly. He had a pretty good idea now that Big Henry was the man who had been responsible for the killing of the Chavez couple. There was little doubt in his mind that Dolores had died because this blackguard had somehow learned that she was sheltering the child Pablo.

"I may settle here," drawled Hop-Along, in answer to the saloon owner's question, "if I can find a job."

Big Henry looked at him appraisingly, taking note of his magnificent physique.

"Stick around for a day or two," he suggested. "I may find something for you to do."

Red Mountain

THE following morning Hop-Along Cassidy rode out into the hills for the express purpose of making a search for Pablo Chavez.

In her letter to El Toro, Dolores had mentioned that she had hidden the boy in the mountains, but she had not described the exact location for fear the missive might fall into the wrong hands. And now Dolores was dead—had died without revealing her secret.

At least, she had not revealed the secret to Hop-Along, and he assumed that she had not betrayed it to Big Henry.

Under the blazing Texas sun Hop-Along cantered at random through the clefts, valleys and canyons of the Apache heights, and round about noon he found himself beside an abandoned, tumble-down cabin that was situated in a remote gorge.

He wondered if this could possibly be the hide-out to which Dolores had taken El Toro's grandson, and, although there was no sign of a child in the vicinity, he began to halloo the boy's name.

"Pablo!" he called. "Pablo Chavez!"

Again and again he shouted that name, but for a long time his voice went echoing about the surrounding hills without response.

And then at last he heard a sound close by—not an answering hail in a boy's treble tones, but a clatter of hoofs as a horseman swung into the gorge through a mass of tall thickets, a horseman who was clutching a forty-five in one hand.

The newcomer was one of Big Henry's cronies. He was the fellow known as Ed, a big, hulking individual with bloated features, and at sight of



"I'm—done for, young 'un!" Spike moaned. "Time—for a last smoke—that's all . . ."



Both men rose a moment later, and as they rose Big Henry grabbed the barrel of the forty-five.

Hop-Along standing near the deserted cabin he drew rein abruptly.

Next moment the crook had slid from his saddle and was advancing upon the ex-deputy with levelled six-gun and, taken at a disadvantage, Hop-Along was forced to raise his hands.

"I heard you hollerin'," the gangster stated tersely. "Seems like you and me and some others I could mention are lookin' for the same maverick. What do you know about the Chauvez kid, anyway?"

Hop-Along made no reply, and Ed's glance hardened.

"Won't talk, eh?" the gunman sneered. "All right, maybe I can find out for myself."

Thrusting his revolver into Hop-Along's ribs, he swiftly disarmed the prisoner and then searched his pockets, and among the personal effects that he discovered on the ex-deputy was the letter that Dolores had despatched to old Pedro Chauvez.

Ed stepped out of reach as he recognised the dead Mexican girl's handwriting, and a few furtive glances at the note told him all he wanted to know.

"I get it," he rasped. "So El Toro sent you here, did he? By thunder, I ought to bump you off right now, but I'll save that pleasure for Big Henry. Come on, get on your horse!"

Hop-Along mounted slowly, and Ed proceeded to climb into the saddle of his own bronc. It was then that the ex-deputy saw his chance, and with a sudden movement he struck the gangster's pony across the rump.

The animal bounded forward, and, his foot catching in one of the stirrups, Ed was whipped off his balance and dragged across the ground in a

smother of dust. Away went the bronc at the top of its speed, with the body of its helpless master trailing grotesquely at its heels—and with Hop-Along galloping in pursuit, intent on overtaking the runaway and making a prisoner of the outlaw who owned it.

But by the time the ex-deputy had caught up with the pony and brought it to a halt Big Henry's minion had breathed his last. He had been hauled over ground that was strewn with rocks, and a shattering impact with one of these rocks had fractured his skull, killing him instantly.

Hop-Along could do nothing for him, and, reflecting that the man's end had been well-deserved if he had been concerned in the Chauvez crime, he recovered the guns that the gangster had taken from him and then rode slowly back in the direction of El Infierno.

Hop-Along did not know it, but Johnny Nelson had not been idle that morning, for he had made a point of striking up an acquaintance with Dolly Granville, the piano-player in Big Henry's saloon, and without appearing too inquisitive he had asked one or two questions regarding Dolores Mendoza.

It was immediately after his conversation with Dolly that Johnny hastened to Big Henry's premises and, seeing old Spike lounging on the porch there, he took the bewhiskered barman by the arm.

"Listen," he said, "I've just been talkin' to Dolly Granville. She was packing up some clothes that your boss had given her, and told me they'd belonged to Dolores. I noticed a pair of riding-boots with a lot of red clay on 'em. Do you know any place around here where there's a lot of red clay?"

"Why, yes," Spike answered. "Red Mountain—about five miles due west. What's on your mind, young feller?"

Johnny did not answer, but there was an intent expression on his handsome face as he turned towards his horse. For that red clay had aroused his interest when he had learned from Dolly Granville that Dolores had been in the habit of going off on lonely rides just lately.

And where had those rides taken her—if not to the hiding-place of little Pablo?

Swinging himself astride his bronc, he galloped down the street, and old Spike scratched his head wonderingly as he watched the youngster's departure.

The barman was still gazing after the figure of Johnny when Big Henry and one of his men came out on to the porch.

"Hallo," the saloon owner remarked, "who's that hombre that's headin' out of town in such a hurry?"

"The young feller that was at the bar last night," Spike mentioned innocently. "He said something about Dolores' ridin' boots. There wuz red clay on 'em, an' he wanted to know where it came from. I guess he's kinda crazy."

But Big Henry and the gangster who had stepped out on to the porch with him took a different view,

and, after exchanging a sharp glance with his hireling, the saloon owner spoke in a curt tone.

"Follow that guy, Steve," he ordered. "Find out why he's so interested in our dear departed Dolores."

Steve lost no time in taking horse and playing the shadower, and, though Johnny Nelson was completely unaware of the fact, the crook was not far behind him when he reached Red Mountain and located a weather-beaten shack forty yards from the brink of a precipice that fell three hundred feet into a rocky ravine.

No one was in the shack, but suddenly, on a slope to the right, Johnny caught sight of a small, dark-eyed boy. He was Pablo Chauvez, and a minute later the ex-deputy was beside him, explaining to the lad that he was a friend, and telling him how he and Hop-Along Cassidy had come to El Infierno for the purpose of finding him.

Johnny did not know that every word he spoke was heard by Steve, who had dismounted and crept close. He had no idea, indeed, that anyone else was in the vicinity but himself and Pablo—until Steve's gun belched flame and a bullet tore into his arm.

Johnny fell back, but managed to draw his revolver and blaze at the gangster, even as the latter fired a second shot.

Once more Johnny was hit, and he sank down in a helpless condition. Yet the shot discharged from his own forty-five had winged Steve, and,

without waiting to see how badly wounded Johnny might be, the rogue turned tail and ran to his horse.

Fifteen minutes later Steve was spurring into town, and as he pulled up in front of the saloon he saw Hop-Along standing on the porch. He hurried past the former deputy-sheriff without a word, however, and was soon ensconced with Big Henry in the gang leader's private room.

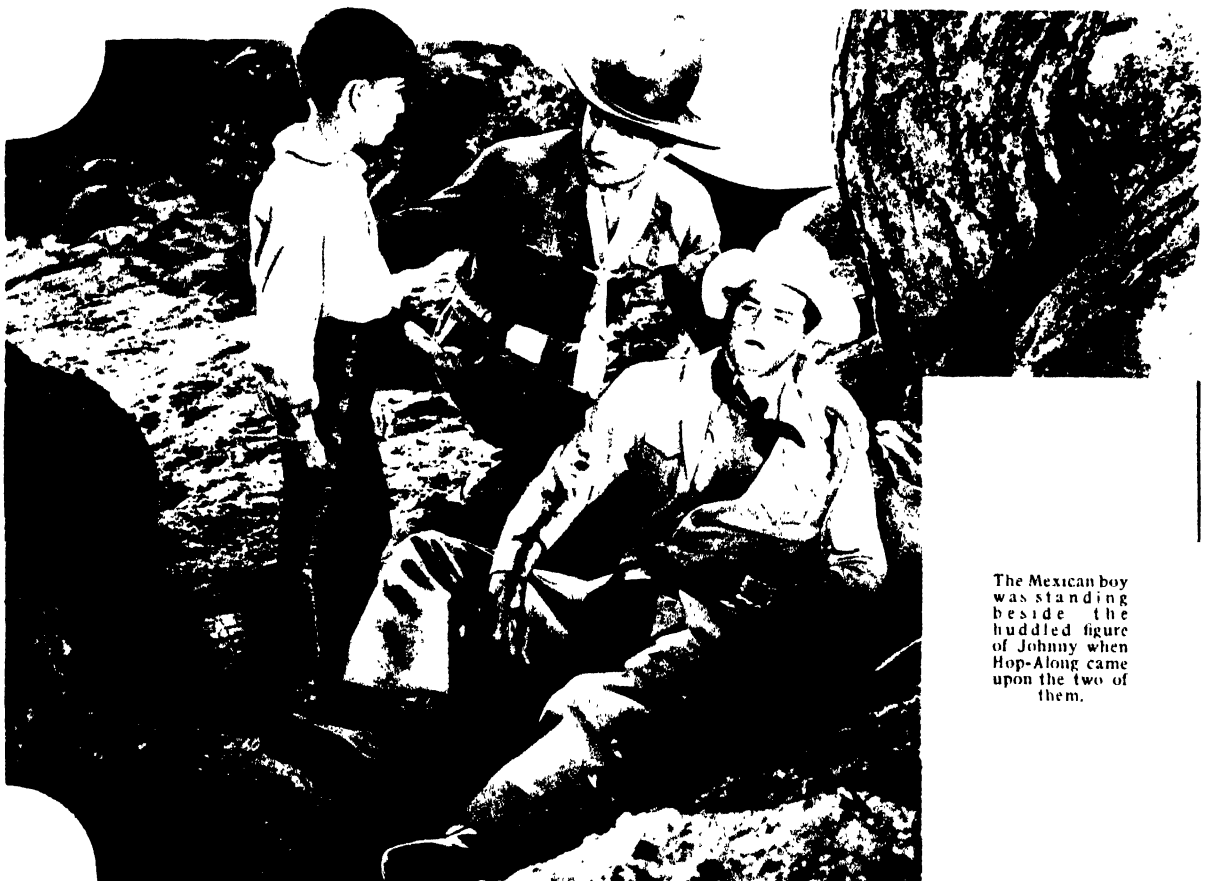
Fortunate it was for Hop-Along Cassidy that, having noticed Steve's wound, he sidled round to the window of Big Henry's office and overheard the story that the injured outlaw told the saloon owner; fortunate, too, that he managed to glean the conversation that followed.

"So Cassidy's in with this guy that's found Pablo Chauvez," Big Henry grated. "All right, we'll attend to him first. Listen, I'll pretend to hire him, and I'll get you to take him out to the ranch by Eagle Pass. Meantime, I'll round up the rest of the boys, and we'll use the short cut. We'll be layin' for him on the left-hand side of the Pass."

"Okay, Boss," Steve rejoined. "But I figure I could handle him myself, you know."

"We're takin' no chances," Big Henry retorted. "You do as I tell yuh——"

Shortly afterwards, when the saloon owner and Steve came out on to the porch and accosted their intended victim, Hop-Along gave not the slightest indication that he was aware of their scheme. And it was with apparent willingness that he agreed to



The Mexican boy was standing beside the huddled figure of Johnny when Hop-Along came upon the two of them.

accompany Big Henry's underling to the ranch on the north trail.

The gang-leader waited until Hop-Along and Steve had left town, and then he proceeded to summon such men as he could depend upon to aid him in his plan.

He could only muster three, and, for fear these should not prove sufficient, he ordered old Spike to join up with him as well. A little while later he was leading the party out of El Infierno in a headlong gallop, and, travelling via the short cut, he and his companions were snugly in position when Steve and Hop-Along entered Eagle Pass.

Five guns were levelled ominously. Four of them were directed upon the figure of Hop-Along Cassidy. One of them was not, but was sighted well above his head. That exception was the weapon in the hand of old Spike, who was too afraid to defy Big Henry openly, but who was determined to have no part in the assassination.

Then suddenly Hop-Along Cassidy made an unexpected movement. He had been on the watch --had detected the men lying in ambush on the left slope. Swerving, he put Steve between him and the gangsters' fire even as those distant guns bellowed viciously.

It was Steve who fell, and not Hop-Along, and before a second volley could be discharged the ex-deputy had dived from his bronc and taken cover.

Up on the slope Big Henry ripped out a curse, and, bidding his men keep up their fire until they had accounted for Cassidy, he announced his intention of making for Red Mountain and dealing with Pablo and Johnny.

He sneaked away then, but the instant he disappeared Spike contrived to withdraw, and presently the old barman might have been seen working his way down into the Pass under cover of rocks and scrub.

From the other side of that Pass, Hop-Along was answering the guns of Big Henry's confederates, and he had picked off two of the rogues when Spike, making a dash towards him, was shot by the remaining gangster.

The barman pitched face-downward, and, lying there, heard the smashing reports of Hop-Along's forty-five as the ex-deputy pumped lead at his surviving foe. Then came a silence, and in that silence Hop-Along moved to the spot where old Spike had fallen.

The aged bartender had struggled into a sitting posture, and slowly, painfully, he was trying to roll himself a cigarette.

"I'm -done for, young 'un," Spike moaned. "Time for a last smoke -that's all- -"

He never placed that cigarette between his lips, but before he died he told Hop-Along of Big Henry's departure for Red Mountain, and the one-time officer of the law had no sooner heard of this than he threw himself astride his horse and spurred from the scene of the gun-fight.

It was in the neighbourhood of the shack where little Pablo had stayed that Hop-Along Cassidy overtook the scoundrelly saloon owner, and,

bringing him crashing to the ground from his pony, he thrust the muzzle of his revolver against the blackguard's chest.

Both men rose a moment later, and as they rose Big Henry grabbed the barrel of the forty-five. Next second the pair of them were struggling for possession of the weapon, and they had staggered close to the rim of the precipice nearby when Hop-Along dashed his fist into his antagonist's jaw.

Big Henry went tottering backwards from the blow, and suddenly a scream broke from his lips, a scream that faded swiftly from the younger man's hearing as the infamous gang leader plunged far down -down beyond the rim of the cliff to the rocks three hundred feet below -down to meet his doom.

It was only when Hop-Along turned from the edge of the precipice that he became aware of a faint hail from some spot fairly close at hand, and he soon traced that cry to the hillside where Johnny Nelson had located Pablo.

The Mexican boy was standing beside the huddled figure of Johnny when Hop-Along came upon the two of them, and, patting the child's arm reassuringly, the stalwart ex-deputy bent down to examine his partner's wounds.

"Nice mess you got yourself into, Johnny," he said at length, "but I guess you'll be all right."

"Sure I'll be all right," Johnny Nelson answered. "An' never mind the mess I got meself into. I helped you keep your promise to El Toro, didn't I?"

Hop-Along nodded fervently.

"You did, pardner," he stated, then glanced at little Pablo.

"And won't El Toro be glad to see *you* when we take you to that ranch of his in Mexico!" he added.

A week later two riders crossed the border. One of them was Hop-Along, his arm around a boy who was perched on his saddle. The other was Johnny, stiff from his wounds, but undaunted by the prospect of a long and arduous journey.

It was a journey that took several days, but at last the Texans and their youthful charge bore down on the Chavez ranch, and they had no sooner entered its patio than El Toro hurried into view.

There ensued a touching reunion between grandfather and grandson, but when he had embraced little Pablo many times El Toro turned to the child's rescuers.

"Señors," he said in a choked voice, "everything I own is yours for the asking."

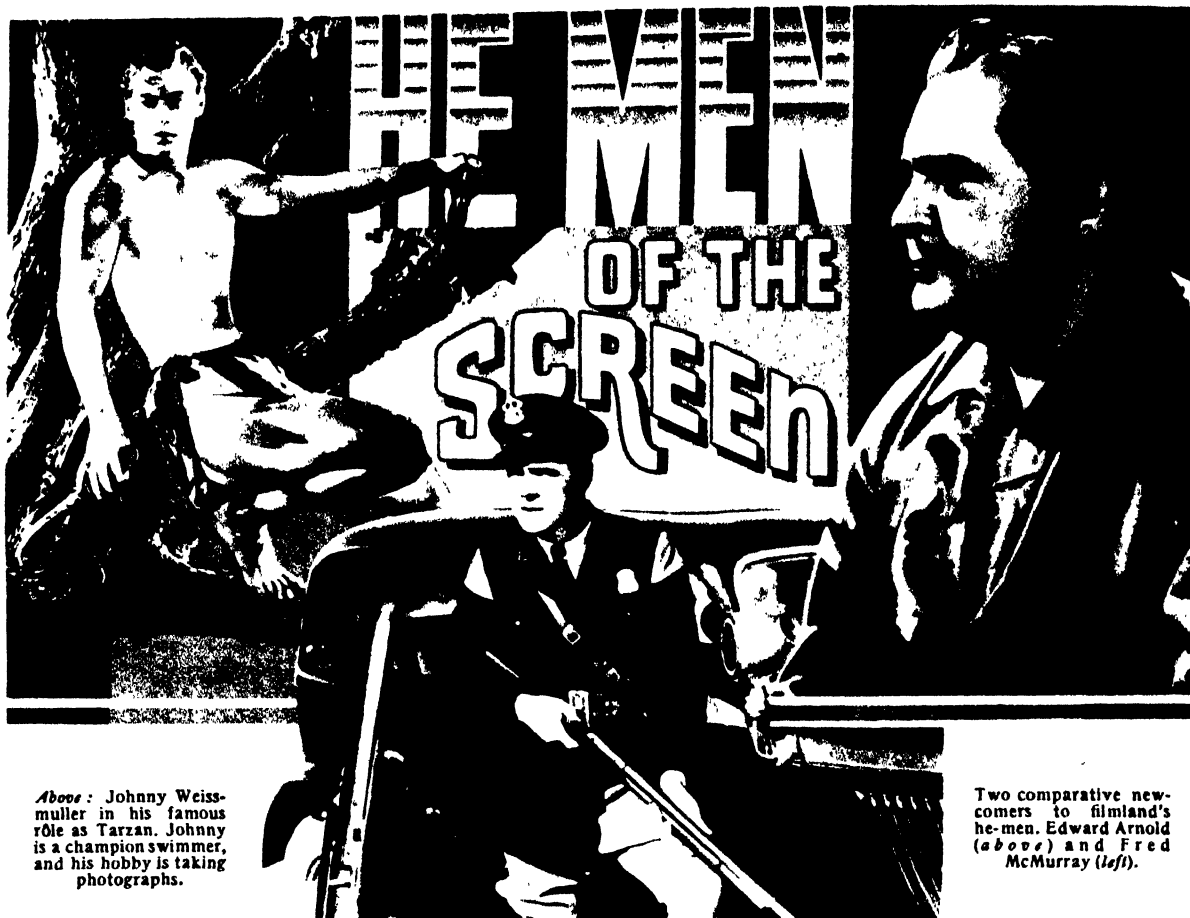
Hop-Along looked confused and stammeringly explained that he and his partner desired no reward. Then Johnny spoke in cheerful accents:

"If it's all the same to you, Señor Chavez," he announced, "we'll call the debt squared if you can round up a couple of iguana steaks. Hop-Along and me, we're as hungry as a hundred hoboes!"

(By permission of Paramount Pictures, Ltd., starring Bill Boyd and Jimmy Ellison.)



Madge Evans



Above: Johnny Weissmuller in his famous rôle as Tarzan. Johnny is a champion swimmer, and his hobby is taking photographs.

Two comparative newcomers to filmland's he-men, Edward Arnold (above) and Fred McMurray (left).

WHICH type of film star would you think was the most popular? It is a question often asked, not only by cinemagoers, like ourselves, but by film directors and those who are responsible for the success of big film companies. Naturally they want to know, because it is their business to please as many people as possible, and they can only do that by trying to find out what people want.

Thinking back over those film stars who have risen to fame, who have earned big money for a while and who have then been forgotten, the he-men of the screen are the ones that go on longest. The public never tires of them.

There are Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, for instance; Robert Armstrong, Bill Boyd, Wally Beery, Spencer Tracy, Jack Holt, Richard Dix, Walter Huston—dozens of others. They have all been stars for a long time, and we go on liking them. Why is it?

The explanation is quite simple. Everybody likes a he-man. He does romantic and exciting things in a breezy way, he has adventures and shows courage—in fact, he seems to live in a way that we would all like to imitate but can't.

Then again, there's something about filmland's he-men that is very likeable—they seem to be the sort of fellows we want as our friends. In many cases they have lived very interesting lives and

have done very interesting things, and there is something about them that attracts us.

Take Wallace Beery, for instance. He's the ugly villain of the screen, but off it—well, to use an American expression, everyone says he's "just swell." When he wants to, he can make himself look positively terrifying—he is over six feet in height and has a way of looking at you that makes you shudder; yet he's a great favourite with children and a splendid sportsman.

His hobby is flying, and he is never tired of gathering a crowd of kiddies around him and telling them all about aeroplanes. Many men would regard all the questions that are fired at him as a nuisance, but Wally isn't like that. He'll sit in the middle of a circle of attentive faces and talk away for hours, perfectly happy.

Here's a secret about him. Years and years ago he was in a circus, and one of the parts he used to play was that of female impersonator.

Can you imagine Wallace Beery, heavy-jowled and lumbering, ever looking like a woman? Yet he did it somehow.

"Of course," he once said, "I was much better-looking then. I'd have won prizes in a beauty competition. How did I get the way I am now? Well, I dunno. I can't recollect ever having stopped anything with this old mug of mine; and I like the darned thing, anyway."

Incidentally, Wally never uses make-up. He maintains he doesn't need it.

"It wouldn't do me any good," he explains. "I couldn't make myself beautiful if I wanted to."

It is not very hard to discover how hard-hitting, tempestuous James Cagney became a he-man. There was a time, when he was hardly more than a boy, when he had dreams of becoming an artist. But fate was against him. His family fell upon hard times, and he had to start earning a living quickly, not only for himself but for his family. Fortunately he had taught himself singing and dancing, so went into a music-hall show as a "turn."

"I've never regretted it, though," he says when asked about those early days. "I did at first, of course. I had set my heart upon being a great painter, and I was disappointed. But now—" He smiled reflectively. "Well, life's fun."

He learnt how to be a he-man during those early struggles to make a name for himself in vaudeville. He worked hard, and put himself over by sheer aggressiveness. Then a man from Warner Brothers happened to see him, and he had his first lucky break. He was offered a contract in films, and has been in them ever since.

Victor McLaglen, perhaps the most famous of all he-men, has been the same in real life as he is on the screen. In his time he has been boxer, wrestler, prospector for gold, soldier; he has hunted fortune in many different spheres, sometimes finding it, mostly failing. People who know him really well say that all through his amazing life, whether having good times or bad, that familiar smile which we all know so well has invariably been on his face. He is just one of those men who can never be beaten.

His philosophy is an interesting one. He was once asked how he at last found success, and he replied:

"By not caring a darn whether I was a success or not. Do you know what it is that makes most folks miserable? I'll tell you. It's expecting too much of life, and getting sore when you don't get it. Me—I never expected anything. When times were good I went around and did things just the same as when times were bad. I never grumbled—took everything as it came. Above all, I never worried. Why should I? I enjoyed myself too much."

Things are good all the time for Victor now, but he hasn't changed. If he were broke to-morrow, he would still be the Victor McLaglen of old. If he came into a million, he would still go on in the same old way. And broke or rich, he'd just smile.

He's a he-man all right!

His famous partner in so many films, Edmund Lowe, has not had quite the same hard struggle, but he is an equally good fellow. He was originally trained as a lawyer, but somehow the prospect of spending his life in a musty office did not appeal to him, and he chose the more glamorous career of the stage. Strangely enough, he always used to say that he disliked films and would never have



James Cagney, who became a film he-man because he had to earn enough money to support his family. He wanted to be an artist.

Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen have worked together in many pictures, and are as tough in private life as they are on the screen.



Ernie Nevers, Johnny Mack Brown, Director Edward Sedgwick, and Robert Young in the Universal football picture "Saturday's Millions."



Clark Gable, who has worked his way up from father's boy to world-famous film star, as he appears in "China Seas."

Ralph Bellamy and Pat O'Brien in the Universal picture "Airmail." Pat was destitute in New York when a telegram arrived saying his big chance in pictures had come.

Robert Armstrong, strong-arm hero of both silent and talkie films, once studied law. He's showing you here how to break it!

anything to do with them, but fortunately for cinemagoers he eventually changed his mind. Now he does hardly any stage work at all. It is all films

And what films they used to be when he and Victor were teaming up together! Do you remember "What Price Glory" and "The Cock-Eyed World"? They were great stuff!

Victor and Edmund Lowe started their film careers back in the silent days. Two others who have been equal successes in both silent and talking films and who worked as partners are Robert Armstrong and Bill Boyd

Bob Armstrong, like Edmund Lowe, studied law. While doing that, he also wrote plays, but did not have a great deal of success with them. In the end, feeling that he would be all the better as a playwright if he lived in a theatrical atmosphere, he became an actor. Eventually he deserted the stage for the screen, and was an instant success.

Bill Boyd (not to be confused with William Boyd, the very famous stage actor who finally went into films) started life in a very different way—as an orange packer.

Orange packing did not bring him in very much money, and he felt that he wanted to be rich. He had heard stories of the fabulous fortunes paid to film stars, and decided to go to Hollywood to try his own luck.

He had a bad time. Now and then he obtained crowd work in some of Cecil B. de Mille's productions but the pay he got for that hardly paid for food.

But he stuck things out somehow, and eventually was given a small part. His old experience stood him in good stead, and he was an instantaneous success.

"I always liked the idea of playing he-man parts," he once told an interviewer. "Most of my early days were spent in the open, and my first ambition was to become a cowboy star. I wanted to be tough—a real hard-riding, hard-hitting, two-gun he-man. But somehow I drifted into parts of another kind, and there I stuck. On the screen I've been a cop, a hobo (tramp), a crook, a big-time gambler, and lots of other things, but all the time I've been a fighter."

Clark Gable often has fun poked at him for taking he-man parts on the screen, and yet he has had plenty of he-man experiences in real life. He started by working as a farm hand. His father was a worker in the oil-fields of Ohio—a hard-bitten man amongst men.

Clark did not like farming. He did not like anything else particularly. So he just drifted from job to job, staying a little while in each, trying to find something he could get interested in.

Finally he joined a road show. Sometimes he got his salary, sometimes he didn't. Once when he found himself stranded during a tour—the manager of the company had gone broke and had disappeared—he worked as a lumberjack, felling trees, cutting up the logs into lengths so that they could be loaded on to railroad trucks, and doing any other hard work of the timber camp that came his way.

Not until he found himself another acting job did he leave lumbering, and even then his troubles were not over.

Like many another film star, stage acting did not really appeal to him. He hated doing the same thing night after night—speaking the same lines, making the same gestures. Not until he was given a film part did he find the life he wanted.

And now he's at the top of the tree. He is as well-known as Greta Garbo. And he was the one who, years ago when he was just starting, was told by a famous director that he would never be any good on the screen.

"Your face is all wrong," the director said. "Your hair's too flat, your ears stick out, and you aren't good-looking. You haven't the personality to make good on the screen. Try something else."

Well, Clark refused to try something else. He stuck to films. He certainly deserves his great success.

Talking about Bill Boyd's experiences as an orange packer, oranges almost played a part in the career of another famous star—Pat O'Brien. Pat made up his mind to make a hit in the theatres of Broadway, but somehow his ambitions became unstuck. After a succession of small parts, he one day found himself out of work in New York, broke, and as good as destitute—no home, no friends, no anything.

An acquaintance told him he was a fool to stick to the stage, because he was evidently no good at it. He offered him a job as a salesman, and the line he would have to carry was orange-juice.

Pat did not quite know what to do. He was set on being an actor, yet he was sick to death of poverty. He said he wanted a day to think it over.

Meanwhile Howard Hughes, the millionaire film-producer, had already marked Pat down for a part in that great film "The Front Page." Pat, of course, didn't know it at the time.

While trying to make up his mind about selling orange-juice, he decided to make just one last round of the theatrical agents, hoping for another part.

Fate was kind to him. A telephone call had come through from Howard Hughes to one of the agents telling him to find Pat and send him to Hollywood.

From that moment Pat never looked back. But it had been a near thing. The screen, and the stage too, very nearly lost for all time one of the toughest he-men of all.

Pat laughs when he thinks back over that time now. But he didn't laugh then. It was all too serious. A man finds it hard to laugh when he's hungry and hasn't a bed to sleep on.

A star who is not so well-known, yet who has been in films ever since the Biograph Company days, is Harry Carey. He is best remembered for his magnificent performance in "Trader Horn."

He has not taken very many really big parts, because he says that being a top-line star is too

Wally Beery as Captain John Silver in "Treasure Island"—his favourite and most famous rôle. Wally says he knows he's ugly, but there's nothing to be done about it!



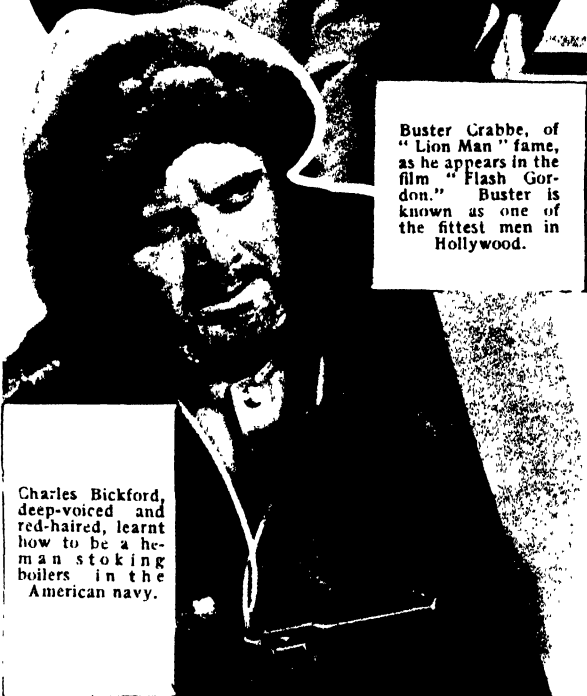
Spencer Tracy and Paul Hurst in a scene from "Riff Raff." Spencer and Paul are both of the fast-talking, hard-hitting type.

Errol Flynn receiving a lesson on how to use the sword from the famous Belgian, Fred Cavens, before appearing in "Captain Blood."

Harry Carey, one of the veterans of filmland's he-men, as he appeared in "Powdersmoke Range," a Radio picture.



Buster Crabbe, of "Lion Man" fame, as he appears in the film "Flash Gordon." Buster is known as one of the fittest men in Hollywood.



Charles Bickford, deep-voiced and red-haired, learnt how to be a he-man stoking boilers in the American navy.

risky. It is so easy to lose popularity and become forgotten. So he has contented himself with what are known as supporting rôles, and has appeared in such great films as "The Trail of '98," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "The Frontier Trail."

Charles Bickford has led a fighting life, and his tremendous voice, deep and full-throated, has earned him a rightful place as one of the most formidable of all filmland's he-men. Incidentally, he has the reddest hair of all the film stars—men and women.

He started life as a stoker in the American navy, and had little thought of becoming a film star in those days. Like most sailors when they are ashore, he went to the local theatre and cinema a lot, but they did not interest him particularly.

Then came the war, and Charles Bickford was given a commission—he became a lieutenant in the Engineering section. He served throughout the war, and when it was over decided that he had had enough of the navy, so he resigned.

He wanted a job, and the stage seemed to him as good as anything, so he started calling on the theatrical agents in the usual way, and in the end got himself a few small parts. For ten years he managed to make something of a living, but not until he was seen by a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive and offered a part in the film "Dynamite" did he really begin to find his feet.

He says now that it was his navy days which enabled him to take he-man parts. When he was a stoker, he lived a hard life amongst men as tough as himself, and he learnt to hold his own. The experience he gained was invaluable to him when he started acting, for in many cases he was only doing on the stage and before the camera what he had been compelled to do so often below decks—talk hard, fight hard, and live hard.

Jack Holt's early career was more varied. Jack says he had a restless disposition and could never settle down to anything—until he became a film actor, that is.

He was educated at a military academy in Virginia, and was taught there something about looking after himself when up against it.

After leaving the academy he became a civil engineer, working on bridge construction, road-making, and jobs like that. But somehow he could not see any future in that profession, and joined a ranch. The activity of ranching appealed to him more.

But not for long. Ranching meant being settled in one place for long periods of time, and he wanted to roam around a bit. So he got himself a job prospecting for copper.

It was the experience he had gained as a rider while on the ranch that gave him his first chance in films, for he became a cowboy in "Westerns," the most notable being Zane Grey's "The Light of Western Stars."

But he was not going to be satisfied with Westerns for long. All the time he was seeking fresh experiences, and somehow he began to take

an interest in the possibilities of under-water adventure.

So he turned to deep-sea diving and appeared in a series of films which had the life of a diver as their main theme. "Fifty Fathoms Deep" is perhaps the most notable.

Still he sought fresh experiences. His interest turned to flying, and the efforts of the American Navy to build giant airships captured his imagination. He appeared in "Dirigible."

He hasn't stopped yet. In addition to those adventurous rôles mentioned above, he has appeared in submarine pictures, has starred as a war correspondent, and in many other ways besides.

"I'm just about getting to the end of the list," he told the BOY'S CINEMA ANNUAL man when interviewed about his future plans. "All I ask for ideas for future films is danger. If you can think of anything new which will give folks a real thrill, tell me and I'll get busy on it. I'll try anything new, anything that's got plenty of excitement attached to it. Any suggestions?"

"How about big-game hunting?" the ANNUAL man asked.

"Too tame," he replied off-handedly. "Try again."

He's like that. He looks at you with a twinkle in his eye, but beneath is a jaw that looks like the front end of a battleship.

It is astonishing the number of filmland's he-men who have won their laurels in the days when the small touring company was in vogue. Such touring companies have very little chance of success these days, of course, because almost every small town throughout the world has its cinema, but they were a fine training school for those who later became top-liners in films.

Ralph Bellamy is yet another who got his experience in this way. Ralph wanted to be an actor when he was still at school, but his parents did not like the idea very much. In those days acting was considered not quite "respectable."

So, at the age of fifteen, Ralph ran away. He got odd jobs in various road shows, and, in spite of offers of steady work in other walks of life, struggled on until he gained the success he so earnestly sought.

Walter Huston is another who became an actor in spite of the objections of his parents. He had been trained as an electrical engineer, but deserted it for the stage. Fortune did not smile on him for seven years, so he went back to electrical engineering.

But acting was in his blood. Yet again he deserted his original profession, and this time he had better luck, for a brief succession of small parts on the stage led him to a Paramount contract and a big rôle in "Gentlemen of the Press."

Perhaps the veteran of all filmland's he-men is Richard Dix, but then he has been an actor all his life. He has been a film star for fifteen years now, and is still going strong; and even before he was signed up for motion pictures he had been on the stage for almost as long.

One of the big essentials of being a film he-man

Jack Holt, who has seen everything and done everything, and still wants to see and do more. He wants ideas for dangerous films.



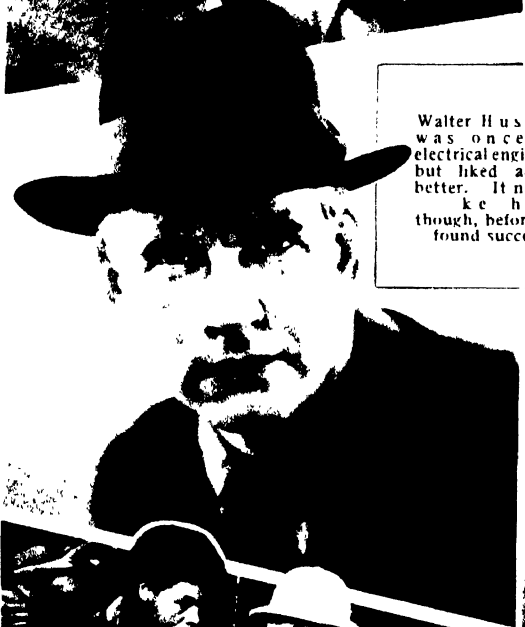
Buck Jones has his own private gymnasium, in which he spends an hour each day. He says hard ridin' isn't enough to keep him fit!



Bill Boyd has now turned Western actor—here he is in a scene from Paramount's "Hop-Along Cassidy."



Richard Dix, one of the most popular of filmland's he-men. He has been acting for as long as he can remember, and looks like going on for ever.



Walter Huston was once an electrical engineer, but liked acting better. It nearly ke him, though, before he found success.



Edmund Lowe in a gripping scene from Universal's "The Great Impersonator." He, too, deserted the Law for the screen.

is physical fitness, for without it an actor cannot impress audiences with that strength and energy which is half the battle.

Errol Flynn, famous for his work in "Captain Blood," says that keeping fit is as necessary as knowing how to act.

"I always regard it as part of my daily work," he once explained. "You see, it isn't the lines an actor has to speak or the things he has to do in front of the camera that make him a he-man to cinemagoers. It is something else--something which we call personality.

"There are lots of different kinds of personalities. There is the kind, for instance, that fits in with stories about high society and the kind that finds its best outlet in crook pictures.

"The he-man personality is best acquired by doing he-man things--cultivating a deep voice and a quick-moving, dashing manner; obtaining a good physique through exercises and outdoor sport; in other words, being in private life what you intend to become on the screen. It's all quite easy really, so long as you keep at it. You must never slacken, or you are finished."

Errol should know about these things. On another page you can see him learning to fence, his tutor being that famous Belgian fencing-master, Fred Cavens.

Buck Jones you can see, too. Most people imagine Buck must spend nearly all day riding horses, but not a bit of it. He has his own private gymnasium, and spends an hour in it each day.

"Kidn' develops the muscles of your legs and abdomen," he explains when asked why, "but it doesn't much help the rest of your body. A well-equipped gym does. Get it?"

And, talking about filmland's he-men being he-men in private life, Robert Young tells a good story about being the only man who has kicked his wife and got away with it.

"It happened in the days when we were kids at school together," he says. "Betty Lou used to sit in front of me, and when the teacher wasn't looking I used to spend my time pulling her hair and kicking her. She could never retaliate, because I was bigger than she was."

The story of Robert Young and his wife—her real Christian names are Elizabeth Louise, by the way, but he calls her Betty Lou for short—is one of the wonders of filmland. He and Betty Lou first met during the first week they went to school, and have been almost constantly together ever since. When they grew up a bit they made up their minds that they would get married, and they waited for each other faithfully until they were old enough.

Robert always chuckles when he is asked how it was he came to be an actor.

"Through getting the sack," he replies. "You see, I used to work in a stockbroker's office. I was ordered to work late one evening, and refused because I had promised to take a part in an amateur show. So the boss fired me. Could I do anything else after that but take up acting?"

Which is what is known as the he-man spirit!

SECRETS OF THE MOVIE COSTUMIER



By
**HAROLD J.
SHEPSTONE,**
F.R.G.S.

WHAT medals did the Duke of Wellington wear at the battle of Waterloo? How did the gaolers at Dartmouth Prison dress in 1841? What uniforms do the guards at Devil's Island, in French Guiana, wear? How do the doormen at the Folies Bergère in Paris and attendants at the Club Sortif at Monte Carlo dress? What kind of shoes did a Kentucky farm boy wear in 1835 and what do Siamese naval officers' buttons look like? What uniforms did Jerome Bonaparte wear during his five-year reign as King of Westphalia? What kind of blunderbuss did the Puritans use, what type of sword did Frenchmen use in duelling a century ago, and how did pirates of a century ago dress?

These are every-day questions in Hollywood. No costume is too ancient, no decoration or weapon too rare, for the wizardry of the costume makers to reproduce it on short notice. The movies are just now entering a new era of costume pictures. More than ever the resources of research people and designers will be taxed to guarantee authentic reproductions of dress uniforms, peasants' ragged garments, guns, pistols, badges, decorations of state, swords, shoes and hats.

To a former German naval officer, Lieutenant-Commander C. F. Cook, once attached to the famous raider Emden, falls the lot of guaranteeing the authenticity of most costumes you see on the screen. In his files are 75,000 pictures of all sorts of people of all lands since the invention of photography four decades ago and numerous sketches



Shirley Temple in the costume she wears in her Fox film called "The Littlest Rebel."



Errol Flynn in the gay, swash-buckling dress he wears in the First National film, "Captain Blood."

Below: Some more of the lavish costumes used in the same film. These dresses cost hundreds of pounds to make and were correct in every detail.



These two pictures show the difficulties that face the movie costumier. He has to dress these charming ladies in bathing and sports costumes of the last hundred years. To make a mistake might cost him his job.

printed prior to 1850. Within the shallow drawers of his cabinets are 700 authentic pieces of military, naval, diplomatic and lodge uniforms, together with 2,000 authentic pieces of equipment—buttons worn by Turkish soldiers, Mexican generals' badges, Brazilian belt buttons, cockades by Netherlands soldiers, uniforms of the Spanish civil guard, war decorations, Guatemala police uniforms, including chevrons, hand shackles, stick, belt and cap—from which he can quickly reproduce the uniform of a soldier, sailor, guard or officer of any country.

One costumier alone can put 60,000 uniformed troops in the field of make-believe on a week's notice, complete with pants, tunics, hats and belts. Of these 2,000 would bear arms, for rifles are needed only in close-ups. Should a director want the opposing armies followed by hangers-on, the same shelves can outfit 50,000 peasants of various nationalities. The same collection of costumes, gathered from the four corners of the globe during the quarter-century history of the movies and manufactured in Hollywood to meet picture needs of the past, will dress the astounding total of 500,000 actors, actresses and extras.

Every military change in the history of the United States from the buckskin shirt and flat felt hat of the Virginia Infantry of 1774 through the Washington Guard of 1779, the first infantry in 1782 through the Union and Confederate forces of the Civil War, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders to the open-neck tunic of Uncle Sam's 1936 soldiers is represented among these half-million costumes. Not long ago a company called for 50 each of these 19 different types, and a few days later 950 movie soldiers stood at attention, representing in person the history of America's military uniforms.

Movie Indians are known to the costumiers by types, not tribes. When a producer called recently for 466 Indians the orders flew in separate sheets to a dozen experts who knew where each piece hung in long rows. A day later trucks rolled on to the lot bearing costumes for 70 Type B Indians, including jackets, leggings, moccasins, G-strings and headbands with feathers; 70 Type C, consisting



of leggings, G-strings and moccasins; 25 beaded squaws, 13 plain squaws; 12 beaded princesses; 4 unbeaded young girls and 20 plain boys; 15 chiefs, including bonnets and feathered trailers; and 196 braves, including pants, G-strings, wrist and arm bands, belts, moccasins, figured cotton shirts and head bands.

Whatever an actor wears, whatever he may use, such as sword, badge, or gun, is part of his costume. In the files of one Hollywood studio are 500 authentic badges and decorations denoting heroism or high honour accorded their former owners in a hundred nations. Of course, costumiers do not permit originals to be carried away from their files, but in a half-day an expert workman will reproduce any badge in existence, even making it larger or smaller to fit particular needs.

Working from a photograph, an expert badge worker can turn out a replica of any badge in gold or silver-plated white metal in two hours. First, he models the outline in clay on glass, casts hot metal on the model, finally quick-plating the badge. Although tens of thousands of badges of all kinds are stored in Hollywood wardrobe departments, one studio recently found it had none from the Los Angeles police department. A messenger brought two samples, and next morning 86 movie "cops," counterparts of Los Angeles' finest, were breaking up a make-believe riot.

Hollywood costumiers often perform feats of wizardry overnight. One recent morning a director called for two French court costumes of 1750. At noon he amended the order to include swords, "one to break in a duel, and I want 'em to-morrow morning."

Labouring all night, the costumer severed the steel blade, mitred it, provided a rod and ring on one side and a trigger which the actor could pull to drop the blade when the duel commenced. So finely did he balance the blade that when the defeated swordsman pulled the trigger the steel



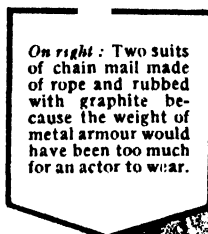
A blunderbuss made from a Springfield rifle by shortening the barrel and casting a flaring muzzle and adding a flintlock to the firing apparatus.



Two pirates made up complete with "dirtied" clothes, pistols and cutlasses.



Guy Kibbee inspects his ancient flintlock before going into action for a scene in "Captain Blood."



On right: Two suits of chain mail made of rope and rubbed with graphite because the weight of metal armour would have been too much for an actor to wear.



foil flashed through the air and fell quivering on its point directly in front of the camera.

Many similar tricks are employed to provide authentic appurtenances to costumes. Springfield rifles used during the Spanish-American War become blunderbusses when the barrels are cut off, cast brass funnels screwed on and flint holders added. Firing modern shells equipped with powder-filled cartridges which burn on leaving the barrels, they provide atmosphere and noise so necessary to "action."

Within the mothproof-gas room of one costuming concern are 100 diplomatic uniforms. With minor changes, these can serve to represent any nation in the world. Each diplomatic tail coat contains gold decorations costing £65.

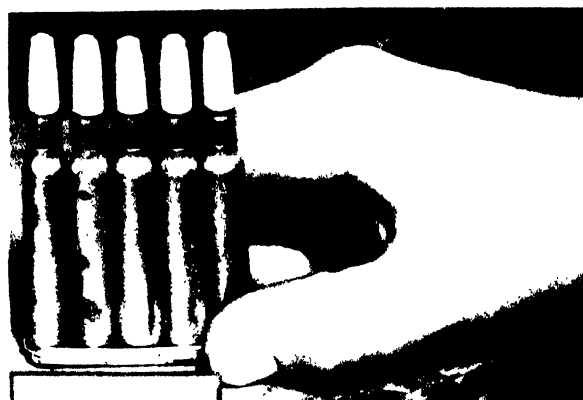
Costumes pour into Hollywood from every country on the globe. Ex-generals, retired diplomats, peasants, all sell their costly gold-braided coats, striped trousers and tattered garments to old-clothes men. These, in turn, pass them on to brokers, and those considered of value to pictures are shipped to the film capital.

Not long ago 2,500 European peasants jammed a large movie set, and every suit and dress had been scientifically aged. They were ground under emery wheels, sand-papery, ragged with files and rubbed with olive oil and grease, beeswax and fuller's earth. Though strong and sturdy, each looked as though it were ready to fall apart. After the picture was finished, the dirty costumes were returned to the costumer, who steam-cleaned them and returned them to stock.

Pictures whose scenes are laid in ancient times obviously require new uniforms and costumes. Chain mail, for instance, is not made to-day. If it were, it would be so heavy that no actor could stagger through a day's work. In its place knitted cord takes on the appearance of metal when graphite is rolled into its strands. After such a garment has been knitted, it is further painted with aluminium paint. This makes it look bright and shiny, as though it had just reached a medieval knight from his armourer.

Research workers examine many books to learn exactly how each part of a costume should be made, and from what materials. Recently a producer called for several score pirates of the time of Captain Kidd. To complete one costume the designers dressed an actor in an old felt hat, a straggly black wig, a vest of brown homespun wool, brown ratina shirt, black leather belt, bloomer pants of brown denim, a cutlass once used by American sailors, grey wool socks and rough black suede shoes.

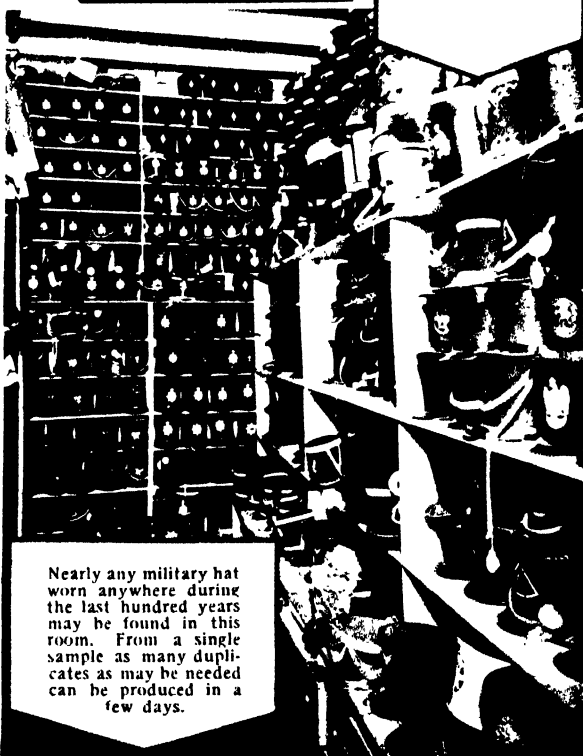
Although these may be considered "substitutes" in that they are not original costumes, movie producers demand that actors wear the type of material called for by the part. A "swell" appears in the best broadcloth evening suit a tailor can produce, while street urchins or orphans are dressed in cheap cottons. Not only does each type of cloth register on celluloid its quality, but also the more costly pieces last longer and give better service.



Movie soldiers draw from their cartridge pouches real cartridges, but the bullets are made from thin paper shells filled with powder which causes them to burn soon after leaving the muzzle of rifle or machine-gun.



A rare pistol sent to Hollywood by the widow of a Civil War veteran for use in any film depicting that era.



Nearly any military hat worn anywhere during the last hundred years may be found in this room. From a single sample as many duplicates as may be needed can be produced in a few days.

A page torn from the history of the South Sea Islands in a mighty saga of a vanishing race, starring Mala and Lotus



Sweetheart Hunters!

IN a little, palm-shadowed creek in an island in French Polynesia a company of young, light-skinned native girls were disporting themselves in the translucent water. Shouts and happy laughter were echoed by shrill calls from the tropical birds that flew hither and thither, while, through all the joyous noises, came the soft undertones of a waterfall and the nearby creaming surf.

It was high noon. The sky was royal blue above the little island and the sea was calm. A party of young natives came rowing in from another isle and landed very quietly. They were on an expedition which required of them to be most circumspect.

These young men were coming a-courting. They wished a change from the girls of their own island. In Tofoa the girls were more pretty; they considered—and a raid on the island was always good fun. Mostly these young fellows were driven off by the brothers and fathers of the girls, which made the adventure all the more exciting.

The girls in the creek were suddenly alive to their danger.

"Hola! Hola!" called one of them to her companions. "Take care! Here come the sweetheart hunters—the stupid Typees!"

At once all was confusion and hustle. The girls

came scrambling out of the water to race like scared chicks back to the village. The Typee boys went charging after them, very brave until they heard the alarm sounding on the village log drums!

The Typee chief shouted to his party: "Come back, come back!" And the young fellows stopped short at the edge of the creek—all except one, a big, laughing boy of about nineteen years.

"If Taro permits, that one pleases Mala!" he cried, pointing to the girl who had given the alarm.

The grizzled, iron-faced head of the Typees made no reply. He also had been pleased with the girl and had an idea that she would make him a good fourth wife. But there seemed not much chance of either man getting her.

Taro had twenty of his best young men with him; he shepherded them back to their boats and all put off, just as the Tofoan spearmen came running angrily down the beach. The Typees paddled away in a great hurry.

The chief counted his men when they got back to their island. Nineteen instead of twenty—one was missing. Taro went through the ranks again—scanning each bronze face with growing jealousy at his old heart. Yes, it was the boy Mala who was missing.

"He goes after that one who was lily fair," Taro told himself. "He will be killed. Presently I go again and fetch her for my new wife!"



A company of light-skinned native girls were disporting themselves in translucent water.

The "lily fair" girl stood on the little clearing which gave her a view of the beach until Mala was almost upon her. Then, like a deer, she ran into the concealing brush, laughing in his face.

But, clever as she was, she was no match for the boy. He had all the hunter's instincts and came crashing after her. So she took to the open, running bare-footed over the rough, uneven ground.

She was heading from the beach and the village, but she hoped to outrun the boy.

Mala thought only of the hunt and forgot all else. He called to her.

"Hola! Hola! I want you!"

She sped on towards a small pool higher up the creek. She dived in and swam across.

Mala followed and was almost upon her when, growing alarmed, the girl flung herself back into the pool. Here, with powerful strokes of her almost white arms, she made sure to swim away from the boy.

Mala followed her closely, swimming under water so that she lost sight of him, then suddenly he came to the surface and caught her hands in his strong fingers.

She studied her captor, who was smiling at her, in very friendly fashion. He looked a good boy and not at all like the Typees she had been told about by the old men of her tribe. But she got herself into a panic and snatched away her hands from him.

Again began the pursuit and again she was caught. She struggled fiercely, biting and kicking at him as they tumbled together in the rushing waters of the creek. The boy laughed at her; she grew angry and struck at his face with little, clenched fists.

Then, suddenly, they were caught by the current, and swept off their feet into an eddy which carried them both pell-mell over a cataract into a deep pool, where the stream, at its swiftest, tore

them apart and sent them whirling under water towards the boulder-strewn rapids which hurried down to the sea.

Mala's first thought was for the girl. He managed to right himself and get to the surface; then he saw her rolling over and over, helpless and drowning. At once he flung himself towards her and with all his young strength dragged her to a pile of rocks, drew her up, and held her panting in his arms.

The girl opened her eyes. She gazed unseeingly at him; too breathless for words. Mala began to climb over the rocks downward towards the beach.

It was slow, difficult work with the girl a dead-weight in his arms. Many times he stumbled, but at last he gained the almost level shore. Taro's boats were but specks on the blue unruffled sea!

Nothing now for Mala but to hide himself and his captive. He espied a little cave and carried her to it. There he laid her on some dry sand and anxiously regarded her set face. Again she opened her eyes; this time aware of him.

"Eater of men, I hate you!" she cried.

"I am a warrior—a great fighter—very brave! I do not eat peoples."

"You tell lies—like all Typee fellows!"

"I speak true words. I am Mala the hunter. I take you to my island, where you will be happy always. I work for you; make you a big fine house. I give you my necklace of shark's teeth which my mother made for me."

"My people are not your people. You stay and work for me here," she coaxed.

Mala said:

"Your people tell lies of my people." He squatted down beside her. "You are like a lily," he said.

"Yes," she agreed, sitting up. "That is what they call me—Lilleo. What do they call you, ugly man?"

"I tell you I am Mala the hunter. Very good fellow."

"Then you will let me go, Mala. Only bad men hunt girls."

She jumped up and ran out of the cave with the boy in quick pursuit. She ran this way and that, trying to dodge round him and get back to the village. But she tripped over a stone and fell flat on the sands. So Mala caught her once more.

He carried her to where he had spied a small canoe—a Tofoan fishing vessel. She stayed in his arms, no longer struggling. Then, when they reached the canoe, she screamed shrilly:

"Help! Help!"

Mala flung her into the canoe and, thrusting with all his strength, sent the vessel flying through the surf. He leapt aboard and seized the paddle; then, in frenzied strokes, he brought the canoe into deep water. He glanced round fearfully. Had her people heard her cries?

No one came. Mala paddled with fierce energy, and gradually the little paradise of Tofoa was left

behind. Lilleo rolled over in the frail canoe and watched a chance. Again Mala glanced back—she rolled out of the canoe like a stone, nearly upsetting it.

Mala righted the canoe and paddled after her. He was cunning, too; he called to her:

“Makos—sharks!”

At once Lilleo gave in. She came swimming back to the canoe, her brown eyes wide with fear. Mala helped her aboard and she sat hunched up in the little vessel, cuddling her knees and glowering at him as he paddled ever onward.

She asked presently: “Where are you taking this one?”

“To my home, where you will be my sweetheart for ever.”

Lilleo asked: “What is the name of your home?”

“Nukahiva. It is beautiful. You will like it. My little brother will play games with you; my mother Rehua will care for you. You will do always as you like.”

An hour later the canoe ran on to a silvery beach. A small boy was capering about on the surf. He shouted at them:

“I saw you! From the cliffs I saw you! I told them you were not dead, Mala!”

Fishermen, warriors, youngsters, and women came filing down to the beach to greet Mala. They shouted welcome to him—then, when they saw him carrying Lilleo in his strong arms through the surf, a silence fell. Someone called:

“Do you bring the chief a new wife?”

“This one is my friend,” said Mala. “Already there are three wives in Taro’s house.”

Taro himself was there and heard this talk. He said nothing, but he made no sign of welcome to Mala. He turned away and left them. Mala spoke a little nervously:

“The law says that he who wins can keep.”

His old mother Rehua took Lilleo by the hand when Mala put the girl on her feet. She led her away to her hut, speaking caressingly.

“Rehua gives welcome to Mala’s friend.”

“Very Fine Hunter!”

At daybreak next morning Lilleo was awakened by the beating of a drum. She crept out of her bed of dried leaves next to Rehua’s and opened the bamboo door of the hut, peering out. She perceived Mala squatting on the ground in front of the hut, his woolly head of hair stuck full of coloured quills—tail feathers of tropical birds. He had many necklaces about his neck and wore a long skirt of dried grass. He was beating on a little drum and chanting to himself, whilst Timé, his small brother, was looking on interestedly.

By Mala’s side lay a long spear with five barbed points. He chanted as he rattled the drum with two small sticks:

“This one very great warrior! Great fighter! Very brave!”

Lilleo put on her pareu, the only frock she possessed, and came out into the warm morning. Mala was singing a new version of his song:



“Very fine hunter—of shrimps and snails!” mocked Lilleo.

"Very great hunter, very brave warrior! This one! Yes!" He stood up and, throwing down his drum sticks, beat with clenched fists on his chest, with Timé clapping his hands. "Yes! Grrr! Yes!"

Lilleo laughed in scorn. Mala turned to her, staring in surprise. Her little white teeth flashed. He stooped down to pick up a drum stick, quite at a loss.

"Very good hunter," he ventured encouragingly.

She laughed again.

"Very *fine* hunter—of shrimps and snails!"

Mala turned away and ran. His pride was hurt to the quick. Timé told her, gravely:

"Presently he come back. He will not beat you now, because he is too angry."

Lilleo shook her head.

"I beat him," she threatened. "You shall see. Tofoa girls are never afraid."

Much later on, Mala did come back. He was dragging behind him a huge swordfish which he had caught and killed. It was nearly as big as himself, and a wicked-looking monster. Rehua met him at the door of the hut.

"Where is she, my friend?" Mala asked. "I bring her a very large shrimp!"

"She is gone with another mighty hunter," his mother answered, her old eyes twinkling.

"With Taro?" he gasped, his smiles all gone.

"Go and see." Rehua waved him towards the jungle.

Mala seized his spear and bounded away. He

ran into the thicket of palms and eucalyptus, calling loudly:

"Hola! Hola!"

Only the twittering birds and the jabbering monkeys made answer. Again he called—then, from a high palm, a coconut dropped in his path. He stood still, glaring here and there. A monkey peeped at him from behind a flowering bush. Mala seized the coconut and flung it at him.

The ape ducked, chattering defiance. A second nut came down, this time on Mala's shoulder. He started violently, fancying he heard a laugh. Then came a third—a well-aimed coconut which dropped—plonk!—on his woolly head.

He sank to the ground with a low cry and lay stretched out, his spear fallen from his hand. For a long minute there was silence; even the monkeys were alarmed. Then Lilleo, perched high in a palm tree, slid to the ground and came to him. "Timé, you wicked one," she cried, "you have killed your brother!"

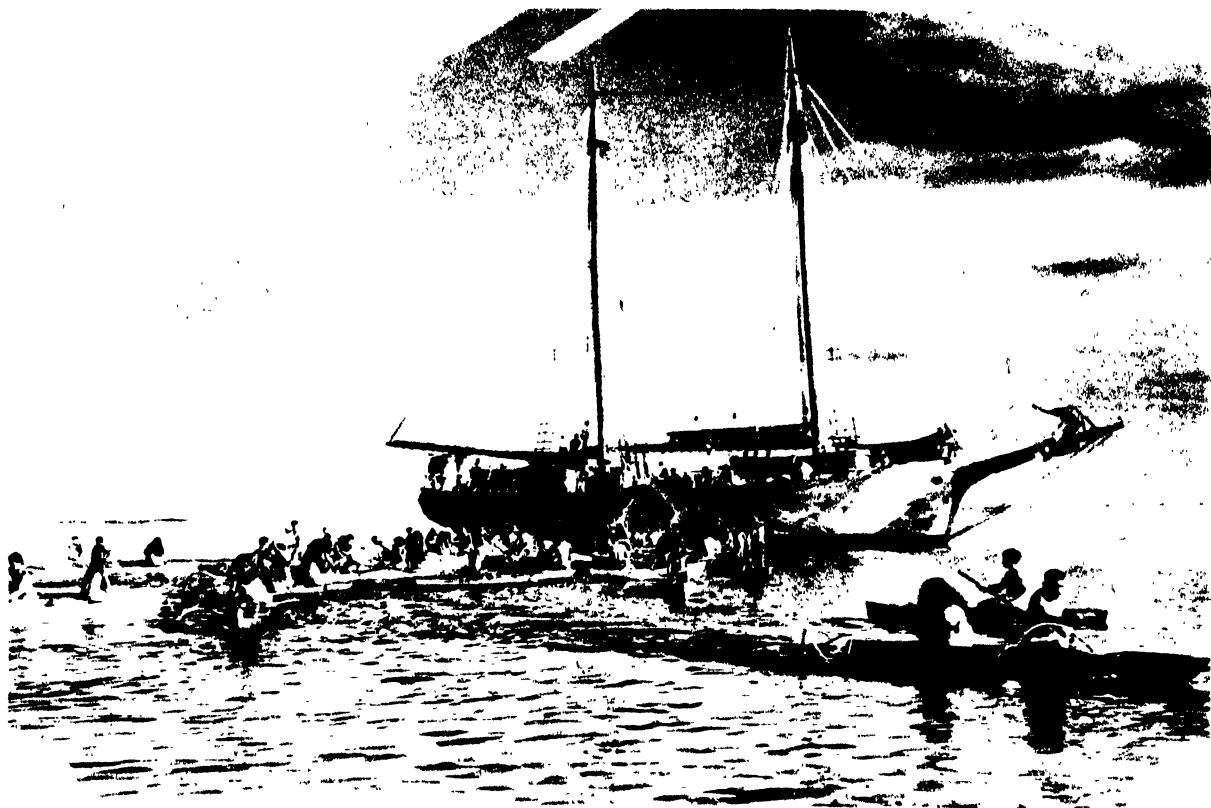
Mala's eyes were tightly closed. He made no sign when she put out a hand to touch his face gently. Again she called to Timé, but the boy was hiding in the brush.

"Mala, Mala!" wailed Lilleo. "Wake up! Say you are not dead!" She began to weep. Her tears streamed down her cheeks and fell on his upturned face.

"Tane," she moaned. "My sweetheart, you are quite dead!"

Mala sat up and caught her to him.

"Oh, you bad one! You are not dead!" she



The ship dropped anchor and came to a standstill in the blue calm of the sea.



Lilleo, still dreaming, was lifted up and carried away.

cried, instantly struggling. "You are all lies and tricks. Never will I be your friend."

She sprang away from him and Mala got up. Just as he was going to tell her that his head was very bad and that the coconut had been very hard and heavy, a shriek came from Timé.

"Mala! Save me! A wild pig!"

At once Mala snatched up his spear and ran to where the frantic cries were sounding. Lilleo chased after him—she hated pigs, especially wild ones. They saw Timé rushing across a clearing with a big, vicious, tusky boar close on his heels, snorting in rage. Mala's spear was raised on high and flung with unerring aim. It caught the boar a glancing blow and rolled him over.

Timé darted for a tree and climbed it in desperation just as the pig rose up, its little red eyes furious. Mala shouted to Lilleo:

"Go back!"

But the warning was too late. The infuriated animal had seen her, and yellow tusks lowered, came charging at her. Lilleo uttered a shrill yell and ran like the wind, the pig steadily gaining. Mala ran to retrieve his spear; then cast it once more. This time it pierced the pig's heart, and the animal rolled over dead.

Lilleo came creeping back to Mala. She put her head against his shoulder as his strong right arm went about her waist.

"Mala will always protect his friend," he said.

She murmured:

"Lilleo is Mala's friend always."

He took off one of his many necklaces and hung

it around her neck. They brushed their noses together—the tenderest greeting of the Typees.

He plucked her a white flower as they walked together and she tucked the blossom behind her right ear—a sign that the gift was very pleasant to her.

Meantime the boy Timé had walked round the dead pig and had drawn out the spear. With this in his hand he ran back to the village, there to tell all the other children how he alone had encountered and slain the animal.

Coming of the White Men

MALA and Lilleo wandered onward, his arm about her. She shyly whispered:

"This one's heart is no longer free. It belongs to you."

"I am happy, Lilleo. Very happy."

As they walked they were startled from their day dreams by the booming of a cannon from the direction of the sea. They listened and a second shot rang out.

"A ship has come," said Mala.

"A war canoe?" she asked, shrinking close.

"It is a great ship of the papaas, the white men. Let us hurry—there will be a big feast to-night for us all. Very good fellows come in this ship."

She caught at his hand and they ran like two children towards the beach. Lilleo had often heard talk of the papaas, but had never yet seen a white man, nor had she even dreamed of such a ship as she now beheld putting in towards the shallows—a ship with dirty white sails, tall, raking masts, and

rope-laddered masses of rigging. She stared spell-bound as the vessel drew nearer and nearer to the shore on which all the natives were fast gathering.

Said Lilleo, in a little voice :

"Will they kill and eat us, these papaas?"

"No," laughed Mala. "They will give us presents and make us a feast of white man's food. We shall give them such things as we have that they may want—fruits and green vegetables. I will row you out to this ship when she stops."

They watched the bellying sails fall down from the tall masts and be quickly and deftly furled. The ship dropped anchor and came to a standstill in the blue calm of the sea. At once the waters were alive with native craft—everyone who possessed anything in the way of a canoe put out to meet and surround the now gently rocking ship.

Captain Buckley and his mate were studying the oncoming flotilla of canoes, each fresh craft overfilled with yelling, excited natives.

"They're friendly?" asked Buckley, chewing a cigarette stub.

"Taro's their chief," came the gruff answer. "That's him—the old grizzled bird in the biggest canoe. I can always handle him."

"The crew have their instructions?" Buckley tossed away the cigarette.

"Yes, sir. We give them what they like—beads and junk—and they bring us copra and fruit. You'll go ashore?"

"You with me, Robbins. And we'll take a brace of guns."

"You won't need 'em," the mate assured him.

Taro, resplendent in his best head dress, drew alongside in a canoe propelled by ten warriors. Robbins leant over the side of the ship.

"Hola! Ia ora na!"

Taro gravely called back :

"Ia ora na!"

Robbins glanced towards his commander.

"Okay, sir! Everything set fair."

Buckley asked last questions :

"How do you get 'em to sign the contracts? How many men d'you think we can get here?"

"All we need," Robbins answered the last query first. "Sign? Oh, that's easy—we give 'em a drink or two and put a pen in their hands."

Buckley called to his men to lower a boat. He and Robbins clambered down to it. Taro waved his hand in great dignity, and his warriors began to back away from the ship. He led the way for Buckley and his small company to follow to the shore for the usual "palaver."

The crew of the big ship helped the natives to swarm aboard. Mala drew his canoe alongside the chains and climbed up them to the bows. He leaned down to take Lilleo's upstretched hand in his and drew her aboard.

The natives ran about everywhere, exclaiming like children at all they saw. In the big cabin on the long table lay all manner of tawdry trinkets, necklaces of coloured glass, cheap watches, bangles, brooches. Cheap, one-piece frocks of cretonnes and cottons for the girls; straw hats and white duck

trousers for the men, who greedily bargained for these—and went into dark corners to put them on, loudly boasting, when they had dressed, that they were "papaas" now—white fellows of renown!

The girls screamed with delight and clapped their brown hands together when the purser in his uniform began to give them the little articles they coveted. Their sweethearts and husbands chafered for the frocks—all was in a turmoil of excitement when Buckley returned to the ship with Taro as his guest.

"The captain says, 'Good fortune, good hunting, and his best greetings,'" Robbins told Taro. "He not speak your tongue, but these things he tells me in his own."

"Welcome to Taro's island," replied the old chief. "Already I say it. Now I say it again."

"Tell him that we will have music to-night," spoke Buckley.

"He understands," Robbins answered. "He will bring his wives."

"How about a drink?" Buckley questioned.

Taro seemed to understand this without any need of an interpreter! Buckley and Robbins escorted him to the best cabin and there gave him a large mug of a specially sweet and fiery punch. Taro drank and smacked his lips.

"Very good fire-water," he announced.

Buckley filled up the mug, prompting the mate.

"How about the men?"

"He promises us sixteen men, maybe more," Robbins stated. "All young and strong. I told him we would pay them big money for the usual five years in the phosphate mines at Patua."

"Patua," repeated Taro, who had caught the word. "Very good island!"

"Sure!" Buckley agreed heartily. "Let's go along the ship and pick out the sixteen."

Robbins conveyed the suggestion to the Typee chief, who nodded his head. The three went through the swarming crowd, Taro pointing here and there to the young men he could best spare. Presently they came upon Mala drinking punch with Lilleo.

"That one," said Taro.

A Vain Fight for Freedom

THE Typees that evening brought their ukuleles and guitars and drums and, under the warm dusk, the sweet, plaintive strains of their music filled the night.

All were served with mugs of the heady punch. Buckley took Mala and Lilleo to a cabin where a few especial gifts had been reserved.

He gave Lilleo a good necklace because the girl pleased him. Then he filled her glass from his own bottle—Mala, with a watch and chain dangling in one hand and in the other a little cage in which was a clockwork canary, was smiling all over his face.

"If you like 'em—take 'em," said Captain Buckley.

Robbins was standing by a desk with a pen in his hand. He translated :

"Ne mamai oe," he grinned. "For you, Mala, my son!"

Mala nodded, almost crazy with pleasure. He had already had too much punch—what Buckley now gave them contained a sleeping draught. It was timed to take effect a little later on.

Robbins called to Mala. "Abo—come here, boy!"

Mala put down his gifts with reluctance. Then he saw the pen and imagined it to be some new magic. Spread on the desk was a piece of stiff paper with scrolls and signs on it—Robbins gave him the pen and showed him how to hold it; then the crafty mate guided the boy's hand and helped him to put a mark against a place on which was printed "signature."

"Now you have made a picture," laughed the mate. "And here's the money for it!"

He gave Mala a little bag of silver dollars which jingled very pleasantly. "White man's money," said Robbins.

"Thank you," said Mala, and gave the bag to Lilleo. The two simple ones went back to the music and the drinking, supremely happy.

The "picture" Mala had signed was a contract with the Patuan phosphate company for five years, in return for five hundred dollars, fifty of which he had already received.

The night wore on. The older natives left the ship, but the young men Taro had assigned—in return for a big present—to the company were still on board. One by one the drugged drink overpowered their senses and they fell asleep. They were picked up by the crew and carried below to the hold and there placed on their bunks.

Lilleo lay side by side with Mala on the open deck fast asleep. Faint dawn was showing in the skies; she was dreaming in a rather confused way when the crew came to her. Two of the sailors bent over her and lifted her in their arms.

They bore her gently away to where Taro's big canoe was waiting alongside.

The tide was running in and the native craft began to surge towards the shore. Taro stood up in his war canoe to wave good-bye to Captain Buckley.

He called, rather unsteadily:

"Now I return to my people!"

"So long, chief," Buckley answered. "Till we meet again!"

The great dirty-white schooner of the white men was under full sail when Mala awoke. At once he turned to where he believed Lilleo to be still lying and put out his hand.

It was almost dark in the hold, and the many men lying there made the place close and airless. Mala sat up, unable to grasp where he was. He stared down on the still sleeping men lying along the bunks.

Mala shook his head to and fro to clear his addled brain. His head ached and he couldn't think coherently. Only one thing was clear to him—Lilleo must be found. So he stepped out of the bunk and, next moment, nearly rolled over owing to a sudden lurch of the ship.

He steadied himself and staggered towards a crease of light above him. He climbed a ladder and found a kind of lid over a square hole; he

One of the sailors had crept up behind Mala and hit him suddenly on the back of the head with a marlin spike.





With his ankles shackled, Mala sat brooding in the hold.

thrust the lid aside and climbed half out of the reeking hold into the full freshness of the morning.

Captain Buckley and his mate stood at the rail, their backs towards him. A negro quartermaster manned the helm. Three or four sailors were busy on deck with long needles and pack thread repairing the sails.

"Lilleo!" called Mala. One of the sailors glanced up from his work.

"What's that?" he shouted back.

"Lilleo!" called Mala again. Then, with a cry of dismay, he realised that the ship was at sea. Robbins glanced round.

"It's that woolly-haired boy calling for his girl," he told Buckley. "I guess I'd better tell him what it's all about."

Robbins moved across to where Mala was emerging from the hatchway of the hold. He began to explain in Typee dialect to the boy.

"But I must go back to my friend!" broke in Mala. "I *must* go back!"

"You signed the contract, my son, same as the rest. And you've taken the pledge money. You gave it to your friend—I saw you."

"I return white man's money," said Mala. "Also his presents. I go back!" He sprang out of the hatchway and made a rush for one of the boats swinging in their ropes.

Robbins tried to catch him but was thrust aside. The sailors ran in on the frenzied lad.

A short, fierce scuffle followed. Mala, mad with fear, had the strength of a giant; he threw the men off and, slippery as an eel, leaped on to a ship's boat and snatched up one of the oars. The sailors good-humouredly came after him, telling him, in their rough way, not to be foolish. But Buckley lost patience.

"Swipe him one over the head and chuck him below!" he shouted.

The sailors sprang to obey. One of them lunged at Mala, but the boy batted him off the loosely swinging boat with a sweep of the oar. Then Robbins began to get angry.

"Snap into it, you fellows! Get that fool nigger into the hold!"

One of the sailors had crept up behind Mala. He hit him suddenly on the back of the head with a marlin spike. Mala slumped forward and rolled off the boat—another sailor caught him by the legs, while a third man grabbed the boy's arms. In a moment more Mala was bundled anyhow below decks.

"Put him in irons!" Buckley ordered, savagely.

The order was carried out. Mala sat brooding in the hold amongst the other Typees, who grinned to see his ankles shackled while they were free. They were a careless lot and the trip was but an adventure to them.

They had yet to learn what phosphate mining was like, and why white men were so eager not to do it themselves!

The day after the schooner had sailed Taro, with a procession of drums, came proudly marching up to Rehua's hut. Here his followers formed into a respectful group while the old chief chanted a boastful war song.

Lilleo hid herself behind Rehua—when Mala's mother presently came to draw aside the bamboo doors of the hut.

"Lilleo is Taro's new wife," announced Taro at the conclusion of his song. Whereupon all the natives round him clapped their hands and shouted:

"Tai! Tai!"

But Rehua was Mala's mother and a brave old woman. She shook her grey-haired head.

"Lilleo is my son's friend," she said. "She will wait for him to come back to her."

"He is gone of his own will," Taro answered, with great dignity. He was the chief and, in the end, must be obeyed. So he could afford to be patient. "Where he has gone there are many friends—already he forgets Lilleo."

"I will wait for Mala," said Lilleo, gently weeping.

"Mala does not weep for *you*," Taro told her. "He forgets you. He goes away and will never come back."

One of Taro's wives came forward at a sign from Taro.

"Speak with her, Tirere," Taro commanded. "You are of an age with her."

Tirere, a dark-skinned, fierce girl, shook back her black flowing hair.

"Weeping!" she cried scornfully. "That's a

pretty sight! You should laugh with joy that our great chief stoops to make you his new wife."

"But I do not wish it." Lilleo gazed pleadingly into Taro's half-closed eyes. "I am not of your people—I am not worthy of this great honour."

"Will you go back to Tofoa?" sneered Tirere. "All alone in a canoe? Shall our warriors take you home to your people?"

Lilleo knew that already she was forgotten by the careless, lazy folk of her island. They would not welcome her—she would be treated as a servant. To them, she had gone away willingly with their enemies, the Typees.

Rehua made a last attempt: "I will take care of her. I am strong. I work for the two."

Taro opened his eyes widely. He had wished everyone to think he was in deep consultation with himself.

"Taro will marry Lilleo. It is spoken," he declared. "Very soon I send for her." He clapped his hands together and stalked away, followed by his escort loudly beating on their drums.

At the Phosphate Mines

A LONG, low shack of pink and white looked out over the sea. Its broad veranda faced the dusty little pier jutting out from the volcanic island of Patua. The island itself—grey, barren, and desolate—seemed like a cemetery, with its thousands of tall, slender pinnacles of hard white stone standing anyhow together like forgotten tombstones. The sun burned down mercilessly all day upon Patua and the men working in the lodes and "runs" to make money for the great "Oceanic Phosphate Company."

Fever and sun madness and choked lungs took heavy toll of the miners. Few finished their five-year contracts with the company, and those who did had changed meantime from young, lusty boys to old, wrinkled men, round-shouldered, hollow-chested, and sunken-eyed.

The schooner was berthed at the pier. Robbins was herding the Typees into double file to march them up the winding, dusty roadway to the pink-and-white office on the cliff. Captain Buckley had gone ahead to report to the commandant of the island.

Presently the column was in motion. As their feet kicked up the white powdered phosphate on the road the men began to cough and sneeze. Mala, shackled, moved slowly—his face heavy and despondent, his eyes set in a fixed stare of misery.

The procession wound up to the office veranda. Commandant Brannon, standing there in a loose white suit and sun hat, looked the men over approvingly. He asked, when Mala came into view:

"Why the ankle chains?"

"A tough baby," answered Buckley, at his side. "I'd advise you to keep 'em on till he comes to his senses."

"He'll soon get over his bad manners," Brannon stated. "And I don't like to see him in chains." He called to Robbins, who had now halted the column. "I want you!"

Robbins came up. Brannon told him:

"That boy there. Knock off those irons."

"Risky, sir. He's a decent lad—but a trifle mad just now. He thinks he has lost his sweetheart."

Mala was taken apart from the rest. The chained-together anklets were taken off. He at once conceived the idea that he was free—that now he could return to Lilleo. He smiled like a child and began to trot back towards the pier and the schooner.

"Abo!" shouted Robbins. "Come back!"

But Mala ran on. Robbins, with a gesture of vexation, ran after him. Two orderlies at the pier head crossed their rifles to prevent Mala from passing; he drew up, telling them in his own lingo that all was well, that he was to go back to his people. But the rifles remained crossed, barring his passage—so he caught the guns in a mighty grip and tore them out of the men's hands.

When Robbins came panting up to them the three were in the thick of an all-in struggle, pounding away at each other like fury. The whites were no match for the slippery-skinned, half-bare native, who writhed like an eel and kicked and fought with all the strength and passion of a true Typee warrior.

But with skilful Robbins added to their numbers, Mala was in the bitter end overcome and held down. Robbins stood up.



Mala, still struggling, was brought before Brannon in his office.



"I sing because I go home in the next moon!" said the old man
"I finish my five long years!"

"What ails you, you great fish!" he spluttered. "We do you a kindness and you go all crazy! Bring him along, boys, to the commandant."

So Mala, sullen and still struggling, was brought before Brannon in his office. The commandant heard the story.

"You'll go back when your time's up," he told Mala. "Not before, nor a minute after! You'll behave like a good fellow and earn your money. I hate putting back those chains, but I can't trust you. Take him along to the camp and put him in Reilley's gang."

Mala was taken to the mines and registered along with the rest of the new hands. The irons were replaced on his ankles; then he received his equipment—a tin cup and bowl, a man's pareu of bright-coloured cotton, and a sleeping mat of woven pandan—the leaves and fibrous roots of the pandanus tree. Then he was shown to his quarters where the natives housed together—a long shed of twisted bamboo, thatched with tapering leaves of palmetto and overlapped with coconut fronds.

Each man had his small bundle of his own belongings.

They were served out with coarse bread and a kind of fish, then their tin cups were filled with water and they were allowed to talk among themselves awhile. At noon a shrill whistle called them to work, and they filed out of the shed to the overseers, who marched them down over the dry, hot coral to the quarries, where their work was to hew out and load up into trucks the precious but very dusty phosphate.

Phosphate is mined, chiefly, in open quarries, but some of the lodes run downward in a sidelong manner. Here there are shored-up long tunnels bored into the coral reef which is the main base of all the Marquesa islands. Mala and his Typee friends were put with experienced older men in a wide sort of pit, and were given picks and shovels.

They worked until dusk; then a whistle called them to where rations were again served out. Then Reilley formed them up and marched them back to their quarters.

So went on day after day, Mala gradually losing heart. He saw men fall at his side under the gruelling heat—and be left where they fell until someone had time to bring them water and carry them off on rough stretchers.

All were grey with dust and grimed with sweat. Reilley always called out:

"Work! Work! You'll never get done the lazy way you're going!"

Brannon came along every now and again. There was a monthly inspection of the miners—so that he might report on their health and condition and advise the company when new men were needed.

One time, when Mala came off duty, he heard what he thought to be a very old man singing to himself as he cut a little notch across the handle of his pick. The handle was nearly filled with notches, and this old man with the deeply lined face seemed very pleased with himself.

"Why do you sing?" asked Mala inquisitively.

"I go home in the next moon," answered this old man, his eyes suddenly very young. "I finish my five long years. So I sing because I go back to my wife and my little man child."

Mala turned away. He could not bear to look upon this happiness so far away from himself.

Next day Brannon came down with another official, who was carrying a map in his hand. Reilley lined up the men hastily, thinking this was to be a surprise inspection, but Brannon only glanced along the line of grey faces.

"Hastings thinks there's a rich patch forty feet under the coral," he told Reilley. "It doesn't seem likely to me."

"It's right enough, chief," the Irishman answered. "I struck it last night. It's at the end of the tunnel—pure phosphate—and it seems to go straight down."

"I'll take a look," said Brannon.

Reilley called to Mala.

"Show white chief the way, boy," he ordered. "Take a light."

Mala hurried forward, his chains clanking. Reilley gave him a torch—a long stick of candle-nut—and lighted the rude wick at the top. Mala went towards the entrance to the tunnel.

"The floor sinks a foot in three, chief," called Reilley. "Stoop a bit as you go. I'll stay with the men—there's blasting going on—and they get the jitters when a dynamite charge explodes."

Brannon was already in the tunnel. Mala held the torch for him and they went on and on in the darkness, fitfully lit up by Mala's smoking torch.

They were just at the end of the tunnel when a low rumbling sounded from behind them and both turned about sharply.

A great cracking noise rent the still air; they felt the ground shaking—then came a heavy rain of loose coral from the roof. The commandant lowered his head to plunge through the falling debris with Mala close behind. A great reef of earth and coral crashed through the broken shorings—Mala's free arm caught quickly at Brannon's and jerked him away, just as tons of powdered coral came thundering down, smashing out the candlelit torch.

Mala again led the way. He forged ahead through the choking darkness, guided by the tiny ray of light which marked the entrance to the tunnel. Jagged chunks of coral fell right and left—a sharp cry from Brannon caused Mala to run back. The commandant lay prone, half buried in the wreckage of the shorings. Clawing with his strong fingers at the coral, Mala fought with desperation to free his chief.

At last he did so; then, lifting him upon his shoulders, he again staggered onwards towards the pin-hole of light, blocked up suddenly as rescuers came cautiously into the open end of the tunnel. There came another fall of the roof—Mala ran forward, stumbled and went crashing to his knees, while Brannon, regaining breath, was flung forward out of danger. The tunnel behind him collapsed, burying Mala under huge baulks of timber and a pile of loose coral.

Reilley was leading the rescuers. He came upon a dishevelled and half-blinded commandant, gasping chokingly:

"That boy's somewhere behind. He saved my life——"

Hastings took his chief to safety. Reilley, more experienced in the mines, saw what had to be done. He sent the men for shovels and picks.

"Work—work!" he called his old cry. "There's a fine feller we got to get out."

They hacked a passage through the debris and came to where Mala lay very still. Reilley put a hand on his breast.

"He's alive," he cried. "Steady boys—get the timbers off av him. Now then, take him up and carry him like as if he was a babby!"

The Storm

THE white-haired doctor was beside Mala's bed dressing his bruises. Brannon came to see him on the second day. The commandant was still shaken and sore, but he was full of gratitude for the boy's splendid deed.

"How's tricks, Mala?" Brannon asked. Mala didn't understand the words, but he knew they were meant kindly.

"I fine. Very strong fellow," he announced.

The doctor whispered:

"I took off his shackles, of course."

"Of course," agreed Brannon. "I've been talking to Robbins—it seems the boy's trouble lies in the fact that he's parted from his sweetheart. I'm sending the schooner for some more

men—Captain Buckley can bring the girl here. Tell the boy, doctor—it doesn't do for me to get sentimental before a native."

He nodded cheerfully to Mala; then strode out of the sick bay. The old doctor whispered the great, glad news to Mala, who smiled so much that the doctor thought he'd never be able to get his big mouth right again! He was up and about the next day—Reilley told him that Mrs. Reilley would have Lilleo to stay with her up in their quarters on the cliffs.

A week later, the schooner was back at Nukahiva. Again a flotilla of canoes put off to welcome the white men. Taro sat in his hut, sending a message to Buckley that he was too busy to come himself, but would carry out all commands. Robbins had a palaver with the messenger, reading out Brannon's desires, whereupon six more young Typees were enrolled and persuaded to sign the fateful contracts.

Then Robbins asked about Lilleo.

A joyous cry burst from the girl when she heard her name. She had been allowed to come with Taro's three wives to see the ship. She ran to Robbins, eagerly exclaiming:

"Lilleo! I Lilleo!"

Robbins remembered her.

"Okay!" he grinned. "Get your traps—we aren't staying. Taking you to Mala——"

But the messenger shook his head. He called Robbins aside.

"This one will be Taro's new wife. Taro is chief."

Buckley asked in his sharp way:

"Now what?"

Robbins told him. Buckley decided at once.

"Swell chance we'll have of picking up anything



"He's alive!" Reilley cried.

"I fine! Very strong fellow!" said Mala faintly.



here—if we cross that old bird!" he said. "Tell the fellow we're Taro's friends and won't do a thing to worry him. It was a fool idea of Brannon's, anyway—we don't want girls hanging about the mine."

Robbins gave Lileo a string of beads and told her to get ashore. He explained, as gently as he could, that they couldn't take her this time. Perhaps some other day.

Lileo listened and said no word. She went back to Rehua and told her. The old woman whispered in Lileo's ear, prompting her what to do.

In the dusk, when she heard the schooner weighing anchor, Lileo, risking the sharks, swam out to the ship and climbed aboard up the chains. No one saw her—she slipped down into the hold and hid behind some crates of oranges.

When the ship was fairly at sea, she crept out of hiding and watched her chance to get to the kitchens, where she was able to steal a few bananas behind the fat back of the Chinese cook. He heard her and swung round on his stool, staring as if he had seen a ghost—then, brandishing his chopper, he rushed away to tell the captain.

Buckley swore heartily, but he couldn't put back.

"Shove her in one of the fore cabins," he ordered Robbins. "And I hold you responsible she don't skip the ship at Patua!"

When they arrived at the dirty little pier of the phosphate island, Lileo found that she had been locked in her cabin. But this didn't daunt her—she very quietly lifted the swing window and crawled out, holding on to the sill until she could drop, feet first, into the chalky sea. She swam under water until she could no longer hold her breath, then came to the surface and boldly struck out for shore. The crew were too busy getting the new recruits out of the hold to notice her—but Robbins spotted her as she began to pick her way up the beach.

He made a gesture of annoyance, but he didn't let on to Buckley.

"I'll get her back to-night," he decided. "She won't go very far in a hole like this."

Lileo had espied a woman busily weaving grass cloth in front of a small beach hut. She went to her.

"I search for Mala, my sweetheart," she said.

"That one will be there," the woman answered, pointing up the dusty track which led down from the mines.

"Maruru—many thanks!" Lileo sped off. She found the road hard to her feet and the dust made her sneeze, but the hot wind soon dried her pareu—the little flowered cotton frock she always wore.

When she reached the quarry the workmen all stared. Reilley came along to see why they had stopped work. It dawned on him that this was Mala's "friend."

"Mala!" he called. "Here—come here!"

The boy turned to answer the summons. He saw Lileo and threw down his pick to run to her, tears of joy in his eyes.

"Lileo!" he cried. "Oh, Lileo—my dear one!"

He took her in his great arms, almost squeezing her to death. The workmen round about laughed and laughed again; even Reilley was amused to see the youngsters rubbing their noses together—forgetful of everything but their own great happiness. But Reilley soon began his everlasting:

"Work, work! Do ye think ye can laze about, jest because a boy's got his girl friend?"

He told Mala, in rough kindness:

"You take her along to the cook-house, son. You needn't do any more work till I call ye."

The day passed all too soon. Reilley put Mala on an evening shift. In the tunnels it didn't matter whether it was daylight or not in the mines. The overseer said he would take care of Lileo.

Mala waved to her, grinning all over his face. He was happy now—he would work hard and please the White Chief who had kept his promise! He shouldered his pick and marched away, singing as he went. Lileo shyly waved her hand to him as she stood at the door of Reilley's office; then, when the procession of miners had disappeared down the slope of the track into the workings, she raised the tapa curtains that hung across the office entrance. She saw Robbins and two other white men waiting there.

"I must take you back to your island," Robbins spoke gruffly. "I'm sorry, but we mustn't break the law. Taro claims you for wife."

"But I do not want—"

Lileo knew that it would be of no use to argue. She was stupefied; she felt that now she must die; yes—she would jump off the ship into the sea and let the fierce sharks rend and devour her!

One of the orderlies offered:

"Better let her stay ashore to-night, sir," he said. "There's a storm coming up from the south. We're due for a real blow—you won't be able to pull out of here for a couple of days at least."

Robbins shook his head.

"Buckley's mad as a hatter already. I'm responsible for the girl—it's more than my job's worth not to put her aboard."

Lilleo, her heart like lead, followed them down the road to the pier. They put her back into her cabin; then the men nailed down the swing window from the outside. They brought her some food and drink, then locked the cabin door.

Mala came out of the tunnels at midnight. He was very tired, but he ran to Reilley's office without even noticing the shrieking wind and the streaming rain.

"Lilleo, Lilleo!" he yelled, through the storm.

He burst into the lamp-lit office. Brannon was there. He looked up from his work, annoyed at Mala's abrupt entry. The storm had got on his nerves.

"What is it?" he asked testily.

"Lilleo—where is she?" Mala stood there, dripping wet.

"She must go back," Brannon told him. "She's Taro's wife. You should have told me. Get back to your quarters."

Mala cried: "She is not Taro's wife! She is my friend!"

Brannon lost his temper.

"Get out!" he shouted.

Mala turned from him. He went out into the roaring storm, broken in spirit, dumb with grief—

he went down the track utterly at a loss what to do. Where had they put Lilleo—where was she?

A blinding flash of lightning lit up the furious sea. Mala glimpsed the schooner battering herself against the pier. The ship—yes! She would be there!

Under the crashing thunder he raced down the coral road, a sheer waterway of hard rock now. He reached the jetty and felt it swaying beneath his feet. The piles that held it up were being smashed like dry sticks; the schooner, at her moorings, was pounding herself to splinters as the waves smashed over her and drove her continuously against the broken pier. Huge rollers reared up and swept over the coral rock with a roaring that seemed to deafen the whole world. Mala's shouts were lost in the wind and flung back in his streaming face.

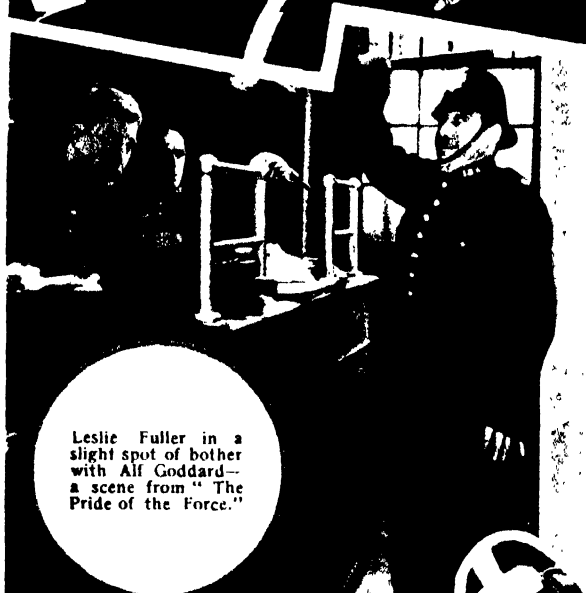
The noise was stupendous; the wind shrieked, the thunder rolled and crashed peal upon peal; the rain came at him like whips of icy steel. But he fought his way along, and, as the schooner came crashing into the fast wrecking pier, he ventured all and leapt through the drenching night on to the bows. He fell prone and was nearly washed away by a terrific, up-flung deluge, but, clutching at a



The Chinese cook heard her and swung round on his stool, staring as if he had seen a ghost.



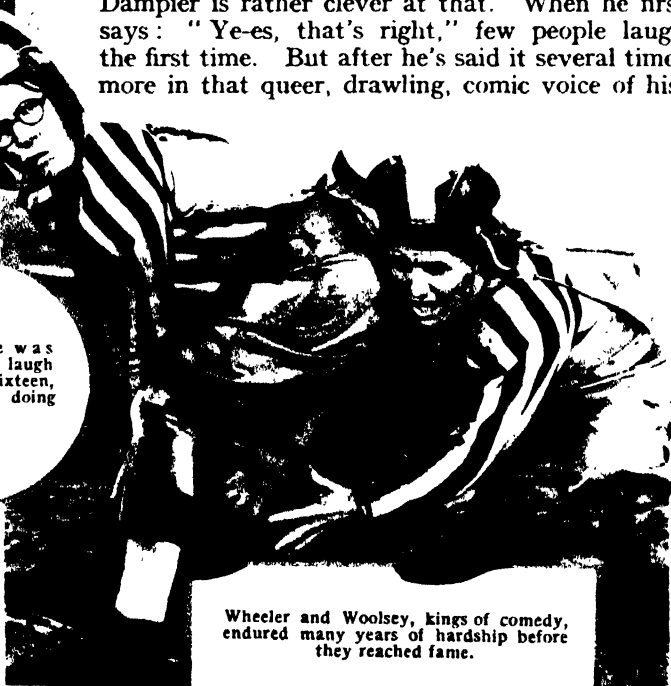
Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn were famous on the stage before they became film stars. They are seen here in "Plunder."



Leslie Fuller in a slight spot of bother with Alf Goddard—a scene from "The Pride of the Force."



Jack Oakie was making people laugh when he was sixteen, and is still doing it!



Wheeler and Woolsey, kings of comedy, endured many years of hardship before they reached fame.

situations for him. He also thinks out a lot for himself. When enough ideas have been found in this way, he and his gag-men go into conference, talk all the ideas over, and try to decide what is really funny and what is not.

Even then they do not always succeed. There was one case where Harold was supposed to lose his glasses. He looked for them everywhere, only to find that they had been pushed up on his forehead and that he had been wearing them all the time. The gag-men thought that funny—and they were about the only ones who did. A try-out audience could not even raise a smile between them.

But when Harold's director changed the incident so that someone had been sitting on the glasses all the time and eventually got up with them stuck to the seat of his pants, the audience roared.

Of course, there are many different ways of being funny. Some comedians—like Edward Everett Horton, for example—depend largely upon their comic face and mannerisms. Others depend upon a queer accent and an even queerer attempt at dignity—Gordon Harker is a case in point. Laurel and Hardy use what is known as the "slap-stick" method—plenty of knockabout incidents. There is always a laugh in a little man knocking a bigger one about by accident, and Laurel and Hardy exploit that technique to the full. They have made a fortune at it.

W. C. Fields (known to his pals as Bill) believes in using incidents of everyday life and making them ridiculous. He gets his laughs out of eating a sandwich in a funny way, or getting into a muddle with his shirt while dressing—things like that.

Again, too, comedians make themselves funny by persistence—by repeatedly doing something which at first seems ordinary, but which becomes comic when it is done often enough. Claude Dampier is rather clever at that. When he first says: "Ye-es, that's right," few people laugh the first time. But after he's said it several times more in that queer, drawing, comic voice of his,

people begin to wait for it and scream with laughter when it comes.

The Marx Brothers are clever at getting laughs because they try to divide amongst themselves every form of humour. To those who enjoy "wise-cracks," Groucho makes the most appeal. He is saying funny things all the time. To those, on the other hand, who prefer sheer ridiculousness, Harpo is the favourite, with his motor-horns, his scatty make-up, and his habit of chasing blondes. Chico specialises in slap-stick with Harpo and wisecracking with Groucho.

And talking about the Marx Brothers, few people know that they are all expert musicians. Groucho (real name, Julius) is reckoned to be one of the finest players of the guitar in America. Harpo (real name, Arthur) has earned fame with the harp, but is equally good on the piano, flute, and trombone. Chico is also an expert on the piano and a very fine artist in black and white. Zeppo, the quiet one, has made a name for himself on the saxophone, 'cello, flute, and piano. (Chico's real name, by the way, is Leonard, and Zeppo's is Herbert.)

It is rather remarkable that most of the best comedians have come from the stage. Charlie Chaplin is a case in point, for he started as a knock-about comedian in Fred Karno's "Mumming Birds." Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn are two more—they formed the main part of what used to be called "the Aldwych team," for they acted in a series of screamingly funny farces at the Aldwych Theatre, London, for many years before they were converted to films.

Leslie Fuller, like Bobby Howes, was an old concert-party artiste—he learnt how to be funny by actually getting laughs from audiences who were present while he was giving his performance. Bill Fields is a one-time stage man, too. There are countless others.

Most of our film comedians are men and women

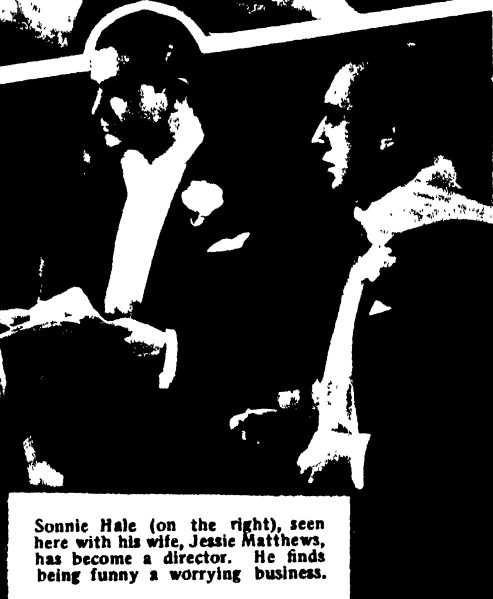
Charles Ruggles, seen here with an armful of puppies, was trained as a chemist, but decided to become a film actor instead



The inimitable Will Hay with Gordon Harker in a scene from the Narkover film "Boys Will Be Boys."



Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy say that being funny is hard work, so they take life quietly when off the set. This picture shows why!



Sonnie Hale (on the right), seen here with his wife, Jessie Matthews, has become a director. He finds being funny a worrying business.



Sydney Howard used to be a paper merchant, but he likes being a film star better. He says selling paper wouldn't make anyone laugh!



Edward Everett Horton has a funny face—and knows it! In this case, his face is his fortune. He is seen here with Robert Montgomery.



The irrepressible Marx Brothers—Groucho, Harpo, Zeppo, and Chico—in their new film "A Night at the Opera."

who have had a wide experience of life, and who, because of having known hard times, have learnt to laugh and make others laugh through refusing to be beaten by bad circumstances.

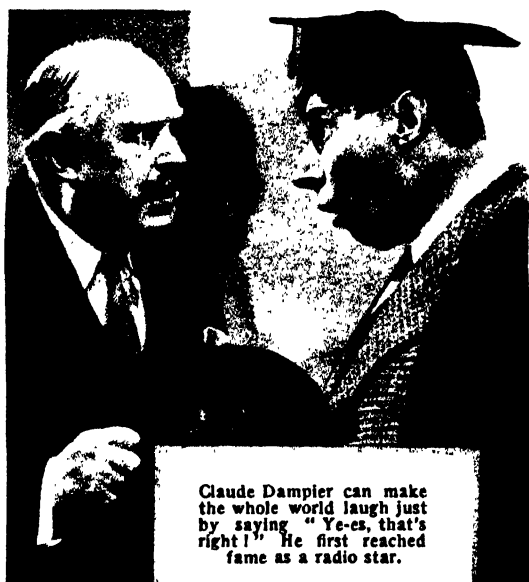
Bert Wheeler is an excellent example. Before he and his famous partner Robert Woolsey climbed to fame, they both knew what it meant to go hungry. Bert sold newspapers in New York, and ultimately got a job as property boy in a third-rate touring show. He had a terrible time, but just stuck at his job, managing as best he could. When he was in work he had regular meals; when he was out of work he generally starved.

Robert Woolsey's bad luck was of a different kind. He wanted to be a jockey. At first he was quite successful. Then he had a spill, broke his leg, and ended his riding career. It took him fifteen years of hard work as a small-time actor to reach fame in "Rio Rita" (stage version).

Charlie Chaplin's early days, as you can see on another page, were made ugly with poverty. Bill Fields often had to shin down water-pipes because he had not enough money at the end of the week to pay for his lodgings. Zasu Pitts, the dismal comedienne, spent her last few dollars in going to Los Angeles, her ambition being to become a detective, of all things. She was not a success in that career, so hung around the studios until she was given her chance.

People often wonder whether comedians are the same in private life as they are on the screen. As a general rule they are not, if only for the reason that the same thing which would seem funny on the screen would be decided unfunny in the home, and comedians are like anybody else—they do not ask for trouble.

Perhaps the funniest of all comedians in private life is Bill Fields. He just spends all day long pulling people's legs, and he is so breezy about it that nobody seems to take offence. That is because experience has told him that one person's laugh is so often another person's pain, and he is very careful that nothing he does can make anyone else



Claude Dampier can make the whole world laugh just by saying "Ye-es, that's right!" He first reached fame as a radio star.

look foolish. Everyone likes Bill. He is kindly and considerate, and a friend worth having.

Jack Hulbert is rather different. He is rather quiet at home—and inventive, too. He likes making things, and has a workshop where he turns out articles like ashtrays and statuettes from rare stone. He is of a rather thoughtful, serious type. But when he and his equally famous wife Cicely Courtneidge give a party, especially a children's party, then Jack comes into his own. He is the perfect clown, and even Cicely has to laugh.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are usually quite serious in private life, too. They say that they are far too busy to be funny off the set. They have to work very hard, and take the view that having spent all day in amusing others, they like to be the ones that are amused when the day's work is done.

But Gordon Harker is the biggest surprise of all in this respect. Folks who meet him off the set flatly refuse to believe that he can be funny at all. He speaks quietly, and looks for all the world like an unobtrusive business man.

And Will Hay, the schoolmaster comic, has been mistaken by strangers for a country parson! Gracie Fields can move an audience to tears and then make them rock with laughter. She is not unlike that in real life. Many charities can thank Gracie for the work she has done on their behalf.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about all these laughter-makers though, is the fact that, when they appear on the screen, they can be funny so effortlessly. They seem to go through their parts just as though it all comes quite naturally to them, and only people in the know realise that behind their clowning are hours of hard work and years of struggle to get to the top.

Theirs is a hard life. Yet they love it—if only for the thought of the happiness and pleasure they bring to millions of people all the world over. They make us laugh, and surely there are few higher achievements than that!



Cicely Courtneidge, talented wife of Jack Hulbert, has made a big name for herself on the screen. She, too, started on the stage.



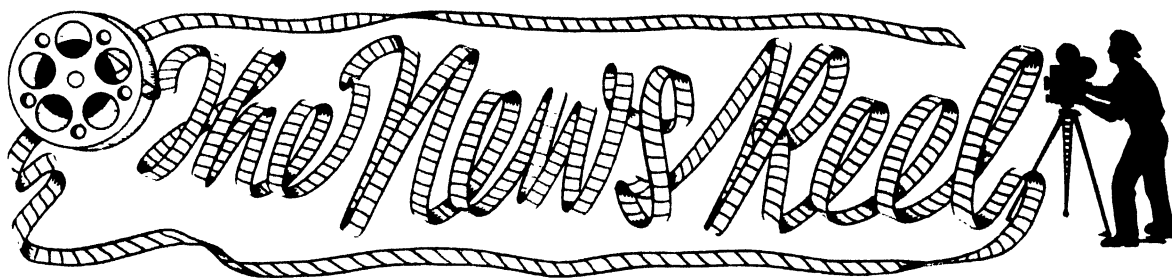
George Burns of the famous Burns and Allen team, who are America's biggest radio favourites.



Harold Lloyd in a scene from "The Milky Way." He says he's never quite sure whether he's being funny or not.



Zasu Pitts and W. C. Fields. Zasu started life intending to become a detective, while Bill Fields had to shun down water-pipes because he couldn't pay his rent.



The Casts of Our Stories

"THE EAGLE'S BROOD."—*Hop-Along Cassidy*, Bill Boyd; *Johnny Nelson*, Jimmy Ellison; *El Toro*, William Farnum; *Spike*, George Hayes; *Big Henry*, Madison Richards; *Dolores*, Joan Woodbury; *Butch*, Frank Shannon; *Dolly*, Dorothy Revier; *Steve*, Paul Fix; *Ed*, John Merton; *Pablo*, George Mari; *Sheriff*, Henry Sylvester.

"FORCED LANDING."—*Farrady*, Onslow Stevens; *Ruby Anatol*, Esther Ralston; *Tony Bernardi*, Sidney Blackmer; *Amelie Darrell*, Toby Wing; *Jim Redfern*, Eddie Nugent; *Nancy Rhodes*, Barbara Pepper; *Martin Byrd*, Willard Robertson; *Stephen Greer*, Bradley Page; *Burns*, Ralf Harolde; *Mrs. Byrd*, Barbara Bedford; *Fanny Townsend*, Julia Griffith; *Al Talcott*, Arthur Aylesworth.

"JACK OF ALL TRADES."—*Jack Warrender*, Jack Hulbert; *Frances Wilson*, Gina Malo; *Lionel Fitch*, J. Robertson Hare; *Huckle*, Athole Stewart; *Denton*, Felix Aylmer; *Holman*, H. F. Maltby; *Nicholson*, Fewless Llewellyn; *Barrington Cecil Parker*; *Brown*, Ian McLean.

"MELODY TRAIL."—*Gene Autry*, Himself; *Frog Millhouse*, Smiley Burnette; *Millicent Thomas*, Ann Rutherford; *Timothy Thomas*, Wade Boteler; *Matt Kirby*, Al Bridge; *Black Frantz*, Willy Castello; *Perdita*, Marie Quillen; *Nell*, Fern Emmett; *Cuddles*, Gertrude Messinger; *Souvenir*, Buck; *Baby Ricca*, Lord A. Shal.

"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY."—*Captain Bligh*, Charles Laughton; *Fletcher Christian*, Clark Gable; *Roger Byam*, Franchot Tone; *Tchannis*, Novita; *Maimiti*, Mano; *Ship's Clerk*, Ian Wolfe; *The Chief*, William Bambridge.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS."—*D'Artagnan*, Walter Abel; *Athos*, Paul Lukas; *Milady de Winter*, Margot Grahame; *Constance*, Heather Angel; *De Rochefort*, Ian Keith; *Porthos*, Moroni Olsen; *Aramis*, Onslow Stevens; *Queen Anne*, Rosamond Pinchot; *Planchet*, John Qualen; *Duke of Buckingham*, Ralph Forbes; *Bernajou*, Murray Kinnell; *De Treville*, Lumsden Hare; *King Louis XIII*, Miles Mander; *Cardinal Richelieu*, Nigel de Brulier.

Film Stars Have to Take It

To be a successful film star nowadays, the male of the species must be able to "take it."

In the far past, the frailer breed of screen heroes sat in the shade of a striped umbrella while stunt men performed the more dangerous deeds before

the camera. To-day, the stars choose to do the strenuous stuff themselves.

In the making of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "SAN FRANCISCO," Clark Gable dodged falling walls and telephone poles, and in one morning alone had three dress suits torn to shreds in earthquake scenes. Also, he took many jarring jolts on the chin from Spencer Tracy's well-aimed fists.

When several risky polo tumbles were filmed for Greta Garbo's "THE PAINTED VEIL," George Brent, expert poloist, took them himself. When another dangerous tumble was needed for "ANNA KARENINA" in a steeplechase, none other than Fredric March took the dive.

Wallace Beery waved aside all those who offered words of caution in "O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY" and stepped into the lion's den to wrestle a lion with an audience of two hundred magazine and newspaper writers watching.

Nelson Eddy was not a very expert horseman shortly before the filming of "ROSE MARIE" begun, but after a month of riding lessons he was skilful and daring enough to ride with the real North West Mounted in their hair-raising hurdles and to slide down steep mountain slopes on the back of a horse.

And Johnny Weissmuller has appeared in person in all the thrilling wild animal scenes for the "Tarzan" pictures.

He'll Have to Reduce!

It is reliably reported that David Butler, Hollywood's weightiest director—he weighs 19 stone—experienced great difficulties in the snow country, where he filmed the Twentieth Century-Fox picture "WHITE FANG."

Twice Butler ventured from the safety of his set to stretch his legs in virgin snow, and twice he sank up to his neck in snow drifts.

So, subsequently, whenever Butler felt the urge to wander, he sent before him two assistant cameramen, two labourers and a male script clerk to stamp down the scenery and thus provide him with a safe footing.

To all My Readers

The Editor is always pleased to receive letters from his Readers, and if you have any suggestions in regard to fiction, articles, plates, etc., for the next production of this magnificent all-photo-gravure Annual, he trusts you will write to him at The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

